JULY 1,
1939

Liberty

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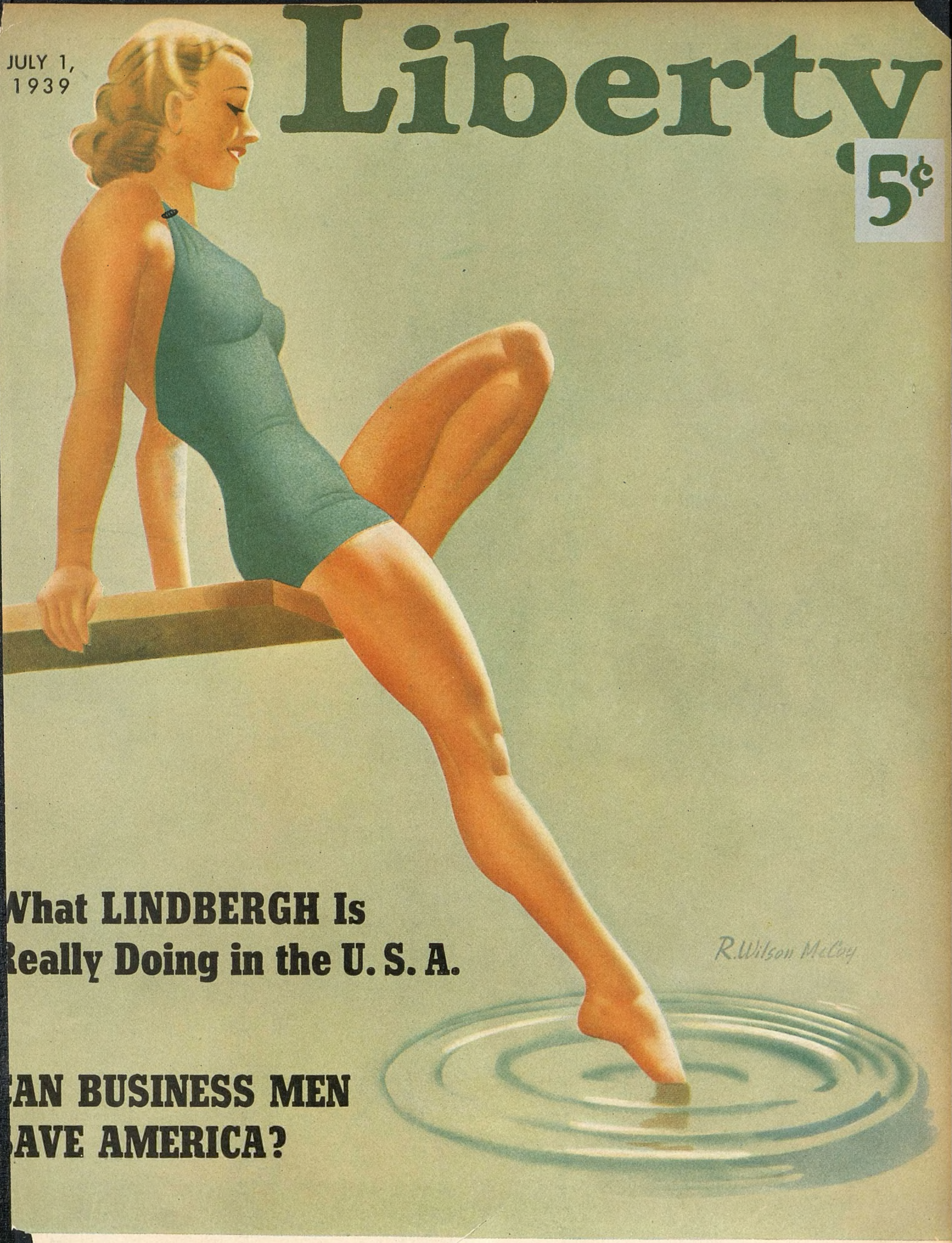

R. Wilson McCoy

What LINDBERGH Is
eally Doing in the U. S. A.

AN BUSINESS MEN
AVE AMERICA?

JOE LOUIS THE FASTEST? by ARTHUR DONOVAN

QUICKEST NON-SKID STOPS YOU'VE EVER SEEN

NEW KIND OF TIRE SWEEPS WET ROADS SO DRY YOU CAN *Light a match on its track!*

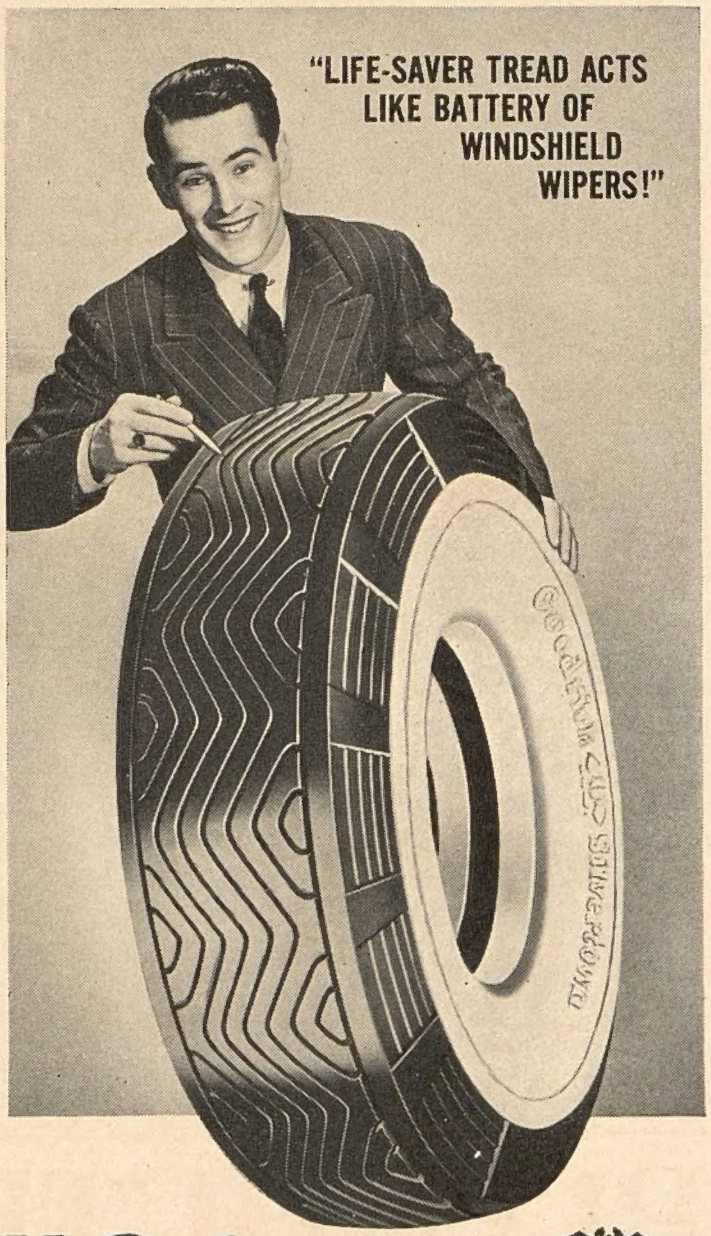
● Sensational? You bet! For here at last is a tire that *automatically* sweeps wet roads dry—so dry, in fact, that after a quick stop you can actually *light a match on its track*—convincing proof that the new Goodrich Safety Silvertown will give you the quickest non-skid stops you've ever had!

And here's the secret. As the never-ending spiral bars of the Life-Saver Tread roll over a dangerous film of water, they act like a rapid-fire battery of windshield wipers—sweep the water right and left—force it out through the *deep* drainage grooves—make a DRY TRACK for the rubber to grip.

And whether roads are wet *or* dry, Silvertowns AT ALL TIMES give you that other great life-saving protection—the famous Golden Ply. By resisting internal tire heat, this *exclusive* Golden Ply invention provides you with scientific protection against high speed blow-outs.

No Extra Cost!

But remember, to protect yourself against a possible skid or blow-out *tomorrow*, you must act *today*. See your Goodrich Dealer or Goodrich Silvertown Store about these life-saving Silvertowns now. They give you extra safety—extra mileage—*at no extra cost!*



SAVED BY A SILVERTOWN STOP . . .

Time and again in emergencies like this you'll be mighty thankful that you're riding on Goodrich Safety Silvertowns. No wonder thousands agree—they're "tops" for non-skid stops.

The new Goodrich SAFETY Silvertown

SEE JIMMIE LYNCH AND HIS DEATH DODGERS IN DAREDEVIL DEMONSTRATIONS AT GOODRICH THRILL ARENA AT NEW YORK

GOING TO THE FAIR?

DON'T MISS THE STRIKING GOODRICH EXHIBIT "WHAT'S NEW IN THE WORLD OF RUBBER" AT SAN FRANCISCO

OF "ALL 3" LOW-PRICED CARS

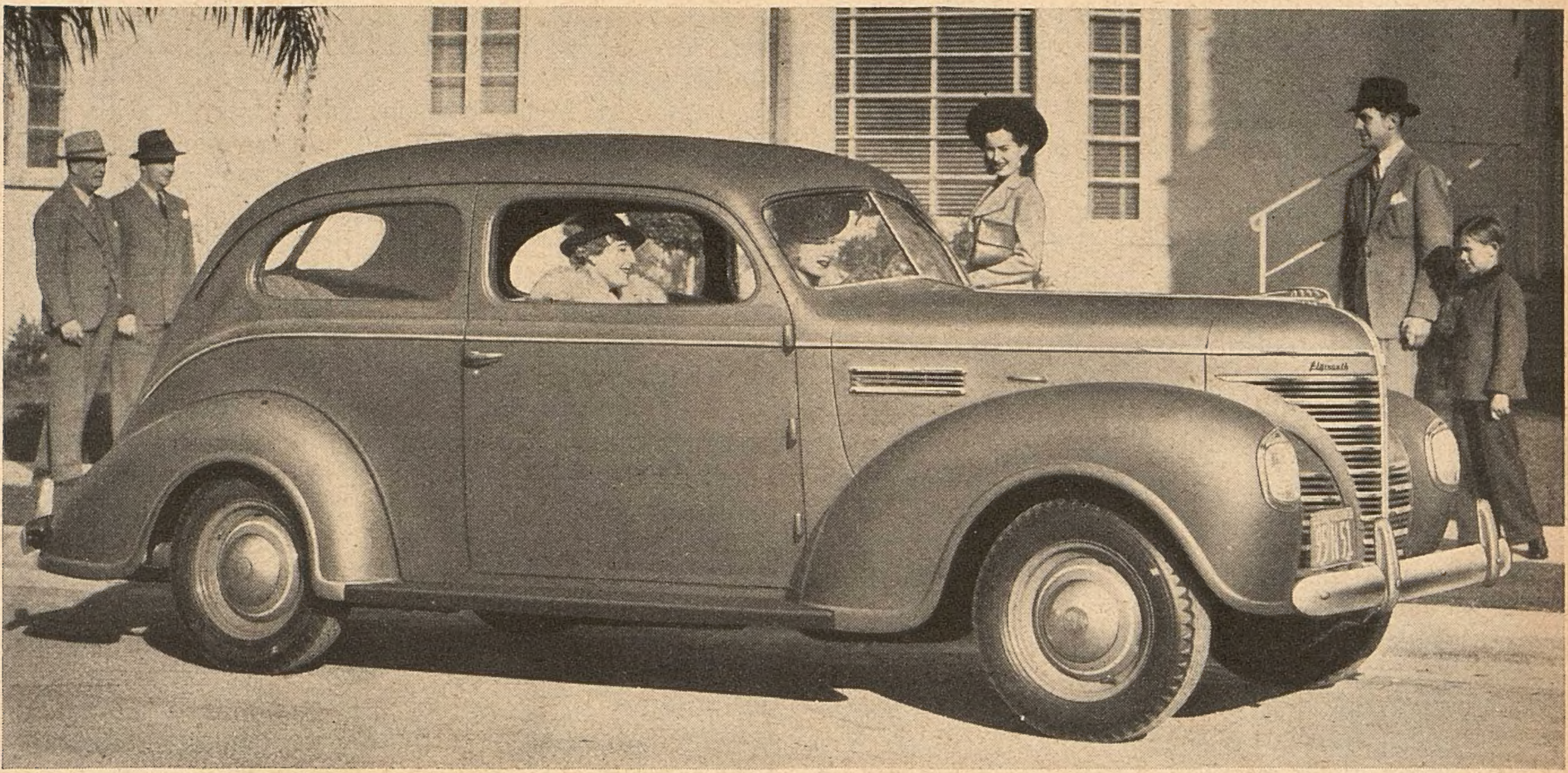
Plymouth Has the Big Margin in Quality!

☞ Manufacturers naturally put the finest engineering into their *highest*-priced cars.

☞ But Plymouth is the *only one* of "All Three" *low-priced* cars that gives you this same kind of quality engineering.

Of 25 Important Features Found in High-Priced Cars

PLYMOUTH	CAR "2"	CAR "3"
HAS 20	HAS 9	HAS 7



PLYMOUTH HAS more quality features than the "other two" low-priced cars *combined*...that's why it's selling so fast month after month!

Look at a few of these features:

All-Silent Transmission
Coil Springs (All Models!)
X-Braced Frame
"L-Head" Engine
Four Rings Per Piston

Your Plymouth dealer will gladly show you the complete list of features and explain their value to you.

Out of a total of 25, the Plymouth "Roadking" gives you 20...and the De Luxe Plymouth has 24!

This is why Plymouth has grown faster than any other car in the history of the industry...it's the *one low-priced* car that's most like the *high-priced* cars!

TUNE IN MAJOR BOWES' AMATEUR HOUR, COLUMBIA NETWORK, THURS., 9-10 P.M., E.D.S.T.

COUPES START AT ***$645***

SEDANS START AT ***$685***

—DELIVERED IN DETROIT, including front and rear bumpers, bumper guards, spare wheel, tire and tube, foot control for headlight beam with indicator on dash, ash-tray in front and rear, sun visor, safety glass, big trunk space (19.3 cu. ft.). Prices include all federal taxes. Transportation and state, local taxes, if any, not included. PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit, Michigan.

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

THE "ROADKING"
THE "DE LUXE"

THIS YEAR
PLYMOUTH'S
THE CAR

JULY 1, 1939

Liberty

VOL. 16, NO. 26

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

HEYWORTH CAMPBELL
ART EDITOR

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT—
World Champion Peace Propagandist

BERNARR MACFADDEN

I have had but little respect for the activities of the various peace societies. They seem to be time wasters. Their efforts appear to be fruitless.

President Roosevelt has carried his love for peace into the inner chambers of the war lords, the official leaders of the world's great nations. He must be credited with accomplishments never before attained. He has placed the war-glorifying madmen on the defensive. He has brought them out in the open. He has made them lay their cards on the table.

And Hitler, if he desires a war, definitely knows that he must convince not only the German people but the entire civilized world that he has a righteous cause. He must make his own people believe that war is necessary for their own salvation.

And the same goes for Mussolini—though he might have less trouble in convincing the temperamental Italians that war is necessary. The German people are slow moving, somewhat phlegmatic, but they can be credited with clear thinking, and the German civilians do not want war.

And exactly the same statement can be made for every European country. The rank and file of the people know the horrors, the cruelties, the bloody shambles of such a catastrophe.

But to place Hitler on the defensive . . . that is really accomplishing something.

His answer to President Roosevelt was caustic and bitter and he tore some of the President's arguments to shreds, but his long speech on that occasion was heard by every German citizen. They may be proud of his fiery discourse, and they may be desirous of extending the German nation on a par with Hitler's ambitions; but the terrific sacrifices in the last war are still vivid in the memories of their older citizens.

Our President made very free use of what we must call American bluffing. We are not in any way prepared for war. It would take us years to properly train soldiers and acquire the necessary armament. And the money we would have to spend, with our wage level from two to ten times greater than those of some of the other countries, would bankrupt the government.

But the President's threat to join forces with the other democracies undoubtedly had some effect. Both Hitler and Mussolini will probably do some careful thinking before they enter another world conflict.

I have made some very caustic criticisms of the present administration, but the President has inaugurated a policy that can never be entirely abolished.

He has made the present administration human. The cold mechanical thinking of governmental officials of bygone years is a part of the past. The suffering and sorrows of our down-and-out citizens will hereafter be a governmental responsibility; but the economists who are dealing with such problems at Washington at the present time are the worst lot of crooked thinkers ever gathered together in the entire history of the world.

Their faults are many, but they have one that is truly appalling. They are unable to learn by experience. If their efforts result in colossal failure, they cannot see it. They have tried to help the forgotten man . . . the poor and lowly . . . and the methods they used have created evils far worse than those they tried to remedy.

With the colossal indebtedness at an all-time high . . . billions and billions of dollars; with the highest unemployment record ever known; with the crazy conclusion that prosperity depends upon artificially boosted high prices and high wages . . . they are leading the country toward destruction, ultimate bankruptcy—and the revolution that may follow such a catastrophe is too horrible to contemplate.

The President may have saved us from a world war, and if he can be so credited, we may be able to forgive him for all his errors; but every intelligent citizen is hoping that the sound business principles necessary to the management of this government will be installed in Washington soon enough to save us from the catastrophe that is facing us if the present policies are continued.

Bernarr Macfadden

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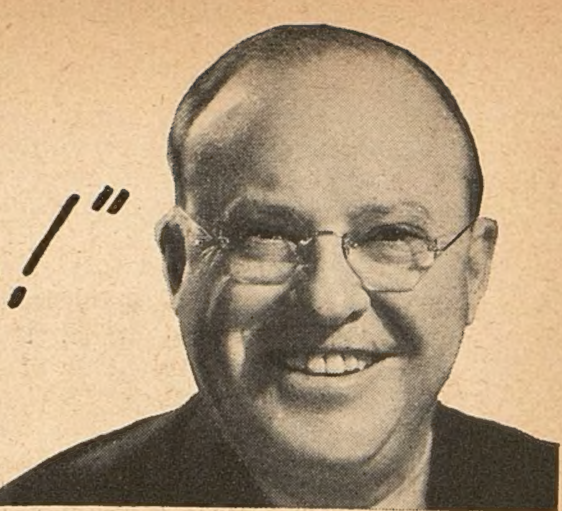
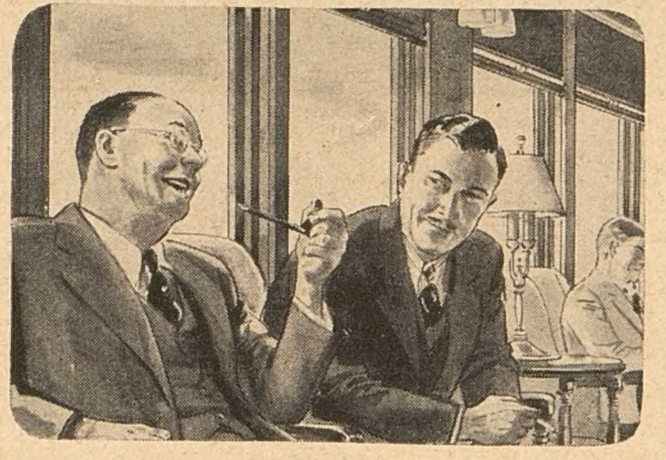
"Meeting Congenial Folks is half the Fun of Traveling!"

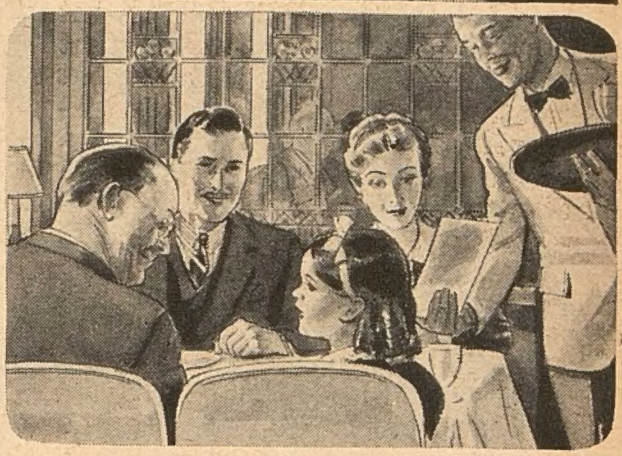


WRITES DELMAR GEE, OF CHICAGO, ILL., ABOUT HIS RECENT PULLMAN TRIP

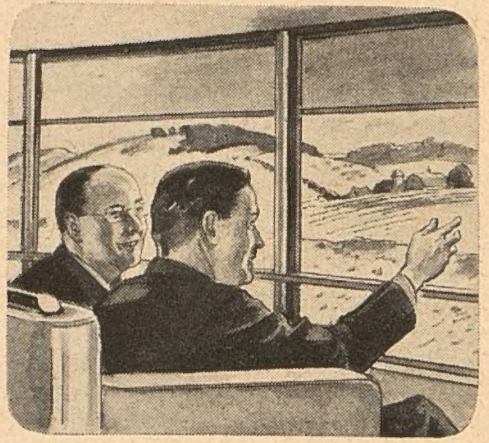
"Your amazing service and wealth of conveniences, I should think would make every Pullman trip a pleasant one," writes Mr. Gee. "But when you get right down to it—it's the people you meet and talk to that count! They can make a trip so thoroughly enjoyable, you're sorry about arriving! That's how I felt about the recent Pullman trip I made to Los Angeles . . .



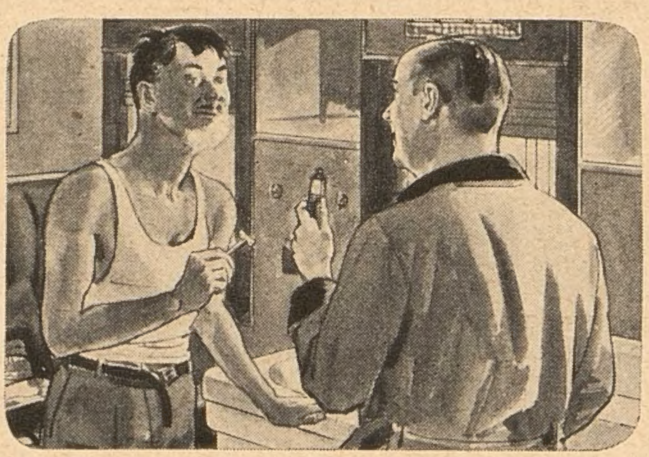
"THERE'S SOMETHING about a Pullman lounge car that conveys an immediate air of friendliness. It's so comfortable and roomy, you're bound to feel at home! And it seems the most natural thing in the world to start up a conversation with your 'neighbors'! The chap I got acquainted with proved to be mighty interesting . . . →



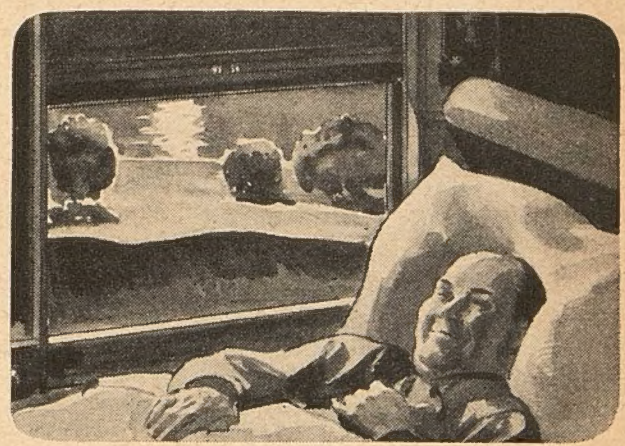
"HE WAS TRAVELING with his wife and young daughter. And he insisted that I join them all at their table in the dining car. I don't mind saying I was a bit lonely —and I'm one of these people that dislike eating alone. So you can imagine how much that one act of genuine friendliness meant to me!



"LATER this chap started to talk about the countryside we were crossing. He knew it like a book —and, as he spoke, I began to see those farmlands and prairie towns through new eyes! Began to feel as if I really knew the country! →



"THEN THERE WAS the chap I met in the men's dressing room the next morning. I mentioned something about hating to shave, and he said, 'Try my shaving cream —and see what a difference it makes!' He was so friendly and earnest, I accepted his offer. Incidentally, I got the best shave of my life! So there's congeniality, *plus* . . . →



"THAT NIGHT (the last of my trip) I was lying in my lower, thinking of the people I had met. Without exception they had been the friendliest of fellow travelers. And when you add this to the services and conveniences you people provide, there's only one answer . . . it's a *real* pleasure to go Pullman!"

This Friendly Way to Travel Offers You Unequalled Comfort at a Very Moderate Cost!

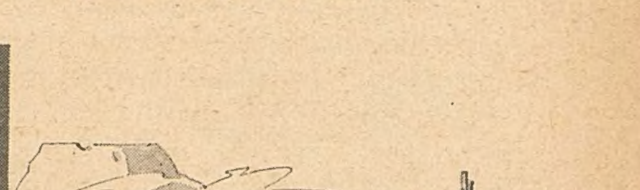
Friendliness . . . the feeling of being at home . . . that's what Mr. Gee likes most about Pullman travel.

In the case of *other* Pullman travelers, it's the "all-weather" comfort of the smooth-riding cars. The quiet relaxation—complete freedom of action—the unobtrusive but welcome services of porters and conductors, so skilled in relieving you of all responsibilities.

Taken together, *all* these advantages make Pullman the greatest travel value your money can buy! And most important is that *priceless* sense of security . . . of knowing that you're traveling the safest, most dependable way in the world!

Ask your ticket agent about the surprisingly low cost of going Pullman. And be sure to get the details of our "Grand Circle" tours—enabling you to visit *both* Fairs this summer on special, low rates!

FREE . . . get your copy of "LIFE ON A PULLMAN"—the new word-and-picture story of the amazing extent of Pullman service and of how you can get the most enjoyment out of your next Pullman trip. For your free copy of this interesting book, write The Pullman Company, Dept. L6, Chicago, Ill.



RAIL AND

Go Pullman

THE COMFORTABLE AND SURE WAY TO GET THERE . . . WITH ALL THE SPEED THAT'S SAFE!

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READING TIME • 10 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

WHAT LINDBERGH IS REALLY DOING IN THE U.S.A.

THE most tragic figure of our times has been Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh. *Has been,* but *is* no longer. Because now—if the gaping, Argus-eyed, twitchy-nosed busybody element will permit—he will at last win the peaceful absorption in the service of science and his country which he always craved. He has returned to the United States to do his country an immense service. When it is done, it will be only a prelude to what he can do, and what perhaps only he can do, to make the United States paramount in aviation—and not merely in that branch which has to do with combat and death, even though he is now working secretly as a soldier on active duty.

Twelve years ago, singlehanded, Lindbergh made this country aviation-conscious. That flight of his to Paris was no stunt. But it happened to come at an inflated time when a dizzily delirious public needed a towering hero. So that public sat on the sofa with him when he courted Anne Morrow. It hunted out and clambered aboard the boat to which he fled with his bride. There followed the appalling tragedy of the kidnaping and murder, with the carnival trial of Bruno Hauptmann, that sent Lindbergh and his wife and child to seek on a rocky islet in the English Channel that privacy which is the right of every family. We all know of his experiments with Dr. Alexis Carrel, his invention of the " mechanical heart "; we know how, even in refuge from a relentless public interest, his selfless passion for the advancement of science contributed to the welfare of mankind.

We know, too, that meanwhile he became an embittered man, slouching, head down, concealing his face from cameras. We know that his love of flying and his devotion to its advancement kept him active nevertheless until every flying field in Europe knew him. The rulers of Germany, France, England, and Russia displayed their achievements in aviation to Lindbergh, asked his advice.

Then there came a great crisis in Europe, the threat of a war more hideous than any ever fought. The head of the British government went to Germany and sacrificed Czechoslovakia to Hitler's airplanes, lest they bomb London off the earth.

And once more Lindbergh's name was in the headlines. Lindbergh had told the British, we read, that Germany's air fleets were invincible and that Soviet Russia's were gimcrack toys. By implication the destruction of Czechoslovakia was laid to Lindbergh, and he was charged with having catered to the Nazis and with dalliance in the " Cliveden set." That General Goering, Hitler's gaudy aide, took Lindbergh unawares and slapped a decoration on him riled a lot of Americans and persuaded some that he was the Nazis' darling.

The European war clouds grew thicker, and a changed and crime-purged United States appeared to Lindbergh to be the haven for his family. Simultaneously a fretful question was being asked in the United States:

Why was an American, and an American colonel, so free with advice about his specialty to the European Powers while his own country was deep in perplexities over military and civil aviation?

Lindbergh hesitated about returning. His dread of gaping, jostling crowds was almost pathological, as his friends and kinfolk knew. They also knew that his unique ability to be of inestimable service to his country was being nullified by the reaction in the United States to all those stories about what he had been doing in Europe. The fact that he had been persuaded by American Ambassador Kennedy to give the British factual information was as unknown as the fact that he resented Goering's cheap cunning in pinning the German decoration on him, and did not return it simply because he did not want to add to the general unpleasantness.

At that juncture Major General Arnold, chief of the Army Air Corps and the Colonel's close friend, proposed that Lindbergh accept active duty as a reserve officer and make a survey of American military and industrial aviation. Here was a task for which Lindbergh was peculiarly fitted; he was the only American whom every congressman, regardless of party or personal philosophy, would listen to and believe implicitly. So far as the problem itself went, Arnold and many an Army Air Corps officer knew the answer before Lindbergh was asked to tackle it. But such voices as theirs have made but a small dent in the complacent civilian ignorance of what is wrong with aviation in the United States.

Lindbergh accepted the call to duty; accepted, too, the advice that he once more don the famous Lindy smile and ward off intrusion with good humor. He himself pretty well knew in advance both problem and answer. What he is rediscovering and evaluating in his own way is the confused and disorderly condition of the aviation industry, the lack of research and experimental facilities and the extreme vulnerability of aircraft production to the perils of war.

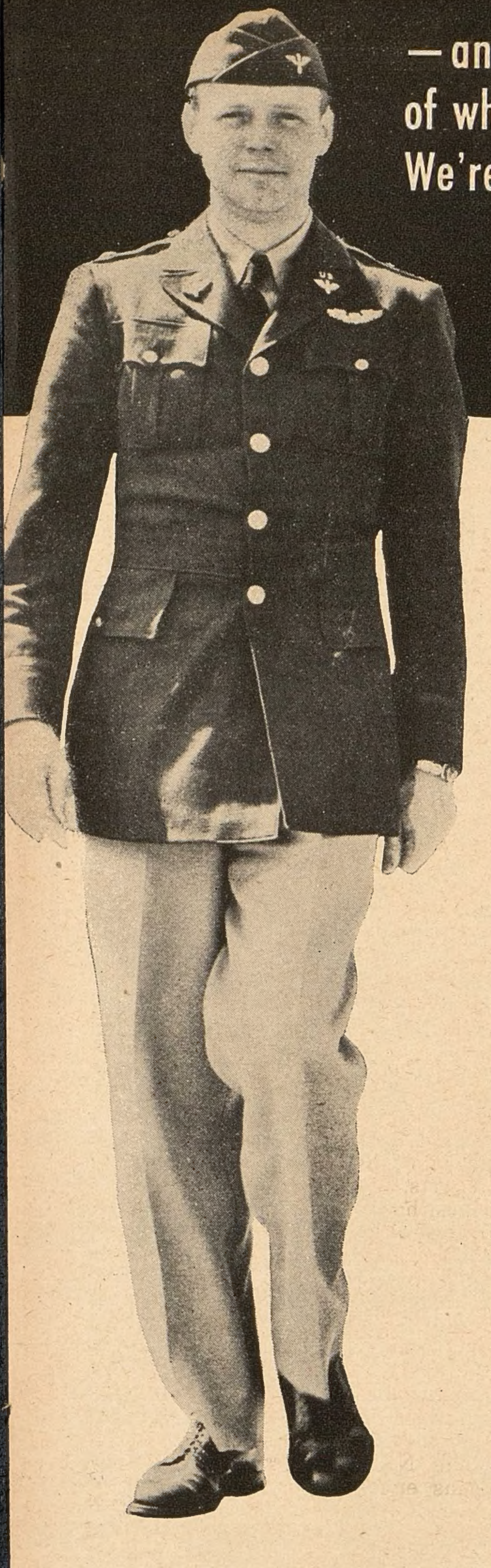
He can tell America so it will listen that Germany has six or eight times the research equipment we have; that we are mistakenly concentrating on quantity rather than quality; that three or four enemy bombing squadrons launched within striking distances could wipe out our aviation industry in one afternoon; that that industry is wasteful and is hampered rather than helped by competition.

Most important, probably, will be what he reports on our lack of research in the *art* of aviation.

He is not only a reserve officer on temporary active duty, but one of the dozen unpaid members of the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics who include Orville Wright and General Arnold.

The NACA, created by Congress in 1915, maintains and conducts at Langley Field, Virginia, an aeronautical research laboratory which, according to the Congressional Directory, has facilities " unexcelled by those of any other nation "—a statement that isn't true. It is the only all-purpose aviation laboratory that the government supports, and Germany, as Lindbergh knows, has half a dozen laboratories that are better. It has been on short rations under the most profligate of Congresses. Last year it asked $2,350,000 — and Congress gave it $1,260,000, although with subsequent doles that brought the total up to $1,918,921. By the nearest possible calculation, Germany spent more than ten times that amount on research and experiment last year.

The NACA laboratory is by no means engaged on the problems of military aviation alone. At present it wants to study the very important puzzle of getting the large, heavily loaded passenger and freight airplanes off the ground and back on it without the necessity of mile-and-a-half runways. Already the size of airports, fixed by the length of runway necessary, has required that they be located far from the cities they serve. Worse yet, the bigger and heavier the aircraft, the longer the runways required, so that the industry has reached the limits of landplane size because it is, at least eco-



—and the startling truth of why America needs him. We're behind in aviation!

by WALTER KARIG

nomically, impossible to build bigger airports. NACA thinks it has the answer in catapults combined with comparatively short runway take-offs. It has it—on paper. To have it in use would mean millions of dollars to the taxpayers; but NACA hasn't the thousands of dollars needed for experiment.

NACA needs more wind tunnels and larger ones in which to study the conduct of new airplane design in stationary flight, thus saving the present huge cost in crack-ups and lives of having to complete the advanced models and send up test pilots to find out what is wrong with them. It wants to study the murderous problem of ice formation on airplanes at high altitudes and in cold weather; it wants to build chambers in which artificial atmospheres can be created, to study engine and wing performance. Other countries are doing that, and guarding their secrets well. We are far behind in metallurgy. Germany's experiments are suspected to have produced alloys so light and so comparatively cheap that the pay load in passengers or bombs is beyond anything we can achieve.

HANDICAPPED as it is by lack of funds, NACA has nevertheless given evidence that if it had the resources Germany provides it could beat anybody at his own game. It designed, for instance, the ring cowling for air-cooled airplane engines which multiplied motor efficiency while subtracting air friction and, by the same token, costs. And then a year and another Congressional appropriation had to pass before it could devise a means of enabling the pilot to control the cooling ratio.

The industry itself cannot afford to maintain such experimental laboratories, and inasmuch as our naval and military aircraft are purchased from private manufacturers, their efficiency is limited to what can be developed with the laboratory facilities Congress allows. Both the army and the navy maintain rather meager supplementary experiment stations; the Guggenheim Foundation supports a small one in southern California which Lindbergh recently visited. Some universities, such as Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Purdue, and California Tech, have small aeronautical laboratories; but you could lump them all together and lose the works in one of Germany's.

That, Lindbergh will report, is shortsighted, wasteful, and maybe suicidal. At this writing his one public utterance has been the admonition that the United States doesn't need more planes so much as better ones. And that goes for commercial and civilian flying as much, if not more, as for fighting craft.

The industry itself is a separate topic of study for the Colonel. There are a dozen small companies, for instance, leading a hand-to-mouth existence building obsolescent airplanes. Let any government-employed aviation expert say that, and the howls would shake the earth on its axis. Lindbergh can say it. And Lindbergh can point out that the aviation industry, as now distributed on our coasts, is strategically an invitation to its own destruction in time of war. Even he will be met with protests if he advises that these prosperous factories be concentrated near the geographical center of the United States. Already the mayor of Hartford and the governor of Connecticut have appealed to the army to provide adequate antiaircraft defenses for the airplane plants there; but, as Liberty has revealed in a previous article by this writer, the United States hasn't enough first-class equipment to make any city of Hartford's size safe from air raids, even at the expense of leaving every other industrial center unprotected.

Even the architectural design of aircraft factories is under Lindbergh's scrutiny. On the whole, they have been built for assembly-line mass production. That means that one 1,200-pound incendiary bomb from the air, or one suitcase full of TNT, could put any vitally important aviation plant completely out of the picture. The European nations build theirs in units like any other munitions plant, so it would take a whole bombing squadron, or a hundred spies toting suitcases, to render one factory useless.

Lindbergh is not working as an apostle of government spending. The Air Corps experts who are aiding in the survey declare that the economies achieved by bringing American aviation abreast of the times would soon wipe out the initial costs. If the government could and would finance adequate experiment on scale models up to half size, it would be saved the millions that it spends each year through the Army, Navy, and Civil Aviation Commission on the purchase of experimental aircraft. The whole picture of unavoidable extravagance in government aircraft procurement, under the present set-up, would necessitate a longer report than this one. Let Lindbergh deliver it.

And while the once more smiling "Slim" dashes back and forth over the United States on this monumental appraisal, his two small repatriated children are going to kindergarten in the home of their grandmother, Mrs. Dwight Morrow, in Englewood, New Jersey, where their shy mother, the Lone Eagle's strong-pinioned mate, supervises their initiation to education as Americans, and works, when time allows it, on another book. Is she the less heroic figure of the pair?

THE END

DAY COACH

BY MARGARET FRY

READING TIME
20 MINUTES 27 SECONDS

WHEN the girl got on the train, the other passengers regarded her with envy and with curiosity because she was obviously not the type to travel by day coach. The girl didn't regard the other passengers. She didn't even see them. Her eyes had a look of blindness. Besides which, not being part of her world, day-coach passengers were definitely unimportant.

Of importance to Karen DeWitt was the fact that she was leaving southern California and Kirk behind and that right now she was going to begin to forget him. Forever and ever, Amen. In her expensive purse she had a ticket to Chicago and just barely enough money to get to New York. When, in New York, she married Forrest J. Hamilton III (of the Boston Hamiltons) she would have everything: winter sports at Sun Valley and summer sports in winter on the Mediterranean. She would have coffee in bed every morning, an emerald bracelet, and a mink coat—even a sable coat when Forrest came, at thirty, into his full inheritance. She would have *everything* — including that faint distaste when Forrest kissed her.

Karen blinked long lashes, not because she was crying but because her eyeballs felt dry and scratchy. She looked around. The girl across the aisle was going to have a baby—soon. There was a mother with two children, a boy and a girl of about seven and eight, whose wide eyes stared unblinkingly at Karen. Not wishing to invite intrusion, she looked straight over their heads at the plump old lady with snowy hair who sat with hands clasped placidly over pocketbook, eyes closed and lips moving silently. There was one other woman, a middle-aged woman with sharp features, thin drooping mouth, and blank eyes. Several swarthy Mexicans. An untidy old man with spots on his vest.

In all her twenty years, during which she had been rather constantly on the move, never before had Karen ridden in a day coach. There had been de luxe ocean liners and planes and low-slung foreign automobiles. In the days when her mother was still living, the two of them, in traveling clothes exquisite and unpaid for, had boarded trains; but they had had drawing rooms.

"Nothing but the best for you, Karen." Karen's mother said that and stuck to it, no matter the cost. The right schools, right places—no compromise with mediocrity.

So Karen went on in her mother's way, not knowing any other way to go on. Thin, restless, on edge. Honey-colored hair, honey-colored skin, brown-velvet eyes—an expert with people, especially men. Earning her way—turning on a certain incandescent sparkle which lit things up. A welcome guest—nearly always a welcome guest.

She had no home. The nearest she came to that, ever, was being with Julie, her friend since the days they were both homesick little girls at school in Switzerland. These days Julie was married to Buzz. For three weeks Karen had been with them at what the Havilands called a ranch. A rich, a fabulous place—a home by the simple alchemy of two people's love.

Of all their friends only Kirk was not rich and fabulous. Kirk was nobody—a doctor in a charity sanatorium for tubercular children. For three weeks, almost nightly, Kirk had made the not inconsiderable drive from San Angelo, which lay across the border in Arizona. Tonight, too, Kirk would drive over, and the Havilands' exceedingly correct butler would hand him a note.

"If I can't trust myself to say good-by, it's because you made me say I love you," she had written. "But your life, Kirk, could never be my kind of life. It was nice knowing you . . ."

Neither had she dared face Julie to say good-by—too keen Julie, and too knowing. From Julie's maid she had borrowed twenty dollars. From Julie's chauffeur she had begged a secret ride to the station.

So here she was, going to New York in a day coach (on a shoestring), and in no time at all she would swing the whole world by the tail—

She had not noticed the approach of the two wide-eyed children who now hung eagerly over the arm of her seat.

"I'm Carroll Hay and he's John Hay, Jr., but his name is Brother."

"*Her* name is Mrs. Shaughnessy and she's going to Kansas City." Brother pointed to the blonde girl across the aisle. "But she doesn't know her baby's name, because she doesn't know yet if it's a boy or a girl."

Common-looking Mrs. Shaughnessy spoke apologetically: "Kids seem to know all about . . . things."

"We know about babies," Carroll said with dignity, "because our daddy's got a new one. We're going to see him and Susan."

"Our family's got a divorce," Brother explained. "Mummy's got alimony and daddy's got Susan and a new baby."

The children's mother, her eyes harassed, was beckoning. The two left reluctantly. Across the aisle Mrs. Shaughnessy appeared ready to make shy friendly overtures, and Karen turned quickly toward the window, determined to forestall any more dreadful intimate confidences.

She thought of Kirk and his easy gentle way with children. She thought of the first time she saw him. That was April a year ago, beside the Haviland swimming pool. Carter Bradshaw had flown down from Reno, flourishing a brand-new divorce. Carter was like that—spectacular, rich, sought after. He fell in love with her, as much as Carter could fall in love. She'd have married him, too, except for meeting the doctor from the sanatorium which Julie and Buzz had recently endowed.

Nothing came of it. When Carter flew back East she had, surprisingly, quarreled bitterly with this doctor whom she scarcely knew.

"There goes a big fellow." He laughed, teasing her. "You had him hooked and you let him get away—deliberately."

She blazed with sudden inexplicable fury.

"*You* spoiled it! The way you *looked*— Always *watching!*"

"Merely an interested bystander, Karen. For myself, I can't afford such frivolity."

"I can't afford to know people like you!"

"Eighteen-carat gold—nothing else matters?"

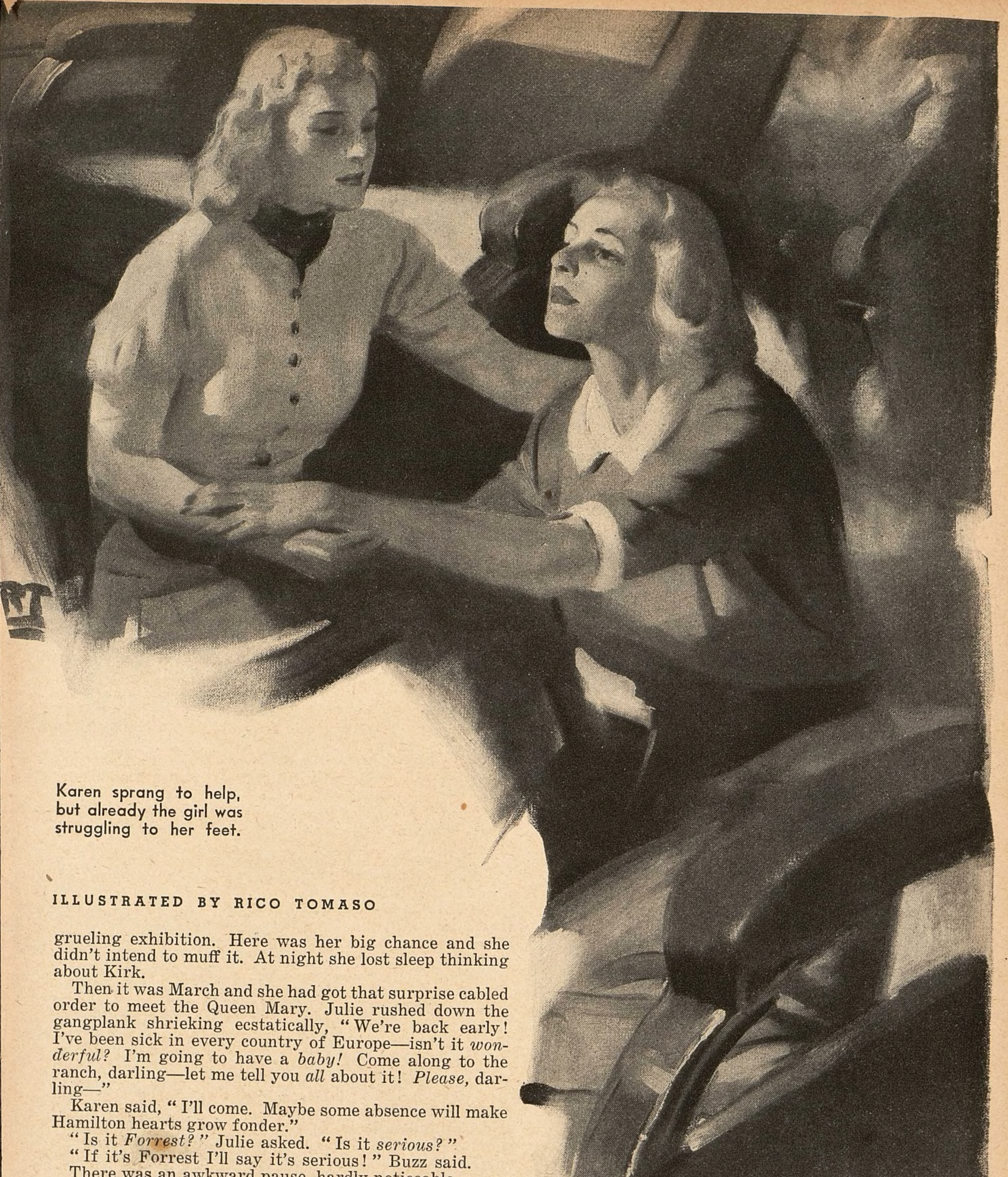
"Name one thing that's more important!"

He looked at her curiously for a long time. Her anger died and she felt a little sick. He shrugged his shoulders, saying nothing.

She had seized the chance to go on to Palm Springs with the Ameses, telling herself over and over that nothing was different, that a girl should be able to forget a man who hadn't even kissed her. She went with the Eddys to Lake Forest and stayed through the Mackinac races, after which she visited Janie Custer in Montreal. But she hadn't forgotten Kirk even when she got back to New York that fall—back to the old stamping grounds.

At a Christmas dance she encountered Forrest, whom she hadn't seen since he was in short velvet pants. Immediately it was evident that Forrest thought her grown up superlatively fitted to be his wife, but he didn't ask her to marry him then. He dared not, she knew, until she had been seen and approved by every branch of the family. So she moved with cool precise care through each

A moving story of life and love in a world on wheels . . and a bewildered girl wh



Karen sprang to help, but already the girl was struggling to her feet.

ILLUSTRATED BY RICO TOMASO

grueling exhibition. Here was her big chance and she didn't intend to muff it. At night she lost sleep thinking about Kirk.

Then it was March and she had got that surprise cabled order to meet the Queen Mary. Julie rushed down the gangplank shrieking ecstatically, "We're back early! I've been sick in every country of Europe—isn't it *wonderful?* I'm going to have a *baby!* Come along to the ranch, darling—let me tell you *all* about it! *Please,* darling—"

Karen said, "I'll come. Maybe some absence will make Hamilton hearts grow fonder."

"Is it *Forrest?*" Julie asked. "Is it *serious?*"

"If it's Forrest I'll say it's serious!" Buzz said.

There was an awkward pause, hardly noticeable.

"Is . . . you've . . . heard from Kirk?"

"Oh, sure! Kirk's fine!" Buzz said. "Gay as a lark, building a new wing on his hospital. You know, I thought last year there was something between you two—"

"Oh, no!" said Karen. "*No.*"

Julie looked at her speculatively. Julie wasn't fooled. Karen shook her head as if to clear her vision. With

und, among strangers, the key to her heart

hands not quite steady she applied lipstick needlessly. It was quite possible, she decided, that this queer empty feeling she now felt was due to having had no dinner.

It was beginning to rain, hard. Other passengers felt, apparently, a cozy intimacy and were getting acquainted. The children ate peanuts which the Mexicans had given them. The conductor was jovial. The middle-aged spinster, having sat alone for some time, offered abruptly to play puzzles with the children, whose mother was absorbed in conversation with the little old lady. The old man started a rummy game with the Mexicans. Presently a porter came through with pillows which could be had for twenty-five cents. Some time after that the lights were dimmed.

Karen closed her eyes and tried to shut out pictures of her last week with Kirk. This time a year-old flame leapt between them and they knew it for what it was, but still she refused to name it until Kirk held her in his arms, hard, implacable. *This* time he kissed her.

He said, "You love me, Karen. That's why you came back. Say it, Karen."

"I love you, Kirk."

But after a wonderful tortured moment she pushed him away.

"I love you, Kirk, but I'm going away and not coming back. I know what I'm like, darling. I'd hate being poor. I've got this far and I have to go on. You've no idea what it is, Kirk, to hang on by your teeth to the very edge of things, scratching and fighting to stay there—"

Kirk said slowly, "I've never been on the edge. I'm right smack in the middle of life."

"Not my kind of life! They wouldn't mix!" She cried then. And he kissed her again. He said, "We haven't said all there is to say. Nobody ever has everything, Karen. In life there's no such thing as one hundred per cent. The trick is to choose the things that add up pretty close. I'm here to help you choose, darling. I won't be easy to shake off. I'll be here tomorrow, and tomorrow—"

Tomorrow was today. Tomorrow was this afternoon, when she had been called up from the pool to hear Forrest's clipped voice coming from New York.

"Everything's arranged, Karen. The family wishes you to come East at once and our engagement will be announced April 20. You're to stay with my Aunt Gracia in New York until the wedding—"

Without any help from Kirk she had made her choice. Tomorrow she would begin to forget him. She dozed lightly, twisting and turning, tortured by snatches of dreams.

SHE was jerked to an abrupt awakening when the train lurched violently, stopped. In the sudden eerie silence there was a smothered cry from Mrs. Shaughnessy, who had been thrown to the floor. Karen sprang to help, but already the girl was struggling clumsily to her feet.

"Are you hurt?"

"I—I guess not. Just shook up. I'm kind of awkward now. I was just going to the washroom when—I can make it now, with the walking steadier. Thanks anyhow."

Karen watched her slow progress down the aisle, an ugly pathetic figure. Women like that, she thought, had no business away from home.

Now thoroughly awake, she looked around. Only the sharp-faced woman was awake.

"I wonder if something's wrong?" she asked in a low tone.

"I doubt it. They've probably stopped for water."

Karen turned to her own window again, outside of which there were lanterns now and men's voices. Still the train didn't start. And presently, impatient at the delay, Karen went to the washroom for a cigarette. There, at least, she wouldn't be conscious of all those others sleeping.

She had forgotten Mrs. Shaughnessy, who now sat on the inadequate little chair before the mirror, her face the color of putty, her eyes wide with terror.

"You *did* hurt yourself!"

"I—I don't hurt anywhere," the girl stammered. "I—I don't know what to do. The—the baby isn't supposed to come for a month yet, but I—" Helpless tears rolled down her cheeks.

Karen's first impulse was to run—to escape trouble which was not her own. She felt anger, too, at a railroad which could thus involve her in a situation entirely outside her life. She put a hand on the girl's shoulder, felt the trembling.

"Please don't cry. I'll find the conductor and see if there's a doctor. Don't worry. You'll be all right."

It was four o'clock in the morning. The train, the conductor told her, was stalled in New Mexico, in the middle of nowhere, because a cloudburst had washed the tracks away. There would be a delay of hours.

"But that girl back there in the day coach—she may be dangerously hurt. You can't just let her have her baby *here!*" Karen stormed.

"I can't stop her, miss. There's no place to take her. We'll see if there's a doctor. We'll do all we can, miss. But before we can move they've got to get these tracks back there—"

There was no doctor, not anywhere on the train. There was only the untidy old man in the day coach who was a dentist. There was only the little old woman who had seen her daughter Nellie through just such a bad time.

"The thing is to get her lying *down,* with her feet *up,*" she said. "So long as th' pains don't start and she stays quiet with her feet *up*—"

EVERYBODY helped after that. They put Mrs. Shaughnessy in a drawing room, feet up as prescribed. The sleepy occupant of Bedroom B contributed a hot-water bottle into which a sleepy steward coaxed cracked ice. There were quite a lot of people standing around helplessly offering advice. Mrs. Detweiler, the little old lady, shooed them away. All but Karen. Mrs. Shaughnessy wanted Karen.

She said, "You've done enough now, Mrs. Detweiler. You've got troubles of your own."

"Pshaw—" said Mrs. Detweiler.

"I'll stay," said Karen. "I'll call you if—if needed."

She sat on the narrow seat and felt helpless, looking at Mrs. Shaughnessy, who looked back, still shy and embarrassed and scared.

"I've got a nerve, asking *you.* But I'd *die* if I had to be alone and she— Her husband's dead; did you know that? She's taking the—the body back to Nebraska."

"Oh," Karen said, not quite comprehending. "You mean—on this train?"

"Yes."

"I didn't know." It occurred to her that there were a lot of things about which she knew little—and had always cared less.

"That's an awfully good-looking dress," the girl said. She fingered the thin black wool—drew back her hand all at once and flushed. "I didn't mean to get personal. The worst thing about having a baby is that even if you had nice clothes you'd look terrible. Not that I could of spent the money on a good dress. I had to go home with my folks for a while because Joe lost his job—my husband, you know. I had to take a lot of I-told-you-so off my family because they'd wanted me to marry another fellow who was better off, a contractor. So I made up my mind that no matter *what* I had to do without, I was going to be back with Joe in Kansas City when the baby came. Then Joe got his job back and my sister loaned me the money to go home when he wrote he had fifty dollars saved up for the hospital. If only I can hold on till I *get* to the hospital—"

"You'll hold on," Karen said firmly. She made a clumsy effort to distract the girl's mind from the possible danger. "Have you been married long? Does your husband like the idea of—of a baby?"

"Year and a half. And he was simply tickled pink. The Irish are like that, you know. They may be kind of up and down about working, and sometimes hard to live with, but—"

"He's . . . quarrelsome?"

"My goodness! The fights we have! And then we kiss and make up. But I can tell you one thing: I've never yet been sorry I married Joe, and for all his faults I wouldn't trade him for any other fellow on earth!"

Karen laughed shakily. "I guess that's love."

"It *is* love," the girl corrected gently.

Presently Karen noticed that Mrs. Shaughnessy had fallen asleep.

There was a good bit of helpless excitement in the morning when the sounder-sleeping passengers awoke to find the train standing still beside a huddle of adobe huts in the middle of a waste of brush.

Karen sent a telegram to Forrest:

TRAIN DELAYED DEPARTURE NOT DEFINITE WILL WIRE LATER

The occupants of the first day coach became the objects of considerable curiosity as word spread about the prospective mother in Drawing Room A. The conductor had sent wires requesting an ambulance and whatever medical care might prove necessary. Some of the passengers complained about the cold and others about headaches and dizziness resulting from altitude; but all were united in the hope that the Shaughnessy baby would wait to be born in Kansas City.

MARGARET FRY

daughter of a circuit-riding minister, grew up in the Middle West and received her Ph. D. from the University of Chicago. In 1937, she began to write short stories, after twelve years of marriage and several years of newspaper work and writing for radio. She has two small daughters.

A steward announced that meals that day would be served free and there was a scramble to the diner. Mrs. Detweiler and Mrs. Hay volunteered to take turns sitting with Mrs. Shaughnessy. And then Miss Kimball, the sharp-faced spinster, offered to help. Karen said she wasn't experienced with children, but she would take Carroll and Brother for a walk.

First they watched the Mexicans working on the bridge, beneath which now trickled an unimportant little stream. Then they attempted conversation with the little Mexican girl whose father had stopped the train just in time. Then Karen walked in the middle while they balanced on each side of her, walking the rails. Never once did they stop talking. She was pink-cheeked and breathless when she turned them over to the dentist, who was going to show them card tricks.

Of their mother she asked, smiling, "Don't they ever stop? Don't your ears ring?"

"That's what I miss most," said Mrs. Hay—and then suddenly, surprisingly, covered her face with her hands. "Don't go away. I'll be all right in a minute." When she looked up, her face was composed but her eyes were dark with unhappiness. "They told you, of course, that they're going to stay with their father for a while. I'm going on to Michigan to visit my sister. I can't *stand* it at home with them gone. It's worse this time, I guess, because that girl in there made me remember when Carroll was born, and how frightened and how—how happy we both were. Now he—he's married again and they—they have a child . . ." She looked out the window stonily. "I made a terrible mistake. I was crazy with jealousy about the girl in his office. I thought I could hurt him by taking the children away from him. I hurt him all right, but I hurt myself more. The children too, I suppose. I found out too late there was nothing to it. He didn't really begin to care for her seriously until after the divorce. By that time it was too late for me." She smiled—not a nice smile to see. She said, "I don't know why I tell you all this. You're not married, are you?"

"No. I'm not married. But I—I'm going to be."

Mrs. Hay looked at her curiously. "Don't let anything spoil it!" she said passionately. "Don't expect too much! Don't think it's got to be perfect! Any compromise is better than no love at all!" She turned again to the window. She didn't see that Karen presently slipped away.

It was a busy day. There was the ice bag to be kept filled for Mrs. Shaughnessy. There was lunch, and the children to be entertained. There were games of double solitaire with the dentist, the three Mexicans looking on. Late in the afternoon Karen took old Mrs. Detweiler into the lounge car for a cup of tea.

"I'm not done in," Mrs. Detweiler protested, drinking the tea gratefully. "I can't afford to get done in. I've got a long way to go yet with him."

"I'm sorry," Karen said. "At first I didn't know—"

"You mean 'cause I don't act sad? I did my crying, dearie, before Jim died, seeing him suffer like that. Death came as a blessing and he thanked God for it and so did I, although 'twas like losing half myself. It's like that after you been married fifty-two years."

"Fifty-two years!" Karen said in a tone of wonder.

"It seems like forever—and like no time at all. I guess I'll go on through the rest of my days feeling Jim right beside me. Always an active man, Jim was, and when the doctors sent him to California for his health, right away he didn't like it because he had nothing to do. Made me promise then and there to take him back to be buried in the cemetery at home right near where he'd worked the soil. He'll be happy there."

"And you'll have your memories."

"Good *and* bad," the old lady said. "We had our hard times, just like those young Shaughnessys. But I guess it's only in the books where they get married and live happily *ever* after. I always thought that'd be a little like having nothing to eat but angel-food cake."

It was late, almost ten, when the dentist came into the car announcing cheerily that they were almost ready to go. Soon Miss Kimball came through on her way from the drawing room where Mrs. Shaughnessy still lay. She hesitated by Karen's seat.

"I guess she's going to be all right. If nothing happens tonight—"

Karen said, "Oh, I *hope* she'll be all right! she's so happy, going back to be with her husband. It would be cruel—"

Miss Kimball sat down. She said, "She's nothing to me. I never saw her before. But I'd gladly give the rest of my life if that would make sure she came through all right with that baby. I missed all that. I've taught school for twenty-five years; now I have a pension that lets me travel wherever I want to, so long as I'm careful of my money. I've been all over and now I'm going back again because there's nothing else for me to do. I was in love once. For three years I was engaged to be married. I kept putting it off because I'd set my heart on our having a certain sum of money in the bank. My fiancé had to support his invalid mother. She died at the start of the war. *He* died in France. I'm still living, though. I've got money in the bank."

Karen said nothing. There was no answer to that quiet, deadly bitterness.

IN Kansas City there was a wait of thirty minutes. Karen watched them take Mrs. Shaughnessy off the train on a stretcher. She shook hands with Joe Shaughnessy, who didn't even see her, bent as he was over the stretcher with worship in his eyes.

Karen hurried back to the day coach, now empty. After that she hurried into the station. She got there in time to see Miss Kimball threading her way through the crowd—solitary, alone. She heard shrill excited voices, saw the Hay children departing jubilantly with their father and a much younger woman. She saw Mrs. Hay standing by a pillar looking after them, her face bleak, desolate. On a bench Mrs. Detweiler sat patiently, hands clasped placidly over her worn pocketbook, hat askew, eyes turned serenely up to a big map where lights blinked on and off.

When she saw Karen, she said, "Well, that shows you where you are, all right. We have to change here for a local. Jim and I are almost at the end of the road."

Karen kissed her. Karen didn't say anything, because she couldn't. By the time she sent off a telegram to Forrest her voice had come back. When she stood at the ticket window it came out clear as a bell, plainly audible to the tall man who had walked up beside her.

She said, "Give me a day-coach ticket to San Angelo, Arizona."

Edging closer to the window, the tall man said, "Make it *two* tickets to San Angelo." He turned to the girl. "Unless you think Kansas City is good enough for a honeymoon?"

All the girl said, in a shaking little gasp, was, "Kirk!"

But to the people in line it looked as though she thought Kansas City was good enough. Maybe not perfect, because she was crying. But plenty good enough!

THE END

CAN BUSINESS MEN SAVE AMERICA?

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

An eminent leader speaks for 4,000,000 of his countrymen to liberals with common sense

BY GEORGE H. DAVIS

Recent President of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States

BUSINESS, after all, is merely the sum total of all the activities of all the people who are making a living by producing and distributing goods. It is the aggregate of the millions of transactions made each day by the Tom Joneses and John Smiths.

Business is not a particular group or class that can be singled out and held up to scorn. It is not something alien and apart which can be molded arbitrarily to our purposes or shaped to our desires. It is not manufacturing plants and stores and workshops and offices: it is the *work done* in these places. Activity in steel, dairying, or any other business cannot be moved up or down by pressing a lever in some faraway office.

The pace of the steel business is regulated by those who buy steel. By the man who reroofs his house, buys an automobile, builds an annex to his store; by railroads which buy rails and utilities which buy generators—to meet your demands and mine for transportation, power, and light.

When individuals in a community trade with one another, business is good. When the individuals of one community trade with the individuals of another, national business is good. When the people of a nation trade with the peoples of other nations, world trade is good.

No matter into what far-flung distant places the trail of trade takes you, trade begins with the individual. He supplies the force—the only force—which motivates the complicated mechanism we call business—whether it be big or little.

There is no nebulous monster directing and controlling this exchange. There is no basis for the myth that "business" is some intangible force endowed with miraculous powers—and malevolent intentions. Boiled down to essentials, "business" is the day's work of millions translated into goods and services.

Some of these individuals do not play the game. Some are cheaters; "chiselers" is the usual word. A few ingeniously try to get something for nothing. But it does not follow that business as a whole is over-adroit and selfish; that it is a monster which must be hobbled by repressive regulation; that it is an alien thing which preys upon the community.

Cheating and chiseling are to be deplored wherever found, but certainly they are not exclusively sins of business. Nor is it logical or right to try to blot out such sins by laying the heavy hand of surveillance upon *all* business effort, lest some of it be directed to unworthy ends.

Out of all of us who make up the business of this nation there are some who direct activities. There are a million and a half little fellows who run their own business or are partners. Two million or more are the hired directors of corporate enterprises. A few—relatively very few—are owner-managers of larger businesses. Altogether there are three or four million men any one of whom the term "business man" would fit. So let's look at him.

Your business man does not speak glibly with rotund voice, nor paint visionary pictures in glowing colors, nor soar on the wings of oratory. He does not build skyscrapers out of wood, nor subways in the prairie. He is fettered by things as they are.

He *plans.* He deals not with theories but with facts. His plans must be for things actually achievable. He must know not only where he is going but also how to get there.

If he is an idealist he is a practical idealist: he measures what ought to be done in terms of what can be done —with the materials at hand. And his plans must be tethered by the relation of outgo and income.

You know individual business men, and will know that this is an accurate characterization of those with whom you are acquainted. I can add that such men know how to plan and work, but little about how to meet or refute the attacks upon "business" by critics and reformers.

Your professional—and sometimes well meaning—reformer heeds only two things. He measures his importance by the blackness of the picture he paints and by the size of the audience which listens to him.

Business, he will tell you, needs reforming. It is "greedy," "soulless," "rapacious," "plutocratic," "reactionary," and what not. It oppresses the worker and

LET'S MARCH WITH BUSINESS
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LET'S MARCH WITH BUSINESS

exploits the consumer. It has had the bit in its teeth too long. Something must be done. *He*, of course, is the man to do it if you will give him the job and the authority.

But which business is this way? The critic doesn't tell you what it is, or where it is, or give a street address. He doesn't tell you what business has done—only what it hasn't done and should do. He doesn't tell you that forty-odd million persons are at work. He only talks about the unemployed: how many, he doesn't know.

He doesn't tell you that ours is the highest paid labor in the world. He never mentions that a worker here earns enough in one hour to buy 2.83 baskets of food, while for the same amount of work the English or Belgian worker earns only enough to buy 1.11 baskets, and the German worker 1.02 baskets.

He doesn't tell you our average manufacturing plant employs forty-four workers: he attacks "bigness." He doesn't tell you we have more than 2,000,000 business concerns, three quarters of them individual- or partner-owned: he talks only about "soulless" corporations.

Never does the critic mention that 89.2 per cent of our national income is received by persons having incomes under $5,000. Nor are you told that in 6,231,431 income-tax returns, 5,528,579 reported less than $5,000, an average of $2,227.

No; the reformer talks about "plutocracy;" but he does not mention that if all the plutocratic incomes above a million dollars were divided, your share would be less than 66 cents.

You *are* told, however, that business is something conducted by greedy capitalists. There is no mention of the fact that 389,000 new businesses were started in 1938, and that 365,000 old ones failed and folded; or that business men call what we have—and advisedly—a *profit-and-loss* system, in which the great struggle is to remain among that slight majority able to write figures in black ink, not red, and to survive.

You are told also that business is some separate entity, owned by the few; and what happens to it does not concern you, because you have no stake in it. But reformer critics never remind you that if you are one of our 65,000,000 life-insurance policyholders you share in a *twenty-six-billion-dollar* stake in the business of this country; or if you are one of our 44,000,000 savings-bank depositors, that also gives you a share in "business." And these assets of yours are worth what the business of the country makes them, and no more.

The critic doesn't tell you that one branch of business—life insurance—during depression years paid out about $18,500,000,000 to policyholders and beneficiaries—in private "security" funds; or that more than 2,000,000 workers were under private pension systems, and that the number was rapidly increasing. He tells you only that there is no security, that business casts off workers, and that the government must provide.

You have even been told that business grinds down the consumer and thereby throttles trade. But it is not mentioned that in 1935 business spent, through advertising agencies alone, $452,265,000 to stimulate consumption, to find customers—and increase jobs.

It is a strange picture indeed which the critic of "business" paints for you. But take a look around. What has our American business system done for you—and for others?

Here we have 1 automobile for each 4½ persons; in England the ratio is 1 to 25; Germany, 1 to 55; Russia, a car to 322 persons.

Another yardstick, radios: our score, 253 per 1,000 persons; Britain, 216; Germany, 129; France, 93; Italy, about 21; and Russia, hardly more than 2. We have about half the world's bathtubs and telephones, about a third of its highways, and more than a third of its railways.

We have only about 6 per cent of the earth's population, but a purchasing power and standard of living which enable us to use half of the world's coffee, rubber, and tin, one third of its electric power, and two thirds of its crude oil.

We have more leisure, more theaters, more comforts and conveniences; more bank depositors and insurance policyholders, man for man, than any other country in the world. We pay more for individual effort.

It is worth while counting up some of the things which are *right* with America. We've been told about so much that is wrong.

We achieved much under a business system which is no less democratic than our political system.

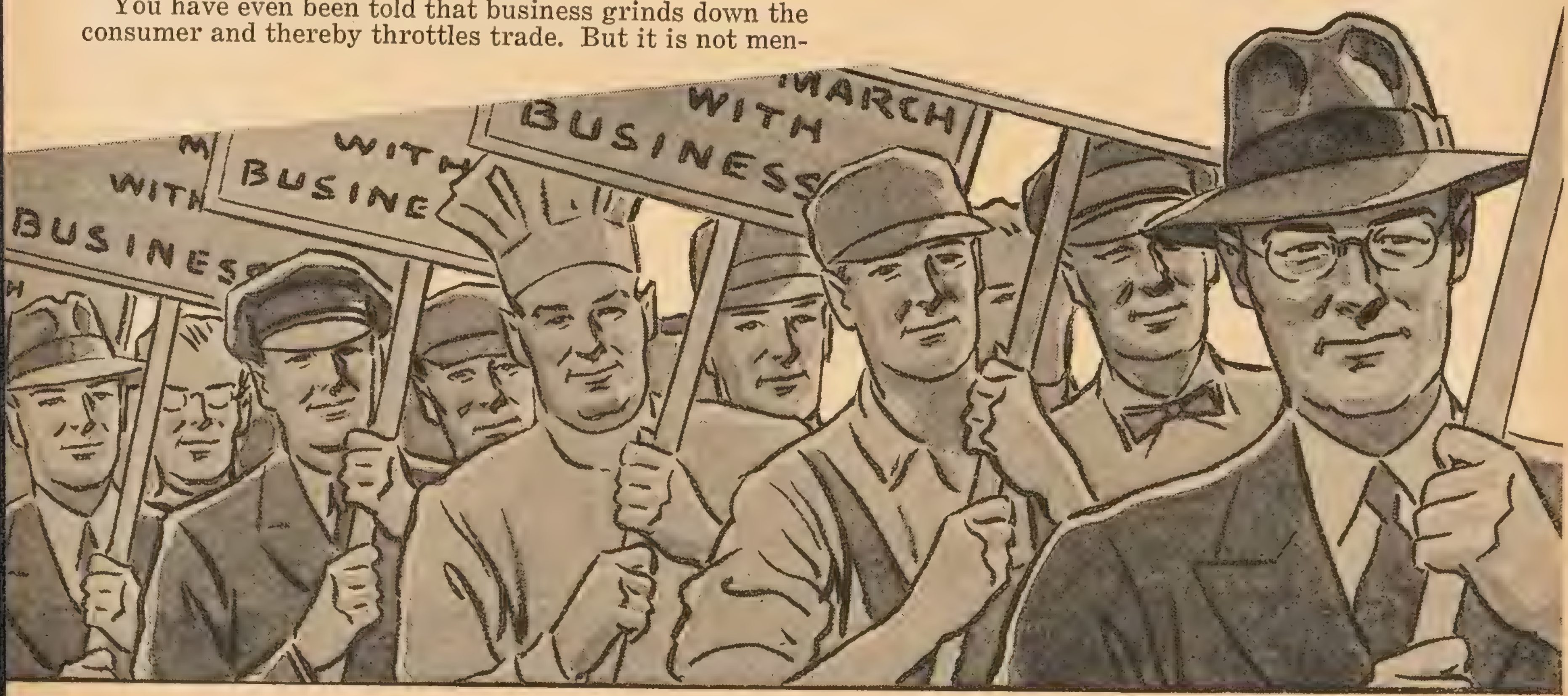
That business system is not perfect. No system ever will be. It cannot compel a man to be industrious. It cannot force the indifferent man to be enterprising. But it has and can and will constantly improve itself. And it has done and can do and will do more to improve the general welfare than can be done by politics.

No law has ever abolished poverty. Neither fortune nor misfortune ever has been equally divided by decree. No statute ever added a penny's worth to the national wealth. No soapbox oratory has created a single job. No agitator ever filled a pay envelope.

And, it may be added, no nation has ever moved forward to a happier destiny by bewailing its ills and forgetting its virtues; by bemoaning its wrongs and overlooking what was right; by proclaiming to the world how bad things are.

America and American business did not build the greatest nation the world has seen by thinking only how difficult a job it would be. Let's think about what we've got and how to get more. The same traits, abilities, genius for co-operation, and resources that have carried us this far are ready to carry us forward again. Let's march with business — yours, mine, everybody's — to better times. We can do it!

THE END



IS JOE LOUIS THE FASTEST?

BY ARTHUR DONOVAN

READING TIME ● 16 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

JOE LOUIS was fighting Eddie Simms, and I was referee. After Schmeling had hammered Louis to a pulp, every one said he was washed up, but he was trying to come back. Eddie was a husky six-footer, built like a wedge, a perfect model of a fighting machine, with a good punch in each hand and a long string of knockouts to his credit. He thought he was going to use Louis as a steppingstone to the championship; so when I called the boys to the center for instruction, I studied Joe's face. It was blank as a pine board.

Eddie was all confidence. He had no more respect for the ex-Brown Bomber than he had for Charlie McCarthy; went right after him at the bell, and hit him half a dozen times. Louis was shifting and rolling, so the blows didn't feaze him. Then he settled into his stride, feinted Simms into a lead, and shot a left jab on to his chin. Accurate as a rifle shot.

And what a jab! It had every ounce of his 196 pounds in it, from the toes to that last snap of the shoulder that nearly doubled its force. Simms flew backward, and his head hit the floor so hard that it bounced up six inches. A concussion, sure, and I felt squeamish as I turned to pick up the official count. When I bent over Simms, to take it up at "three," he was already on hands and knees —a miracle! He stood up at "nine," but I waved Louis back till I could take a good look. Eddie's eyes were clear but he was mumbling. "What's that?" I asked, and Eddie said: "It's all right, pal. I'm all right. Let's take a walk." "Where'll we walk?" "Oh, anywhere you like, pal."

So I walked him to his corner, and as the seconds slipped the stool under him he flopped back, clean out.

That's the first part of my answer to the question they ask me a dozen times a day: "Is Joe Louis the greatest man that ever fought in the ring?" It shows that Louis can punch like a stamping machine. But can he take it? Can he rally under fire and fight on? Let's see. I've refereed practically all his fights since he came East, four years ago, and during those fights I've been closer to him than your eyes are to this page now, watching every move, every change in his expression. Being the son and pupil of a great champion and a veteran fighting man myself, I ought to know how to form an opinion.

Louis is what you seldom see—a natural fighting machine, schooled by a wonderful teacher. Jack Blackburn is not only one of the cleverest men in his class but he knows how to impart his knowledge and ring wisdom, to give his pupil the professional polish that comes from years of experience; to coach him so that he'll do the right thing in the right way instantly; so he'll study his man and beat him to the punch; so he'll draw him into a move and crash him a fraction of a second before he makes it.

In the ring, more than in any other game, a man is on his own from the moment the gong sounds. He has no time to think; he must do the right thing by force of habit, with perfect co-ordination of everything in him—otherwise good night!

I refereed Louis' first appearance in big time, and I've watched him grow. There was something in the nerve of this raw novice tackling the giant Carnera that drew thousands of fans to the Yankee Stadium.

I noticed the smooth, springy muscles of Louis' arms and shoulders, but his greatest strength was in the hips and legs. He didn't take long to soften the giant, and when he got him just right, he threw in a short straight right-hand punch that lit exactly on the point of the chin. Carnera hit the floor, rolled over and over like a barrel, and was on hands and knees as he stopped rolling. He looked up at "three." At "nine" he took his hands off the floor, to rise up—and plunged into a nose dive, flattened out cold. Gosh, but that novice could hit! The only time I ever saw a man knocked down twice by one blow.

Baer looked the worst scared man in America that night against Louis in the Yankee Stadium. Not that he'd mind taking a few punches more or less, but because he knew he had wasted his strength fooling around in night clubs, and nothing but a miracle could save him now. He tried to do a jig in his corner, to warm up for the game, but he could hardly lift his feet off the floor. At the bell he came out slowly to meet Louis, with his left fist upside down and swinging like a pendulum—the queerest lead I ever saw. Louis, puzzled, backed away, wondering what kind of trick Baer was going to spring, and timing every move he made. They moved, slow as a funeral, all the way to Louis' corner, and just as Baer was lifting the pendulum for the sixth or seventh swing, Louis fired the machine gun—a straight left that lit exactly on the corner of the chin. I was close enough to see how it shook Max, but he covered up his head and backed away. From that moment on he hadn't a chance. The first time he went to the floor, he fell sitting, laughed and waved his hand to show the boys he was all right. But he wasn't. Down he went again and again, and when I counted him out, in the fourth, he was on one knee and shaking his head to clear it. The people who said he quit were wrong. He couldn't get up; had to be lifted. What licked him was his conscience and Joe Louis' awful punches. He stood up under more punishment than any other man Louis beat.

Schmeling came over from Germany to try to recover his long-lost championship from Braddock, but Jim had arthritis; so they appeased Max by matching him with Louis. Being a wise general, he sat close to the ring and watched Louis fight Paolino Uzcudun. When it was all over, Schmeling was happy. "Louis," he said, "has a great fault. I show you when I knock him out."

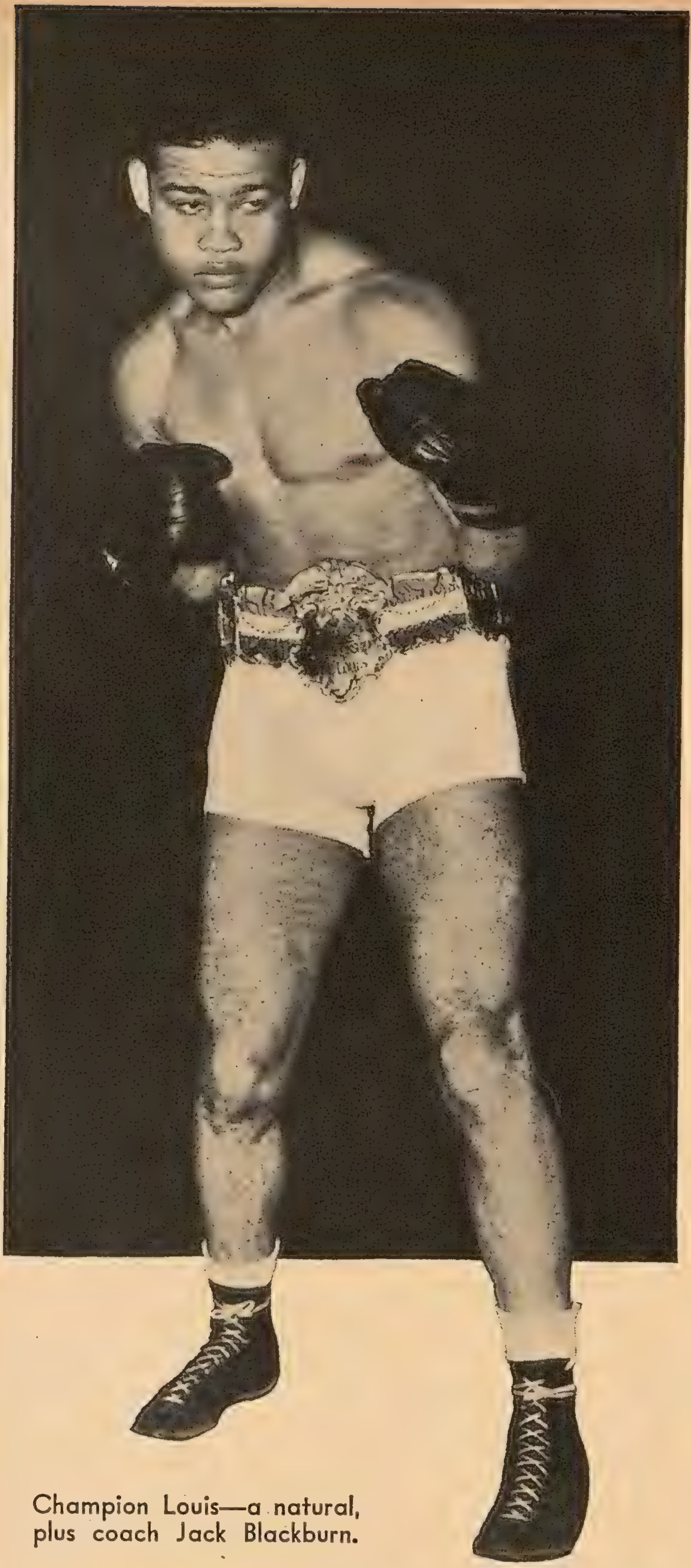
Uzcudun was so rugged that neither Schmeling nor Baer nor any other of the topnotchers had been able to put him on the floor. Louis didn't risk breaking a hand on his elbows, that stuck out like the quills on a porcupine, but boxed him at respectful distance, measuring him and timing him with great care. I circled around them, watching for all I was worth. At last Uzcudun started a wide hooking left for the head. Louis stepped in ahead of it, and, striking like a rattlesnake, shot a short straight right to the face, halfway between the nose and the cheekbone. Uzcudun skyrocketed through the air. The first thing he hit was the lower rope, which he grabbed as his body was halfway out of the ring. He slowly pulled himself in and up.

The Basque looked as if a bomb had burst in his face. He was bleeding from three cuts—cheekbone, nose, and mouth—and his head was wabbling as if his neck had turned to jelly. His eyes were glazed, but he put up his hands and started forward. I pushed him back. If I had let Louis hit him again, he'd have broken his neck.

Schmeling had good reason to be happy. He noticed how low Louis carried his left fist, too low to bring up the arm in time to block a right-hand punch—and Max was a fierce right-hand puncher. Besides, he didn't see how a lad such a short time in the ring could have the experience and judgment that would help him out of a jam. Max was right as right could be.

When I called them to the center that night at the Stadium, Schmeling was all smiles. Louis looked at him as if he was wondering how this has-been had the gall to go up against him. Joe fought that way, too. He went through the motions all right, but his heart wasn't in his

Vivid, intimate—A look at the champ through the eyes of a famous referee



Champion Louis—a natural, plus coach Jack Blackburn.

work. Physically he was in prime condition, but mentally he was slack and easygoing.

Schmeling's stance puzzled Louis—the left side away out in front, as if he was going to turn around the corner instead of coming straight in. That gave him more leverage to hit with the right, so that he got a lot more force into it. "He fought me all turned round," Joe said later. He hooked with the left in a wide arc, open to a counter, and shook Max considerably. Still, the game persistent German took it all like a major and never stopped boring in with that pawing left hook, to open the way for his terrific right. Soon I noticed that Joe gave up his own style, which depended upon that accurate left jab, and tried to meet right-hand punches with rights—or with those foolish left hooks.

It wasn't until the fourth round that Schmeling landed his right on Louis' jaw. Above the roar of the crowd I heard it, clear as the smack of a bullet on a stone wall. The boy got up and kept on trying with all he had, but from then on it was only a question of time—bar accident—when Schmeling would knock him out. His mind was clouded, dazed by that awful wallop. Blackburn begged him to keep his left arm high, so he could parry those rights that came over in a steady volley, but he couldn't hold the idea for more than half a minute. There was no glass in his jaw—no, nor in his heart—but he was so mixed up that he was fighting on instinct, not on judgment.

When, in the twelfth round, Schmeling's thirtieth or fortieth right landed on Louis' jaw—there were so many of them I lost count—Joe fell in a heap, and had no more chance to get up than a roll of lead. He was a sight. Schmeling had pounded his left cheek into something that looked like an overinflated balloon tire, closed his left eye, and pushed his face around to the right. I wondered whether he'd ever get over that licking.

Louis had sense enough to understand the lesson of the Schmeling fight. He learned that it doesn't pay to get puffed up over a few victories and hold any one cheap; that he must follow the straight road, stick to his own style, and keep out of trouble. Evidently he worked hard on the program Blackburn laid out, studying the art of timing and developing that deadly left jab so that every muscle from his toes to his knuckles drove in like a bullet.

Louis' first fight in the comeback campaign was with Jorge Brescia, a South American giant of six feet three and 210 pounds, speedy, with two good fists, ambitious, and a fine prospect for the title. He thought Schmeling had blasted Louis out of the hunt, and went at him in a hurry. But the moment Louis began to spar I saw that he had learned his lesson, going along the straight path, measuring Brescia with care, fighting his own way. He kept out of Brescia's reach for a while, then feinted him into a lead.

Few modern fighters know the art of feinting. Blackburn is a master of the art, and I saw that Louis had got it from him. When he saw that Brescia was going to start his blow, he started his own—maybe one twentieth of a second ahead of it, that tiny little speck of time that makes the difference between winning and losing. It spatted on Brescia's chin and dropped him, paralyzed. He hasn't done much since.

Next came the battle with Eddie Simms, whom Louis knocked goofy with one blow, as I have told you. But, while both these men were good fast second-raters, neither one had what is called class. They had never reached quite the top rank in the game. Jack Sharkey, who had been champion of the world not so long ago, made a fancy showing against Louis. He got to Joe's jaw a few times, not with heavy ones but with swift punches that pleased the crowd, while Louis was measuring the distance and the timing. When Joe had nursed Jack into a good position and feinted him into a lead, Louis crossed his right to the chin nicely and sent him sprawling. Sharkey had got as far as his knees when I counted "ten," but he couldn't have stood up for a million dollars.

I am glad I didn't see Louis beat Braddock for the title, for Jim is one of the grandest characters we ever had in the game. It must have been a great battle, for Jim put Louis down in the third; but Louis had the advantage of youth, and at last Jim had nothing left but his courage.

Back comes Max Schmeling. He thought he had Louis' measure down fine and that he'd put him away again. There was a very puzzling psychological angle in this match: Would Louis, when he came face to face with this frowning, determined, plodding German, remember the awful beating Max had given him and become so anxious that he couldn't fight his best battle? Many a good man had failed to overcome the handicap of the "Indian sign" the other fellow had on him. You can't call it fear—it's a question of doubt, a feeling that the luck, the breaks of the game, will help the enemy again.

As I got into the ring with these two, I was studying this problem, trying to look into the minds of the fighters and guess what their feelings were.

Schmeling was easy to read. He was confident, smiling politely, and gay as a man collecting a bet. Louis was neither gay nor gloomy. He sat there, patiently waiting for the show to begin, looking out at the crowd without seeing it or hearing it roar—just looking straight ahead. The fires of revenge might have been burning in him, but if they were, he kept them well banked under a fierce resolution to fight his own fight this time, as he had against all the rest. No more wide-open hooks or meeting rights with rights.

When the bell called them into action Louis moved in smoothly, sparring with great care, drawing a little closer after every flurry they both made. I had never seen such pretty work. I never dreamed that any man could reach the height of faultless style that Louis showed, moving in and out like a shadow, his fists making play as light as the wings of a bird, though they were loaded with dynamite. I waited for the explosion.

After what seemed like a few seconds of sparring, Louis coaxed Schmeling into a lead. Max stepped in with a sort of pawing hook with the left, just as he had done before, to lead the way for the slaughtering right. But before it had fairly started, Louis fired his shot—a left jab that jarred Max's chin, followed by a right fist that didn't travel two feet but struck his jaw like a sixteen-inch shell. As Schmeling fell toward the ropes, he swung halfway round, and at that moment Louis drove in a straight right over the kidneys that destroyed Max. The three punches were as close together as shots from a Thompson gun. It is against boxing law to aim a blow at the kidneys, but Schmeling was turning, so that the last blow landed there by accident.

The pain was so intense and the shock so great that the German screamed in agony. I heard that scream clear and distinct above the bellowing of the crowd—and may I never hear another! In spite of his suffering, Schmeling crooked his arm around the rope and tried to turn round and fight. I stepped in front of him and waved Louis back. Max was bent over as if his body was broken in two. Louis still showed that cold poker face. I stopped the fight, of course, for one more punch might have killed Max. How that last blow snapped a spur of bone off his spine, everybody knows. Days passed before he recovered enough to be carried aboard ship to go home. When they give out prizes for courage, Schmeling ought to get one of the first.

If you think Louis' punishment of Schmeling was exceptional, just look at what he did to Nathan Mann in the Garden last winter. I refereed that one, and I saw Mann come within inches of destruction, though no one in the crowd guessed it. The house was packed, for every one knew that Mann was a terrific hitter. All he saw in Louis was a chance to fatten his batting average and put himself in the front rank; so he danced in there to settle him right off the reel. And in a mix-up he landed his right fist on Louis' chin. It was a grand slam, and it shook Louis so that his legs quivered a moment.

MANN rushed forward, crouching, to finish the job. But Louis had rallied. He stabbed Mann with a left on the chin that snapped his head back at least a foot. Lucky for Mann that he was crouched well forward, for if he had been standing up straight that blow would have broken his neck. Louis followed with a right on the chin that toppled him, and he didn't get up till after I counted "ten." It was a great relief to me, for if there had been a bad accident, I would have felt I was to blame.

If Louis is so destructive, you may ask, why did he let Tommy Farr stay to the end of their fifteen-round contest? And didn't Louis act as if he was timid? I wouldn't call it timid; I'd say he was gun-shy. Some one had tipped off Louis that Farr, always a rough, tough fighter, was going to butt him if he could get in close, and break up the match in a dispute over a foul. I don't believe Farr had that intention, and certainly he didn't do anything wrong that night; but evidently Louis was convinced he was in danger of losing his title in a wrangle, and protected himself accordingly. And even though Louis didn't knock Farr down as Baer did, he gave him such an awful licking that he earned the unanimous decision. Nothing but courage kept Tommy on his feet.

There's not much to be said about the Pastor fight, because Bob simply ran and ran and ran, and Louis couldn't catch him. The trouble with Louis that night was that he didn't know how to corner his man and finish him. I know it's hard to hit a running target, but that's one of the things that a great champion must be able to do. Louis has improved one hundred per cent since the night Pastor made him look so foolish.

LOUIS' fight with John Henry Lewis was on a different basis from the Schmeling bout. No one could say there was any grudge in it, for they are good friends; yet it didn't take Joe much longer to finish John Henry than it took to finish Max. I can't understand why some people have the idea that John Henry was afraid of Joe. I never saw any one look more determined than John Henry. He believed, in spite of the long odds against him, that he was going to get the decision on points, and he went right to work. It was a treat to see these two box, so swift and easy that it looked like play. I'd say that John Henry was the faster of the pair.

But it was Joe who forced the lead. He flicked a left toward John's head, and stopped it, knowing that John would try a return blow. He knew it because he had made the experiment half a dozen times, and John Henry always offered that return. John Henry started his left, but Joe's left got home one wink ahead of it, bashed John Henry on the nose, made it bleed, snapped his head back, and dazed him. Before John Henry could find himself, Louis cracked him on the chin with his right and gave him another that sent him to the floor, paralyzed.

As a referee who has studied Joe Louis from his start up to date, I am sure he has grown and ripened into a very high-class champion. His timing and judgment of distance are perfect. He knows how to lead his opponent into a move that will open the door to his ruin. Caught by a sudden smash, as when Nathan Mann nearly dropped him, he keeps his head, rallies quickly, and goes on in his own style to win. You can truly say of him that he has everything.

Is Louis, as so many say, the greatest man that ever fought? There's a question a man would have to be two hundred years old to answer, for there have been marvelous men ever since James Figg invented the game in the eighteenth century. Look through the record, and you'll see plenty of them cropping up. When I was a boy, my father often told me that Ned O'Baldwin, the Irish Giant, was the greatest ever. Ever hear of him? Gray-haired fans today swear there never was a human being who could stand up to John L. Sullivan in his prime. Men today point to Jack Dempsey as the champion of all time.

Is Louis greater than all of these? Dempsey was born to fight, a furious human torpedo that destroyed what he hit; strong and fast, an athlete who loved his profession and thrived on training. He had a wonderful personality and could knock you a mile. But he lived in a different age, under different conditions.

If Jack Dempsey and Joe Louis could be brought together today, each at his best, you could forget all about the Battles of the Century, for this would be the Battle of the Ages. Who would win? It would be either man's fight—speed, explosive fury, and enormous strength against a perfect fighting machine, colder than an iceberg, and with a killing punch. The first one to connect with a solid blow would be the winner—and who that first one would be, no living man can guess.

Of one thing I am certain: Louis is the greatest fighter in the ring today. He is only twenty-five years old—at the peak of his powers. He ought to be champion for a long time—though somewhere in the United States there is a youngster on a farm or in a factory who will come along in due time and beat him.

THE END

Rich Man's GIRL

BY GERALDINE YORK

ILLUSTRATED BY PHIL BERRY

READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

HE'S a perfect darling. . . . I just can't afford him. . . . A rich man is too expensive for a hard-working girl with clean ideas. . . . I'm no village violet, but I don't happen to be on the grab, either. . . . What's the sense of gold-digging my own little salary for the sake of staying on decent terms with a rich boy friend?"

The girl who said this to me earns twenty-eight dollars a week in a city office. She is beautiful in an unspectacular way, and she gets a great kick out of luxurious moments—even as you and I. The young man with whom she had been going around is richer than mud and much more attractive. There was no whirlwind romance, no precipitous talk of marriage. They were drawn together casually, as any congenial pair of young people might be, rich or poor.

Now, surely you'd think his money would have paved the way to glorious times for her. Well, it did and it didn't. He paid the big bills out of an overstuffed pocketbook without ever knowing what their fun cost her. In dollars and cents it cost her important money, for it disrupted her modest budget and ate up her small savings. So she came at last to the conclusion that a poor girl cannot afford to have a rich boy friend.

Let's see what it actually cost her.

Clothes were quite naturally her largest and most ruinous item, as they would be if you or any other girl in moderate circumstances tried to dress for a rich man's world.

Evening dresses to go with those lovely corsages he sends you—from ten dollars to thirty dollars apiece. Accessories to match, with manicuring and hair-waving every time he takes you out. Within a couple of weeks, or a month, your wealthy beau has cost you anywhere from twenty-five to fifty dollars. And he will keep on costing you as much or more as long as you stick to him.

If you're out to marry him, that is another matter. I am writing only about the girl who plays around with a rich boy just for the fun of it. She is the one who pays and pays.

Riding clothes, hiking clothes, tennis clothes, golf clothes, beach clothes! Hats, shoes, gloves, coats—and stockings. It isn't the rich man himself who unbalances your budget—it's the prices of everything you must buy for yourself while you're his girl.

A rich man's girl runs into trouble in a big way as soon as she meets his female relatives and their women friends. They entertain her. She feels obligated to entertain them in return. Money spent for lunches, matinees, and taxicab fares means nothing to them, but it soon becomes a severe drain on a working girl's pay envelope. Inviting them to her home constitutes another problem. They live on expensive streets; she lives on a cheap street. However tastefully she may have furnished her rooms, the time soon arrives when she hates telling her address to her boy friend's circle of females.

One moderately well-off family of my acquaintance is still stricken by the aftereffects of this social discontent, although their daughter's rich young man has been dropped and forgotten for more than two years. When she began going around with him, the girl nagged and

A warning to damsels: It's the *lady* who pays and pays!

cajoled her parents to move into a nicer—which to her merely meant more expensive—neighborhood. Fondly hoping she would marry her rich beau, her family moved, and started paying installments on the new furniture. The girl entertained a few times—then eloped with a twenty-five-dollar-a-week clerk. Her ma and pa live all alone now in their big expensive place—and keep on paying, paying, paying for the rent and the furniture.

More deeply injurious, perhaps, than any financial burden is the loss of dignity you will surely feel if you alter your mode of life to conform with that of people who are wealthier than yourself. There can be no dignity, ever, in living beyond your means. Girls who associate casually with rich men should reckon with this above all other considerations, and keep their families out of the affair. There is always the argument that your rich man may be a helpful acquaintance to your brothers or other male relations in a business way. Forget it. It seldom works out. Almost inevitably you and your people drift away from your old friends while chasing the rainbow vision of riches. And often the old friends are lost forever. No wealth in the world, you know, is worth that sacrifice.

CLOTHES, clothes, clothes! Wherever you turn in this rich man-poor girl entanglement, you come back again and again to the dilemma of duds! It was the borrowed money she had spent on clothes that drove one girl I know into a marriage she now bitterly regrets.

She was twenty-eight when she met her rich man. He took her dining, dancing, motoring with his rich crowd. In her twelve years of office work she hadn't had much amusement. Now she was willing to spend a little money on good times. Dipped into her savings for smarter clothes—and her bank account vanished like magic. Along came an invitation for a winter cruise with her rich admirer and some of his friends. Her acceptance necessitated the expenditure of quite a slice of clothes money. She borrowed from her brother. Then she borrowed a bit more and a bit more and a bit more. When her brother's business blew up she owed him a debt large enough to make her feel that she had to marry her rich man in order to repay it. And meanwhile she had fallen genuinely in love with a moneyless man whom she would have married happily if it were not for her obligation to her brother. She married the rich one. He is years too old for her. She lives an extravagant, loveless life, and her eyes are empty of happiness.

A rich man's girl quickly finds herself deserted by the boys she played around with before she met her big shot. They think she has grown too grand for them, that she will no longer be satisfied by the inexpensive restaurants and theater seats they can afford. So they scratch off her name and phone number in their little address books—with a sigh perhaps, but firmly nevertheless.

And if her rich man jilts her she'll have a sorry time with herself, as well as with her old friends, to whom she may try to return. Should her true character be sound, without excessive pride or obstinacy, in time she may possibly reinstate herself in her old circle. If not, she most probably will become a hunter of stray rich men—then eventually a gold digger. I have known numerous gold diggers who took their first steps into that misfortunate demi-world after rich man No. 1 walked out on them. To soothe their smarting pride they went after No. 2, and when he followed No. 1, the girl picked up No. 3. There the boundaries of a gold digger's world approach a life described by words that are not polite.

The out-and-out gold digger needn't worry a lot about the incidental expenses of being a rich man's girl. Charge accounts are her game, if she's too dainty to touch straight currency. It is the inexperienced girl—the girl who has no desire or intention of being a gold digger—who gets into trouble aplenty with charge accounts opened for her by her rich man. Any such girl who permits a man to open a charge account for her is a fool, but she's not necessarily bad.

An extremely nice girl friend of mine became mixed up in a divorce case of the most unsavory kind through one of those innocent charge accounts. Studying for the stage, she was charming, well-bred, talented, and intelligent. The man was her senior by several years. Separated from his wife. He interested himself—not romantically—in the girl's career. Paid for vocal training she couldn't afford. Invited her to his very swell parties because she entertained and charmed his fashionable guests. At no time during their acquaintance was she his mistress, but she did let him open an account for her at a celebrated dressmaking establishment, principally because he wanted her to look attractive and decorative at his parties. Well, his wife made public use of that account—very nasty public use—when she instituted her divorce action. It hurt the girl professionally, spoiled many of her closest friendships, deeply wounded her fine conservative family.

For some strange reason men seem harsher than women, as a rule, in their condemnation of a rich man's girl. The average woman will merely say, "Oh, that's nothing. She's just amusing herself with a rich beau." I have even known women to recognize the fact that any girl might conceivably like her rich man for his company instead of for his wealth. But another man? Never! *They* say, "So she likes rich men, eh? Ah-ha! So that's it!" Their clubby masculine remarks about her will insinuate the worst.

Such little pinpricks of gossip are to be counted, I think, on the red side of our ledger, balancing the profits and losses of being a rich man's girl. No really thin-skinned girl can ever enjoy the experience. And I don't believe any thrifty, levelheaded girl can be thoroughly satisfied that she has had her money's worth of fun out of going around with a rich man and his friends. It costs too darn much for incidentals!

Consider the gambling angle. Rich people play, not always for large stakes but nearly always for enough to make a poor girl feel the pinch acutely when she loses. Three or four dollars mean practically nothing to a rich girl, yet three or four dollars can certainly nick a good many of us who work for our living. Yes, it's true she can allow her rich man to foot the little gambling losses for her. She won't do so, however, if it would make him realize how much the money matters to her.

And what if she wins, you ask? That's perfectly dandy—but don't count on it. Rich people are usually experienced gamesters.

The gamble of setting out to *marry* a rich man is one we should also figure on. A girl playing her cards that way will not mind the running expenses, because she's doing it as an investment for life—or at least as far as Reno. But she, too, had better keep a shrewd eye on her own little pocketbook. I seem to remember that stocks *have* been known to fluctuate. And rich men have been known to liquidate their affections, I believe.

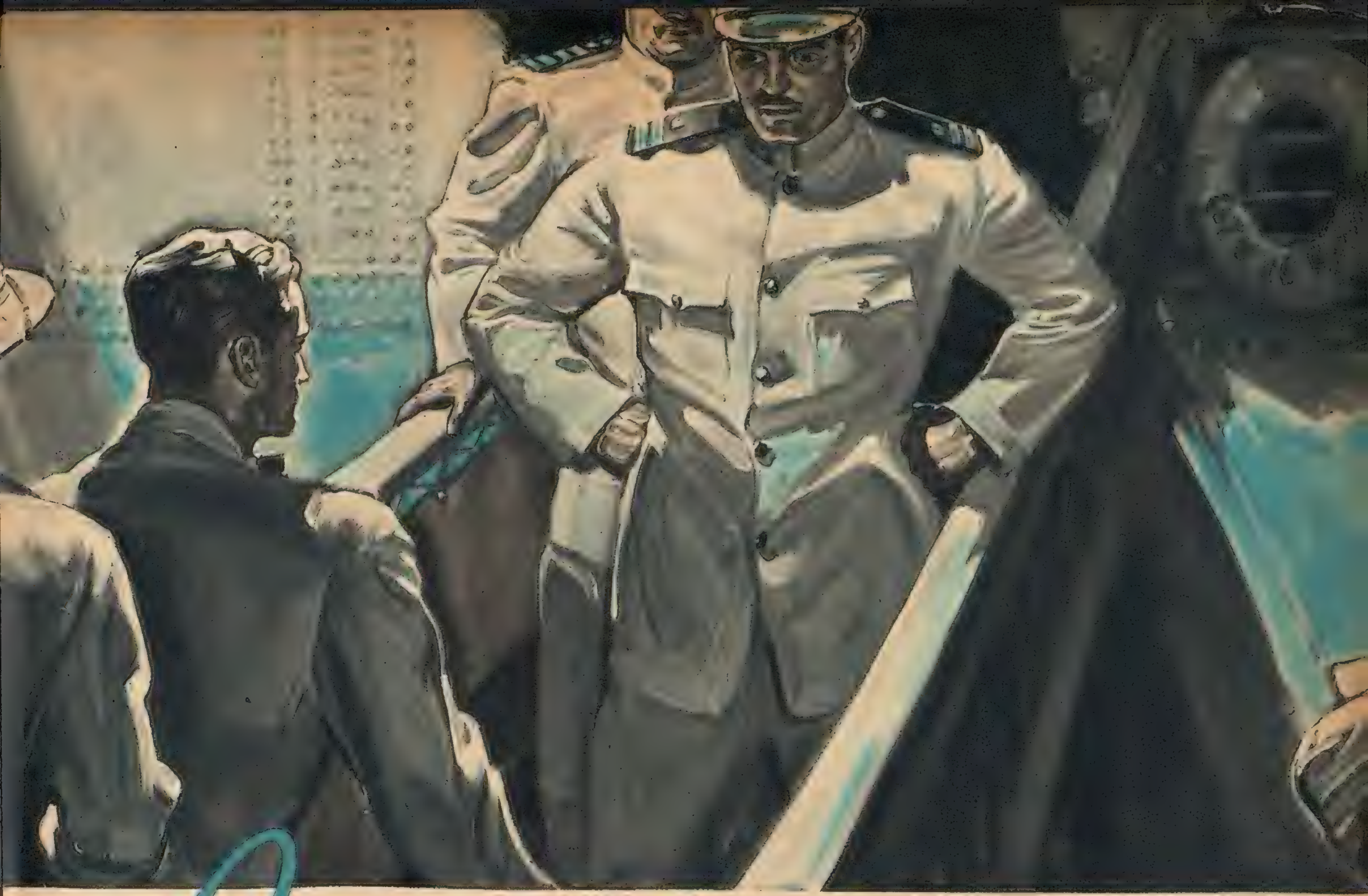
I MENTIONED the difficulties a girl may find if she borrows gambling money from her rich man. These are scarcely worth a thought compared with the trouble a girl can brew for herself if she borrows expensive clothing or jewelry or furs from her rich man's wealthy womenfolk. I once knew a girl who borrowed a magnificent set of fox furs from her rich boy's cousin, to wear to the Horse Show. Not being accustomed to wearing furs, the girl lost them. Do you think that cousin was nice about it? She was positively fiendish. She practically accused the girl of stealing her foxes, ignoring the fact that nothing of the sort could possibly have occurred under the circumstances. The entire situation came to a sordid, painful fade-out. The girl was glad to see the last of her rich young man and his whole family.

Any girl of intelligence, bent merely upon having a good time for a while, will be content with whatever luck comes her way when she launches herself on a fling as a rich man's playmate. She will, if she's sensible, regard the episode as an extravagance and a frolic. But the girl who imagines for a moment that she can step out with a rich boy friend without paying for her fun in some way—she should leave the rich men strictly alone.

The only girl who can't be called foolish for not counting the cost of her adventure with a rich man is the one who falls in love with him, marries him, and lives happily ever after. Plenty of poor girls have done just that, and more power to them.

Like any other girl in love, whether her man be rich or poor, she has got what she wanted.

THE END



" I'd like merely to look over the ship and see what occurs to me. My friend will wait on the dock. "

Rangoon ADVENTURE

BY EDISON MARSHALL

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES DE FEO

READING TIME ● 29 MINUTES 11 SECONDS

LIKE a snake in the darkness, Moung Ne glides on board the Princess and deposits a time bomb. On that ship tomorrow Sir Thomas Lacey, chief of the British Criminal Investigation Department in Burma, is expected to sail in search of his hidden foes who are destroying shipments of ammunition to Marshal Chiang Kai-shek.

Breakfast is served at Sir Thomas' by Khodo, a friend of Moung Ne. He overhears his employer, Lacey's private secretary, Bob Malcolm, and Hank Fisher, a rich but rough American, discuss secret plans for outwitting the clever enemy. Also an interested listener is Molly Hutchison, the lovely niece of the C. I. D. chief. She and Bob are having a romance of sorts, he very serious, but Molly uncertain of her heart.

At the last moment Sir Thomas is detained and young Bob Malcolm goes aboard the Princess alone. That evening word comes that the boat was blown to bits, no one escaping. It marks another triumph of the unknown antagonists.

Not long afterward Bruce Malcolm, a ne'er-do-well cousin of Bob, and his uncanny double, appears in the teahouse of Chandra Das in Rangoon, with a beautiful Burmese girl called Orange. Having had him followed by a spy, Hank Fisher introduces himself to Bruce and offers him big money to impersonate his cousin, to come back and relate a story of miraculous escape. Also, he must agree to work for him against the C. I. D.! A bargain is struck. The rich American leaves the teahouse.

Orange warns Bruce of intrigue within intrigue. To help him escape further molestation and prying eyes, the wily Burmese girl takes him to her room, against all precedent.

PART TWO—SUSPICION . . AND A GIRL IN DANGER

THAT must have given you a little wrench—taking a man to your room in front of those people," Bruce Malcolm said. "They'll think you've broken your rules."

"I don't care what they think. There was no other way, unless I led you by that half-caste."

Spies . . intrigue . . the spell of lovely women!—New thrills in a colorful, exciting novel of romance and peril at war's back door in the Orient of today

"I'm very grateful, Orange—believe me. I feel a little cheap, too. That's a bad way for me to feel, if I want to be rich. But it wouldn't do for that C. I. D. man to see me. If he was trailing Metha, he'd certainly investigate any man whom Metha met here. In a few days it won't matter, but for the present—"

"I'm afraid for you, *thakin*. This business—it is very big."

"That's no word for it, Orange."

"The danger is not all from the C. I. D. but from your own chiefs. If your life endangers theirs, won't they put it out? It is always so."

"All's fair in love—and war."

"So it is war? But, *thakin*, if the evil hour comes, it is well to have some weapon against those very chiefs. That's why I watched so close when Fisher talked to you. There was no profit in it until he handed you the money; then something fell out of his purse. It may be nothing that will help you—but here it is." She held out the folded piece of paper that she had picked from the floor.

Malcolm smiled at her. "Look at it first, Orange. I'd have never seen it except for you. We're full partners."

This was more than a quixotic gesture. Malcolm had been touched by the girl's belief in him, and this was his way of showing his trust in her.

She spread out the paper. It seemed to be a newspaper clipping. "*Thakin!*" she cried. "It's your picture!"

"What?"

"But it is a great *thakin!* The clothes are fine—and it says, 'Robert Malcolm, late secretary to Sir Thomas Lacey, killed in boat explosion.' So it cannot be you. And yet—"

"What do you make of it, Orange?" Malcolm smiled a gray smile. "You're very quick at putting two and two together."

"Tonight, when Fisher *thakin* spoke to you, you said he had mistaken you for some other man—some one who must have looked like you—and Fisher stopped you from mentioning his name. This must be the man. Secretary to the chief of the C. I. D. Then Fisher talks to you long, and gives you some money. But I don't know the rest—"

"But you'd know it when you heard that Robert Malcolm, believed dead, was found alive and restored to his job, wouldn't you, Orange? So any lies I'd try to tell you now wouldn't hold very long."

"I would remember you, *thakin*. How could I forget?"

"So I'm not going to tell the lies. I don't want to anyway—to you." And he explained what the plan was, trusting to the heart of a half-caste girl.

"It's very dangerous," was her first comment.

"You're telling me, when I've been exposed in the first hour? But I'm glad it was Fisher's clumsiness, not mine. No doubt he carried the picture to compare it with me."

"So your life is in my hands? How do you know what price I will make you pay?" Her eyes were shining, but not with greed.

"You've got me where you want me, Orange." But, because the tension of the scene had lessened, his mind wandered a little.

"You think so?" She shook her head forlornly. "Not when I am a native girl and you are a *thakin*." At once a troubled look came over her face. "But I thought you would want China to win the war, not Japan," she said.

"China's got to win, for the whole world's sake, and in the end she will," he answered with a faraway look.

"But you're on the other side. I don't understand!"

He gave a little start, but at once his sardonic look returned. "That's just sentiment, and this is business. We mustn't let our hearts rule our heads."

"My heart will always rule my head, my lord. And it tells me, in spite of all you say, that you are a great *thakin*."

THE pleasant interval had passed and it was time for Malcolm to meet Fisher and pursue his adventure. But first he divided his night's profits with Orange. When she protested, he promised to seek her help in the future—help that might be dangerous to give. Then her eyes glowed so that a change seemed to come over him, and he kissed her gently on the lips.

REGISTERED
REST ROOM
No.55213

Ou

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"Salute to a lady," he told her, with a queer smile. But he was not smiling when he reached his room, except for a sardonic curl of his lips. Fisher was waiting for him there, with a half-caste Malcolm did not know and an impassive-faced Madrasi.

"Malcolm, meet De Castro," Fisher said, introducing the half-caste. "He's a chirographer—a handwriting expert."

"I got you the first time," Malcolm answered. "Fisher, my friend, you needn't hide your erudition from me. What university did you attend?"

"One doesn't mention one's mother's name in a dive—if you follow me." Fisher smiled with considerable charm. "De Castro will give you lessons in forgery. This other gentleman is Khodo, Sir Thomas' butler and one of our most valued agents. He was well acquainted with your late cousin, and is here to spot any differences between you. It's De Castro's turn first."

"I have specimens of Meester Robert Malcolm's handwriting," De Castro explained in the clipped speech of his kind. "And here are writing materials, oha yess. Will the gentleman sit at the table?"

"De Castro, I'm fated to be your star pupil. You see—I've already had some experience in imitating my cousin's handwriting."

"You can practice on a blank check, if it'd make you feel at home," Fisher said, with a smile.

"*Touché!* De Castro, let me try to imitate Bob's signature from memory. I'll have to go a bit slow."

When Malcolm had made the trial, De Castro took the writing under the light. "Not bad," he pronounced. "A good forger was lost in you, Meester Malcolm. But the *r* is wrong, the *t* too well crossed, and the *m* slopes too much. Now try a sentence."

Malcolm copied a paragraph from one of his cousin's letters, and De Castro showed him his mistakes. There were none that could not be remedied with a few hours' practice.

"That can wait till later," Fisher said. "Now, Malcolm, we've ordered a meal for you. It's a fine meal, with wine and a supply of glass and silver rarely seen in these parts. But you needn't thank us. Khodo is going to watch you eat and drink and give you a few tips."

The meal came shortly, brought by a Japanese waiter. Plainly he too was a trusted member of the organization, for he remained in the room during the test. But Khodo served the meal, in courses and with impeccable style, just as though the cheap table in this shabby bedroom were the inlaid mahogany board of Sir Thomas Lacey. Delighting in histrionics, Malcolm relished every little point of the staging.

When he had finished his coffee and liqueur, Khodo's face conveyed a dim suggestion of satisfaction. "He uses his left hand more than his cousin did," Khodo told Fisher in the Burmese tongue. "Also he holds his fork higher on the handle, conveys the food too quickly to his mouth, and his hand is too high up on the wineglass. But on the whole it is an astonishing likeness, *thakin.* Verily the gods meant them to be twins."

"If we could give him time to grow a mustache—"

"If your servant may speak, it is best that he came to Sir Thomas clean-shaven. That change will cause Sir Thomas to overlook little changes that might otherwise trouble his mind. But his hair must be darkened."

"I'll have him shave now, and put on the clothes we brought. Then, if the chief comes tonight, he can get the general effect."

Evidently the effect was striking. At first dubious of the scheme, Fisher could hardly conceal his enthusiasm. But a week of hard study was ahead of Malcolm, to perfect his part. His orders were not to leave the room save in the company of De Castro, Metha, or Fisher.

"I wouldn't send me out with Metha, if I were you," Malcolm ventured. "The police are on his trail." And Malcolm recounted what Orange had told him concerning the Eurasian Gonzales.

"He may be right," Fisher told De Castro. "If so, our young friend has proven useful to us already. But, Malcolm, don't trust that girl."

"I've already trusted her. She knows everything."

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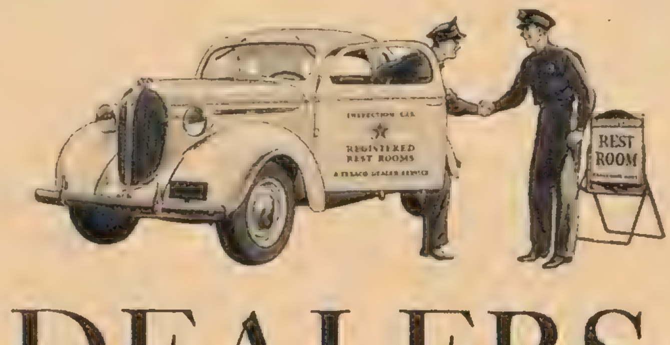

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"Oh, you fool!" Fisher looked angry enough to strike him.

"Watch your step, Fisher. You dropped a newspaper picture of Bob out of your pocket and she found it."

Fisher's angry color faded quickly to ashen gray. He half turned his head as though to glance at some one at one side or behind him—a glance of dread. But the only persons there were Khodo, De Castro, and the Japanese waiter. Could the latter be the chief of the organization?

"What a blunder!" Fisher breathed.

"I'm not sorry, Fisher. I think she'll be useful to me."

"It's the first slip I've made for a long time, and I'm prepared to pay for it," Fisher went on heavily. "Malcolm, you can't drop her now. 'A woman scorned,' you know. I'll arrange a place for you to slip out and see her from time to time."

"I'll be charmed."

"Now go to bed and get a good night's sleep. You'll have a hard day tomorrow."

MALCOLM had a week of hard days. De Castro made him practice until his writing appeared identical with that of Bob Malcolm's letters. Fisher told him in great detail all he knew of Bob Malcolm's life in Rangoon; described the places he was known to have visited; and by the use of newspaper pictures, of which he had an astonishing collection, drilled him in identifying Bob Malcolm's friends. For two hours every night he had imaginary conversations, sometimes with Sir Thomas, occasionally with the latter's niece or other members of his household and organization, while Khodo groomed and tutored him in Bob Malcolm's part. His only escape from the drudgery was his meetings with Orange in her room or at various hide-outs on the water front, and he would never forget this native girl as long as he lived.

At the end of the week the play was ready for production. His hair dyed the proper shade, Malcolm was brought at night to one of the little islands off the mouth of the river. Unshaven, dirty, and in scanty tattered clothes, he made his way at dawn to a small village of native fishermen. *Thakin*-like, he said little to explain his presence there, but, borrowing writing materials from a Buddhist priest, he wrote a letter to Sir Thomas Lacey. It had been carefully rehearsed, and its script and pedantic style were supposed to be a perfect imitation of Bob Malcolm's:

> It has been impossible for me to communicate with you until now. I'm very much afraid you've given me up for dead. Actually I had a very narrow escape. A bomb was planted aboard the Princess, no doubt to destroy you, but when Moung Myin had stopped the engine for minor repairs, he heard the tick of its mechanism. After a frantic five minutes' search, I ordered the skiff put over, and we abandoned the yacht to try to save our lives.
>
> But we were hardly overboard when the bomb exploded. When I came to my senses, I was clinging to a piece of wreckage and both natives had disappeared. A native boat approached to look for survivors, but I had drifted a good distance and could not attract her attention. But my signals called in a large sampan manned by a Malay crew, so I was rescued.
>
> The Malays carried me down the Tenasserim coast, with some idea of holding me for ransom, but I finally persuaded them to return me to Rangoon. But they became afraid and last night landed me here.
>
> I am uninjured except for shock, which plainly was very severe. In fact, for several days I could not remember my name, and am still in a daze, but am slowly recovering, and hope soon to be able to resume my duties.
>
> Faithfully yours,
>
> ROBERT MALCOLM.
>
> P.S. I hope you will put Molly's fears to rest as soon as possible, but I would rather she not see me until I am bathed and dressed.

The letter was dispatched by a village boy in a fishing boat and put aboard a steamer from Moulmein. This was at nine o'clock in the morning. At seven that night a fast government launch dropped anchor off the island, to pick up the castaway and restore him to his lost world.

Two natives rowed him to the launch, where one of Sir Thomas' aides was waiting for him. Malcolm recognized his rescuer as a young Englishman named Harvey, whose appearance had been carefully described to him. He felt cool and confident in spite of the brilliant light.

"You're Harvey, aren't you?" Malcolm began in a dazed way.

"Good heaven, man! Oh, I'm sorry. Sir Tom told me you were still a bit shaken up. But you look fine, except you've lost weight—"

"The food was not first-class aboard the Malay boat."

"Just the way you'd put it, old chap. Gad, I'm only now beginning to believe you're really safe. As for food—I've brought a bit of lunch for you, and Sir Tom will have a hot supper for you the second you get in. Jolly old Hank Fisher is going to be there too—a fittin' thing, as he had your last meal with you before you sailed."

But Fisher himself had put the idea in Sir Thomas' head. Plainly he wanted to give Malcolm all the help he could in a trying hour.

"I don't suppose Molly will be there, will she?" Malcolm asked in a wistful tone.

"Fancy not. Sir Tom hasn't told her yet. Although the handwriting looked like yours, there was a hundred-to-one chance it was a hoax. Gad, I'm glad it wasn't!"

Malcolm shaved and put on the clothes Harvey had brought him. They were his own, Harvey said. Then, at the latter's insistence, he stretched out until the roof of the Shwe Dagon glimmered in pagan splendor above the city lights. As soon as they docked, Harvey drove him to Sir Thomas' house.

"He's in there waiting for you," Harvey said. "Exactly like coming back from the grave, 'pon my word."

No, not exactly like it, Malcolm was thinking. But it was a great adventure.

THE gray chief of the C. I. D. seemed calm as ever, except for his glittering eyes.

"So it's really you, Bob," he began. "I can hardly believe it."

"It's really I, sir. I'm glad to be back." Malcolm too appeared calm.

"Just what you'd say, 'pon my honor. After a week among pirates. And here's Hank Fisher to welcome you, too." Fisher, hearty as ever in Sir Thomas' presence, was advancing with an open hand. What a superb actor he was!

But Malcolm played up to him. He looked dazed, then snapped his fingers, his face brightening. "Hank Fisher, of course. When Harvey told me you'd be here, I couldn't quite remember . . . But it's all coming back to me now."

They went at once to the table. Against the wall, imperturbable as ever, stood Khodo. Malcolm wondered if all this attention was due wholly to a desire to help him through.

"You're looking surprisingly well," Sir Thomas told him while the midnight supper was being served. "But I can see now that the experience has left its mark."

Fisher stopped still with his fork halfway to his mouth. Khodo plied the dishes.

"No wonder, I guess," Fisher said.

"It's not just the absence of your mustache," Sir Thomas went on thoughtfully. "You look a little less scholarly, Bob, and a little more—shall I say humorous?"

"That would be a queer effect of a narrow escape from death, would it not?" Malcolm asked.

"I'm not so sure. Sometimes such an experience gives a man a little different sense of values. But we've serious enough work ahead of us. We've lost another river boat in your absence."

"I remember we were fighting the saboteurs, but I'll have to confess I'm still a little vague as to the details," Malcolm said.

During the remainder of the meal Malcolm recounted fictitious adventures among imaginary Malays. In the drawing room he inquired about Molly.

"I'm glad to see the explosion didn't blow her out of your head," Sir Thomas told him, with a faint smile. "You'll see her at lunch tomorrow."

When Fisher rose to leave, Sir Thomas insisted that

Malcolm go at once to his rooms. Fisher looked troubled: he regarded the next few minutes as one of the most crucial times of the whole enterprise. In those rooms was a native boy who had served Bob Malcolm for four years, and his eyes were very sharp.

But Malcolm seemed confident, and it turned out that he was justified. Nathoo fell on the floor and clutched his ankles.

"Lord, my prayer has been answered! But even when the news came I did not believe it, and all these days I have waited for your step. Will you have a whisky-soda while I draw the bath?"

"A little stronger than usual, Nathoo, please," Malcolm answered.

Malcolm reported to Sir Thomas at nine o'clock the following morning. He could look through the reports of the past two weeks, Sir Thomas told him, and get his desk in order. Had he had breakfast?

"Nathoo gave me breakfast, but I'd like a pot of coffee, if you'd ask Khodo to bring it in," Malcolm replied. "I think it might clear up a little of this fog."

Sir Thomas nodded, and a few minutes later Malcolm and Khodo were alone in the room. Quickly Khodo pointed out the drawers in which Sir Thomas kept his most private papers, and explained various matters of routine.

"I had hoped for this chance," Khodo told him. "I heard Sir Thomas say that the City of Rangoon, supposed to be sailing Thursday with mining machinery, is really departing before then with machine guns for the Chinese armies. It would be well to learn the hour of her sailing, and what precautions are being taken against sabotage."

"If I get this information, to whom shall I report?"

"To my master, Fisher *thakin.* When and where can you meet him?"

"Tonight I am taking Molly *thakinma* to dinner at the Strand; then we will dance at the Crystal Palace. What if he comes there at midnight?"

"May your servant pray that you be not too bold? Bob *thakin* was too grave a man to dance at the Crystal Palace."

"But he's been close to death and repents his drab life. Also, Fisher *thakin* is at home there."

KHODO bowed and left. The morning passed smoothly enough; but, although he made guarded inquiries, Malcolm was unable to learn the official plans for the City of Rangoon. At one o'clock a servant brought word that Molly *thakinma* had arrived for lunch.

"Go out there and entertain her, Bob, while I look over some dispatches," Sir Thomas told him. "I dare say she'll be glad to see one whom she mourned for dead."

Malcolm's heart was thumping like a tom-tom as he made for the drawing room. His sense of humor did not seem to quiet it. Molly was not there, so he passed on into the library, a more secluded and fitting place for a reunion. Molly was standing by the cold fireplace, her face turned away.

"Molly!" Malcolm was running toward her.

She turned slowly. Out of her white face her eyes burned like lamps. But she was not in love with Bob Malcolm, although deeply stirred at what she thought was his return.

"Is it really you, Bob?" Her voice broke a little.

"It's really me." And hurrying toward her, he caught her in his arms and kissed her lips.

THIS last was not on the program. According to Fisher, Bob Malcolm had been the shyest kind of wooer and would merely press her hands. But Malcolm thought the risk was worth taking. He was rewarded by a fleet but ardent pressure against his mouth.

"Oh, I'm not sure it's really you," she told him, between laughter and tears. "I expected you to say, 'It's really I' and not make a mistake in grammar. And I didn't expect you to—"

"Do this?" He kissed her again.

"That's enough, Bob. I'm afraid that association with those pirates hasn't been good for you."

"I've looked death in the face, and am a changed man," he told her solemnly.

"You *are* changed." She gazed keenly into his face. "You're thin—and you've shaved off your mustache—and there's something else, too. . . . But, Bob, I'm so glad you're not dead!"

"Very much alive, Molly."

"That doesn't sound like the old Bob, either."

"Let the old Bob go to grass. Out there with those pirates, I resolved that if I got back alive I'd turn over a new leaf—let my true nature come forth. Molly, I'm so glad that we're both alive."

"Good heavens! Where's Uncle Tom? I've got to tell him about this. I believe you're an impostor." She was joking, but that did not save the tension of the moment.

She began to ask him about his rescue. As he talked he was thinking how pretty she was, and what surprisingly good taste a pedantic young ethnologist had displayed. But she was potentially more than pretty. She needed only to fall in love to be warmly and dynamically beautiful.

Before Sir Thomas entered, she had promised to have dinner with him tonight. "But I'll feel like I'm going out with a complete stranger," she said. But when the servant brought sherry the conversation took a less dangerous turn, and their luncheon was a very happy one.

It was late in the afternoon before Malcolm could get the line he wanted on the City of Rangoon. When he went to call for Molly, she noticed that his eyes were glinting as with suppressed excitement. But they

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changed at sight of her. She was wearing flowered white silk that accented the gloss of her shoulders and the young look of her hair. Wars and the rumors of wars seemed very distant.

"But you wore your hair on top of your head at lunch," Malcolm marveled.

"I had it cut this afternoon. I thought since you had turned over a new leaf, I'd better too."

"Molly, it's marvelous!"

"I'm tired of being so sedate. I've never worn this dress before, either. My uncle in Canada sent it to me, but I thought it was too gay. It is, isn't it?"

"Why shouldn't you be gay? You're young and pretty —no, by the beard of the Prophet, you're beautiful! The dress is beautiful, too. I've lost my heart to you."

"You've certainly lost something—but you've gained something too. Well, we'd better go."

At the Strand they ate roast pheasant with Burgundy. In Malcolm's pocket was five hundred rupees, advanced him on his first month's salary. But their badinage and laughter was often interrupted by other diners coming to their table to congratulate Bob Malcolm on his miraculous escape. If it had ever entered Molly's head that her companion was not all that he seemed, she could now banish the thought. Man after man he recognized by sight and addressed in his own language.

"Where shall we go now?" Molly asked as she finished her coffee. "There's a concert tonight—"

"Concert, my eye! We're going to the Crystal Palace."

Her pretty mouth fell open. "What did you say?"

"Where there's a Negro orchestra, and colored lights, and romance. You're Sir Thomas' niece and I'm his confidential secretary. How could we better serve the Empire than to be the first to break away from official stuffiness?"

"Don't say any more. I've been dying for the past year to go to the Crystal Palace."

They took a table under an artificial palm tree by a pasteboard Burmese village, and ordered champagne. Girls came out and sang native songs written in Hollywood. Other girls displayed what was declared to be the love dance of the Naga Hills, really a Paris version of the Hawaiian hula-hula. They saw an Indian prince with a liveried servant behind his chair, American oil drillers with lovely half-caste girls, forest officers holidaying from the great teak jungles halfway to Tibet, and quite a number of important British officials half hidden behind imitation ferns. All in all, it was the cheeriest place Molly had visited since she arrived in Rangoon.

"Notice the rhythm of the tune they're playing now?" Malcolm asked.

"What about it?"

"It's almost identical with the heartbeat rhythm of the Wa head-hunters. Let's dance."

"Why, you don't know how to dance! At least, you never said anything about it. *Do* you, Bob?"

HE took her hand and drew her to her feet. She discovered that he did know how to dance. He danced with considerable gusto. He held her rather close, too.

But they had hardly returned to their table when Hank Fisher came smiling toward them. She was watching Malcolm's eyes, and he seemed to be jerked down out of some fools' heaven with painful suddenness. She was puzzled—then, in some vague way, disturbed. But surely there was no harm in the big jolly unlettered American.

"You look mighty cozy over here," he began. "Still, you might ask a fellow to sit down and have a drink."

"We'd be delighted to have you," Malcolm answered. He was smiling now, but it was not Bob's usual open smile, Molly thought. Her sense of uneasiness did not pass off but seemed to increase.

"You know, I've got the queerest feeling," she said.

Malcolm turned rather quickly. "I know. You're envious of those beautiful star sapphires Hank is wearing for shirt studs. Aren't they beauties, Molly?"

But neither the gaudy stones nor Malcolm's remark brought her back to earth. "I was thinking, Bob, of the last time I saw you before you sailed on the Princess. You were sitting at a table, talking to Mr. Fisher, just as you are now. You said something very interesting to him—something that seems to have a bearing on all this tonight—but I can't remember what it was."

"What were we talking about that day, Fisher?"

Fisher remembered the occasion. The real Bob Malcolm had just told him of having a double, due in Rangoon in a few days—the egg from which had hatched the whole brilliant scheme. But he shook his head to Malcolm's question. "We were just chatting, I think."

The waiter approached, creating for both men a welcome diversion. By the time Fisher had finished his drink and departed, both she and Malcolm were again in the best of spirits. When her old friend Harvey appeared to ask for a dance, Malcolm said that he would take the opportunity to do some telephoning; but it never occurred to her that his real intention was to meet Fisher alone.

FISHER followed him to the telephone booth. There was no one in hearing. They came straight to business. "The City of Rangoon is sailing at 6 A. M. tomorrow, loaded with machine guns crated as mining machinery," Malcolm reported.

"We knew that." Fisher's mouth was grim. "What else?"

"They're going to search every deck hand and passenger the instant he comes aboard, and put on shore every man who can't prove his village, name, and business. So the chance of putting a saboteur on board is not one in a hundred."

"No news, and then bad news. Can't you do better than that, Malcolm?"

"I was hired to get information for you and your gang, good or bad. But apparently you want a yes man."

"Cool down, Malcolm. We've got to sink that ship. Have you any suggestions?"

"It seems to me the only chance is an incendiary bomb. But how can we get it planted? They'll be watching like hawks. In fact, Sir Thomas suggested that I run down there late tonight to help the officers make a last-minute search. I gathered that Bob Malcolm had kind of a genius for spotting sabotage."

"I didn't know that." Suddenly Fisher's eyes began to glisten. "By heaven, I've got it! While you're pretending to look for a bomb, why can't you plant one?"

"That's not in my line, Fisher."

"Why, it's a chance in a lifetime. We had another scheme, Malcolm. It was pretty good—but not half as good as this. You want to earn that thousand pounds bonus, don't you?"

"Yes, but—"

"I can give it as an order, if you make me, but it would please the chief if you'd volunteer. What about it?"

Malcolm hesitated briefly. "It's part of the game, I suppose. . . . All right, I'll do it—as soon as I can take Molly home. Where do I get the bomb? Be sure it's timed right, so it won't go off in my pocket."

"I'll meet you at China Street and Strand Road in an hour. We'll go together as far as the dock—as though we'd run into each other and I'd come with you on your errand. That way I may see a chance to make doubly sure. One of the native stokers has worked for us, and if I can run into him, I'll give him some orders."

Malcolm nodded and rejoined his companion. In a few minutes, it seemed, they were saying good night at her door. She was lovely, standing there in the moonlight, but he made no move to possess that loveliness, even for the fleet duration of a good-night kiss.

When he and Fisher drove to the dock, they found special policemen on guard and a ship's officer stationed at each of the gangplanks of the City of Rangoon. To go aboard, Malcolm had to get special permission from the captain.

"Sir Thomas sent word that you might come down," the captain told him. "If you can think of any precautions we've failed to take, we'll certainly be grateful. But perhaps a landsman's viewpoint is just what we need, and certainly you did a good turn for the River Queen."

"I'd like merely to look over the ship and see what occurs to me," Malcolm answered. "My friend will wait on the dock." And he put under his arm a package he was carrying, evidently a carton of American cigarettes just bought at a tobacco shop.

The captain appointed a well trusted steward to escort Malcolm over the ship. They went into the pantries, where aproned Chinese were at work, through the holds and the engine room, and visited the crew's quarters. Occasionally Malcolm asked the identity of various native passengers and hands, inquired as to bunkers and cubbyholes, and once sent the steward on deck for the keys of a disused closet. In less than an hour he was wishing the captain a safe voyage, what seemed the carton of cigarettes still under his arm.

"Did you meet the native stoker you were looking for?" Malcolm asked when he and Fisher were driving down Strand Road.

"You're a cool one. No, I didn't meet him—didn't try to. It would have been risky, and I decided your trick was a sure thing. It is, isn't it?"

Malcolm's answer was to break the string of the package, remove the wrapping, and show him an empty cardboard box. "But I'd 've been in a sweet pickle if the captain had asked me for a cigarette," he said, with a smile.

"Great work, Malcolm! Where did you plant it?"

"In the bedsprings of the night watchman's bed."

"By Jove, the last place he'll look! He'll be tramping around the ship tomorrow night, and all the time—Malcolm, it's perfect. You've certainly earned your first day's pay." Fisher's admiration was warm and ungrudging.

"And don't forget the bonus." Malcolm had pulled up at the curb to let Fisher out.

"I won't forget. But don't you take needless risks. As for Molly—I'm going to ask the chief what's to be done. I'm afraid she might have heard a little of my conversation with Bob that day, and if she did, and puts two and two together, as a clever woman will—"

"Still, she wouldn't suspect anything."

"I'm not so sure. I'd say she is a most serious threat to our success. If she is—" Fisher's eyes looked hard and cold.

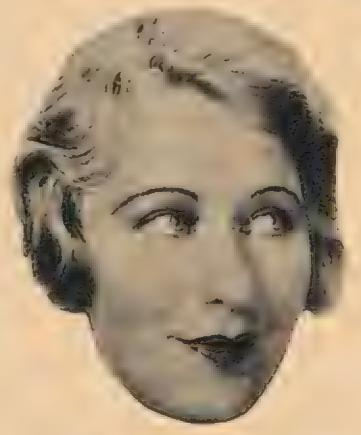
"Don't say it, Fisher." Malcolm's low tone was as sinister as the hiss of a cobra. "If anything should happen to her, you're going up the spout within twenty-four hours. Is that quite clear?"

For a few seconds Fisher looked dangerous; then a beaming smile broke over his ruddy face.

"My dear fellow, such a thing was farthest from my thoughts."

Is Molly's life now in danger? Has Bruce Malcolm fallen desperately in love with her? Can he keep up his fantastic masquerade under the circumstances? What is Fisher's next move on the life-and-death chessboard? Next week's Liberty will startle you with its disclosures.

20 QUESTIONS



1—A success in musical comedy, opera, and moving pictures, she stirred up controversy recently by curtsying to the Duchess of Windsor. Whose early photo is this? .....

2—What fuel is a fossil of water lilies, blossom dust, and trees?

3—Was the Mouse-of-the-Mountain a rodent?

4—Where are the Plains of Abraham?

5—Who was famous for glorifying the American girl?

6—What is the term for a male swan?

7—Does the Constitution of the United States mention the word "democracy"?

8—What was the first stamp ever issued?

9—Who was the first non-West Pointer to head the General Staff of the United States Army?

10—What is German silver?

11—Who carried the message to Garcia?

12—What material was used in making the sides of Old Ironsides?

13—For whom was the Maginot Line named?

14—Where does the phrase "He's A-1" come from?

15—Why do hydrangeas sometimes change color when transplanted?

16—Who held, in one year, featherweight, welterweight, and lightweight boxing championships?

17—What is the Irish uisgebeatha now called?

18—Who is the inventor of modern movie technique?

19—The name of what American river is also a battle cry?

20—Who led the Green Mountain Boys at Fort Ticonderoga?

(Answers will be found on page 54)

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"Double-Rich!"

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FISHING
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SCHENLEY'S **Cream of Kentucky**

STRAIGHT **BOURBON** WHISKEY

DEATH-HOUSE MIKE ENDS

READING TIME ● 15 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

SO help me, they did it!

They electrocuted Michael ("Death-House Mike") Alex up at Sing Sing some weeks ago. No one believed they ever would do it; no one believed they ever *could* do it. Least of all, Mike himself. He was the guy with half a dozen lives—and inclined to be pretty cocky about it all, too. Hadn't they been trying—for eight years, no less—to "get" him?

Mike was tried for murder six times (a record), convicted and sentenced to the chair three times, and had even been allowed to go out and do another murder while the law fumbled with his fate.

MICHAEL ALEX

You couldn't blame this undistinguished convict from New York's upper East Side for thinking he had a charmed life. Five times Justice had dusted off for him the seat of the electric chair and five times Death-House Mike had thumbed his nose at the lady. The sixth time out, to his surprise—to everybody's surprise—he got burned.

Justice, after nearly a decade, caught up with him. Mind, I don't say the *law* caught up with him! Justice is one thing. Our law—specifically criminal law—is another.

Mike was one of four men who had committed a murder. He was the actual killer, the trigger man. Mike confessed as much back in 1931. His three accomplices were rather promptly electrocuted. Mike lived on.

Even in the face of a confession, legal quibbles, ticklish technicalities saved Death-House Mike from the chair for eight long years.

Mike is dead. Dead or alive, he wasn't very important. Vastly important, however, is the meaning, the implications, of his story. A story that in one amazing and dramatic case illustrates many of the weird loopholes in our criminal laws—the legal weaknesses, evasions, flaws by which kill-crazy rats like Mike Alex are turned loose to offend again and again in a society against which they have already sinned.

This article is not concerned with the fors or againsts of capital punishment. It is deeply concerned with an externally unhealthy situation. Laws without teeth. Laws which we neither repeal nor obey. Laws full of quibbles, of contradictions. And, most important . . .

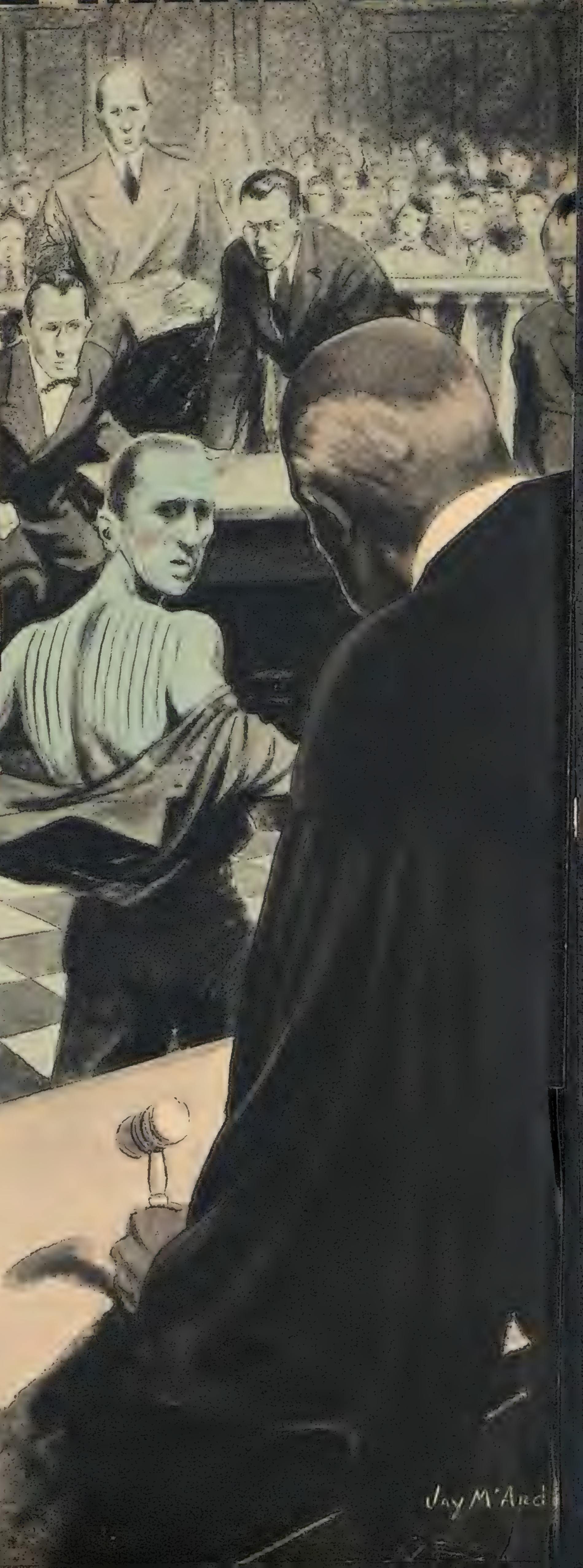
Laws that operate automatically *to thwart justice!*

Let's see what happened:

A quartet of tough kid bandits stampeded out of a quiet little Elmhurst grocery store on a chilly evening in 1931, leaving dazed Mrs. Frank Pendlebury crouched on the floor by the butter counter, weeping—her slain husband's head in her lap.

As clues there were only a pearl-gray fedora hat which one bandit had dropped, the bullet in the dead man's lung, and the new-made widow's clear memory of one thug's swarthy face and the sound of a high thin voice. Three bandits, including the killer, she hadn't even seen. It all had happened very suddenly.

Mrs. Pendlebury had been sitting in a back room, reading, when out in the store she heard a rough command: "Get further back there, old man!" Instantly alarmed, she had rushed out, to see a dark-skinned ruffian grappling with Pendlebury, a man of fifty-five; he was resisting. The intruder seemed to be unarmed; Mrs. Pendlebury grabbed his wrist.



The 19th came, and Mike startled a well filled courtroom by ripping off his shirt.

HIS HOLIDAY

Can a proven killer escape his doom? Here's the strange story of one who nearly did

BY ERNEST JEROME HOPKINS

Just then, from somewhere behind her, came a high, thin, callous voice:

"Wait a minute, lady—we'll finish it!"

Then—crash!—the shot. Then the stampede of flight.

The detectives were stumped. But eight weeks later they had luck.

At midnight of April 21 two cars, one fleeing and the other pursuing, came hurtling up to the Long Island end of Queensborough Bridge, and the driver of the second car yelled to Traffic Officer Galkowski: "Stop those guys ahead! They pulled a stick-up!" Swift work in a police car, with Galkowski waving his gun on the running board, and the quarry was overhauled in midbridge. In it were three young "hoods."

All such captives were being suspected of the Pendlebury murder as a matter of course. When Mrs. Pendlebury saw a swarthy member of this trio, named Julius Siratka, alias Dominick Scifo, she reeled and gasped: "That's the man I grappled with!" And the hat fitted a second, Walter Borowsky. The third was Michael Roadick. And right here the first wrinkle of law began to operate in favor of Mike Alex, though it didn't seem to at the time.

The three didn't understand that if any single one of a stick-up gang killed a man, or even if one of their own number was killed in a hold-up, all would be equally guilty of the murder. They thought if they named the actual Pendlebury killer they would get off light. So they named—Mike Alex.

He, they all insisted, and separately, had fired that shot. They hadn't seen him since. Siratka, Roadick, and Borowsky were promptly indicted for murder and justice began to progress rapidly in their case: which was where the break for Mike began.

For he couldn't be found. His pert bob-haired girl-wife, Mary Alex, was located easily enough, and "tailed." They didn't find Mike. Came June 8, and the arrested trio were tried, being convicted on June 12. And a day or so later Mary led Detectives Erbacher and Chenkin to a public market in a neighborhood where they found and arrested Mike at 11.20 P. M.

The nervous, skinny, high-voiced captive—he was only twenty, and a reformatory graduate—so readily answered questions that at 4 A. M. Miss Emily Sondericker, homicide stenographer of the District Attorney's office, took down his confession.

She sat next to Mike and observed him all during that confession, and until breakfast time the next morning, and after breakfast, when they all adjourned to the Pendlebury store and Mike re-enacted the crime, staying there till noon. Then she lunched, typed out her notes, and shortly after 3 P. M. Mike read them in her presence, changed a phrase or so, and signed every page.

I dwell on this because Miss Sondericker (she's Mrs. Sheedy now) had been confidential secretary to the Borough President of Queens, was experienced in homicide work, and would impress any one as a reliable woman who would know if a man had been third-degreed and was confessing falsely because of recent torture. She saw no symptom or hint that Mike had been unduly mistreated.

Things were going swimmingly. Three living witnesses, just convicted, and now Mike's capture and full confession. Watch out for the hex!

For *so* swimmingly had everything gone that none of all those dozen detectives remembered to take Mike and "book" him until 4 P. M., seventeen hours after his arrest—and the judge had gone home by then, so he couldn't be produced in court, which the law says must be done "forthwith," until the following day.

Delayed arraignment is frowned on because it gives time and place for the hideous occasional police vice of the third degree. But apparently nobody supposed that Mike ever would or could claim he'd been third-degreed. After all, hadn't he confessed hours since?

So the record was allowed to show a thirty-six-hour lapse before Mike, on the morning of the 17th, stood before County Judge Adel to be arraigned.

Three more technicalities entered during that ten-minute arraignment ceremony.

First, the indictment was read—it was the same indictment under which Siratka, Borowsky, and Roadick had been arraigned two months before. Mike, while still at large, had been named in that indictment along with his three captured pals. Since all four were accused of having acted together, why not name them all? But—

Under the law, if any hint of the verdict of that *first* jury in convicting Mike's pals were to creep into the knowledge or notice of the *second* jury which now would try Mike alone, it would fatally prejudice Mike's sacred "presumption of innocence" and render his trial illegal!

That isn't common sense, you say? But we deal here with law, not common sense. And since the indictment mentioned those three, it would be a ticklish job to keep all hint of their convictions out!

The second technicality appeared when Mike pleaded, "Not guilty." In New York State and many other states a man accused of first-degree murder can't plead "Guilty," even though he has signed a confession. Can't, because it's against the law! Only a jury, so says the theory, may assume the grave responsibility of taking a fellow human's life.

The third technicality popped up when Judge Adel, as the law required, asked Mike: "Have you retained counsel to defend you?"

You see, the form of trial which Mike must undergo, the form to which English-American law has been committed for centuries past, might be described as trial by quarrel. One side would say the man was guilty, the other that he was innocent, and they would quarrel. Mike was legally entitled to the aid of an expert quarreler, that is to say, an attorney, to uphold his side of the case.

Mike told the judge: "I haven't any money to pay a lawyer." "Very well," said the Court. "Bring this defendant before me again in two days, and if he still has no counsel, I'll appoint one."

And now just one more last touch was needed before all these premises would lead to their automatic conclusion. And it was Mike himself who furnished it—Mike, with Siratka's advice, if what Siratka told Assistant Prosecutor Joe Loscalzo, just before Siratka's execution, is to be believed. It happened like this:

Taken from court after arraignment, Mike was put into the same cell where Siratka, convicted the week before, was awaiting sentence.

You will note that Mike, all during his arraignment, had said no word to Judge Adel about any third degree. You'd think he would have told the judge about it on his first appearance in court. Many do. The wise thing is to tell it while the bruises are fresh.

But Mike had let slip this golden opportunity. And he was locked up, all that night of the 17th, with Julius Siratka.

Next morning the prison physician was making his rounds when Mike called him. "I got a beating, doc. Treat my back—it's awful! I got kicked in the stomach, too! It hoits! Help me, doc—I'm in pain!" And he groaned.

The doctor stripped off Mike's shirt and observed a very peculiar phenomenon. The young man's back, at the shoulder line, was neatly marked with parallel red stripes, uniformly a half inch wide and running straight up and down in the line of his body. They were red or reddish and the skin was not broken.

The doctor painted those stripes with iodine dressing. Now they stood out brown. Also he punched Mike's tummy for signs of bruises or pain, found none, dosed the boy with peppermint and soda, and departed.

That was the 18th. The 19th came, and Mike, brought again before Judge Adel, suddenly startled a well filled courtroom by ripping off his shirt, giving the judge a glimpse of that skunk-striped back, and crying out: "Look, judge—here's why I signed that confession!"

Siratka told Prosecutor Loscalzo, later, that he had instructed Mike how to get around that confession; and that Mike had carried out the instructions by bouncing himself on the hard metal bands of his prison cot, with the mattress removed. Maybe Siratka lied. Nobody really knows. What was precisely on legal record, now, was not that Mike *had* been third-degreed—only that, on his second appearance before Judge Adel, eighty-four hours after arrest, he claimed he had.

Well and good. All premises now were laid.

Siratka, Borowsky, and Roadick came before trial Judge Adel, and, as was mandatory, were sentenced to "burn." This on July 16, 1931. Their date with death was for August 23, but their conviction was still on appeal (the appeal, in a death-sentence case, being compulsory) and when it was finally affirmed the date was reset for the last week of March, 1932.

MIKE, favored by the fact that the two trial courts in Queens had crowded calendars, lay nine months in jail. Finally his trial was set for April 4, 1932.

And it suddenly dawned on District Attorney Charles S. Colden that the state was going to kill the only three direct witnesses against Mike Alex four days before Mike could be tried!

It was this situation that sent Colden's assistant, Loscalzo, posthaste to Albany as March drew to a close, to plead with the Governor—Roosevelt was the name—for reprieves for the trio so that they could testify. Now, as it happened, reprieves for guilty hold-up gangsters and gunmen weren't at all popular that early spring of 1932, with a national election around the corner. Governor Roosevelt refused.

Just before midnight of Thursday, March 31, the trio "burned." Mike's trial started Monday—with the state's eyewitnesses barely in their state-made graves!

This left only the confession as proof, and Mike's state-paid attorneys concentrated, as was their duty, on shaking that confession; which Mike himself now proceeded to deny, bolstering his denial with a grisly tale of a thirty-six-hour period of torture.

Prosecutor Joseph Loscalzo, of course, warmly objected to this version of what had gone on. And Judge Thomas Downs met one objection by excluding, as a witness, a court attendant who had been in Judge Adel's court that day and had seen Mike's iodine-painted skunk-striped back. At the end of a five-day trial the jury retired and, after due deliberation, returned with its verdict:

"Guilty of murder in the first degree!"

It seemed a victory. But, under the law, a verdict carrying a mandatory death penalty *must* be appealed.

It was midsummer before the Court of Appeals sent down its decision—reversing the jury's verdict, canceling the trial, because that one witness had been excluded!

Eleven months had passed before Mike was taken from the death house and tried again. The jury disagreed.

That was in February, 1933. In May, Loscalzo tried again, and once more the jury disagreed. In January, 1934, Mike was brought from the death house for a fourth trial, and the jury said:

"Guilty of murder in the first degree!"

SURELY it was "finis" this time! But—again that mandatory appeal. And again reversal.

Why? Because the defense had asked Judge Downs to tell the jury, in his instructions, that the thirty-six-hour delay in Mike's arraignment should be considered as corroborating his claim of a third degree. Judge Downs didn't see why that interval should necessarily have been spent in torture, and omitted this instruction. And for that omission Mike, said the higher court, had been "deprived of a fair trial."

Well, Justice, stopped by the law, was getting tired out. So now money was raised somehow, and Mike walked out of the death house—free on bail!

He proceeded to swagger, brag, glory in the newspaper fame of being "Death-House Mike," the tough guy. He wasn't on parole or probation—that was the extraordinary feature. He was under no sort of supervision whatever—this man of whom two juries had said: "He took human life." His bondsman was obligated to produce him in the seemingly remote event of another retrial; beyond that, he was free as air.

So there was the brief reign of terror by some New York thugs in New Brunswick, New Jersey, at the end of which Mike got a ten-day sentence. There was the arrest in a New York garage, after its proprietor had been beaten for refusing to pay "shakedown" money; the cop appeared to testify, the garageman didn't. The judge said: "Case dismissed." There was—though Mary all these years had stuck by Mike—the affair with the little blonde girl who worked in a birdseed factory. Yes, Mike enjoyed his holiday—for more than three graceless years.

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tor Loscalzo and his new superior, District Attorney Charles P. Sullivan of Queens, decided to prosecute the Pendlebury murder case again and see if Justice, in the intervening four years, had grown a new set of teeth.

It was an embarrassed bondsman who reported that he couldn't find Mike. Detectives Erbacher and Chenkin queried, naturally: Was he on the lam? If so, what for? Determination to recapture Mike redoubled.

Now, it so happened that on the evening of December 18, 1937, a young insurance salesman named Jack Ehrlich had gone into a tough tenement a block from Mike's home, to make a collection. In a dark hallway he had encountered two gentlemen who had held him up, robbed him of twelve dollars, and then, when he made an outcry about a watch his mother had given him, shot him dead and escaped. An instant before the shot was fired, an upstairs tenant had heard a high thin voice commanding Ehrlich:

"Get further back in the hall, you ——!"

Some people having seen the Ehrlich killers as they ran away, it seemed worth while to search for Mike in this connection too—and the detectives did.

They found him by tracing the blonde girl, as before they'd traced Mary. When he heard the "heat" was on her, Mike gave himself up. "So you want to try me again on that old frame-up!" he sneered.

THEY did. And they tried him, in Queens, for the *fifth* time in the Pendlebury case. Things were going swimmingly, when into the record came the names of Siratka, Roadick, and Borowsky, the three who had been executed! Judge Downs instantly declared a mistrial. Death-House Mike laughed.

But now his luck was in for a setback. In Manhattan, on the Ehrlich murder charge, Mike was identified, indicted, tried and found guilty. He went back to the familiar Sing Sing death house to await the finding of the Court of Appeals.

By this time Mike had become fascinated with the technical wrinkles in his own case. In the quiet of a death cell he began studying law; began searching out the many cute devices that set guilty criminals free.

But the Court of Appeals upheld his conviction, and they took his lawbooks away and led him, unbelieving, to the chair that should have destroyed him eight years before.

Some one ought to retrieve those criminal lawbooks that Mike Alex is said to have left behind him, dump them into the laps of our lawyer-minded legislators, and tell those gentlemen to find and excise the hamstringing, justice-baiting legalistic frustrations that endanger the public safety of every one of us.

Justice then—and not until then—might wear her robes in dignity and without apprehension.

THE END

Can't anybody fall for a girl like me?

Yes, Ruth! When you learn that everyone needs MUM for popularity, charm!

WHEN men fall in love with Ruth—it's never love for keeps. She's pretty, she's smart—but it makes no difference. Men fall *out* of love so surely when a girl neglects to use Mum!

If Ruth only knew that just a *hint* of underarm odor is enough to ruin charm! But like many another girl she's unaware that she's offending—thinking that because she *bathes* each day she can be sure of daintiness.

Underarms must always have *special* care! A bath removes only *past* perspiration, but Mum prevents odor *to come.*

Mum keeps underarms fresh *all day!*

Begin with Mum today and see why more women use it than any other underarm deodorant.

USE ANY TIME! The American Institute of Laundering Seal tells you Mum is harmless to fabrics. It's safe to use Mum *after* dressing. And even after underarm shaving, Mum is soothing.

USE EVERY DAY! Mum is so quick! Yet Mum stops all underarm odor, without stopping perspiration.

MAKE CHARM SECURE! Don't take chances! Today—get Mum at any druggist's. Regular daily use makes you sure of charm, sure that you can't offend.

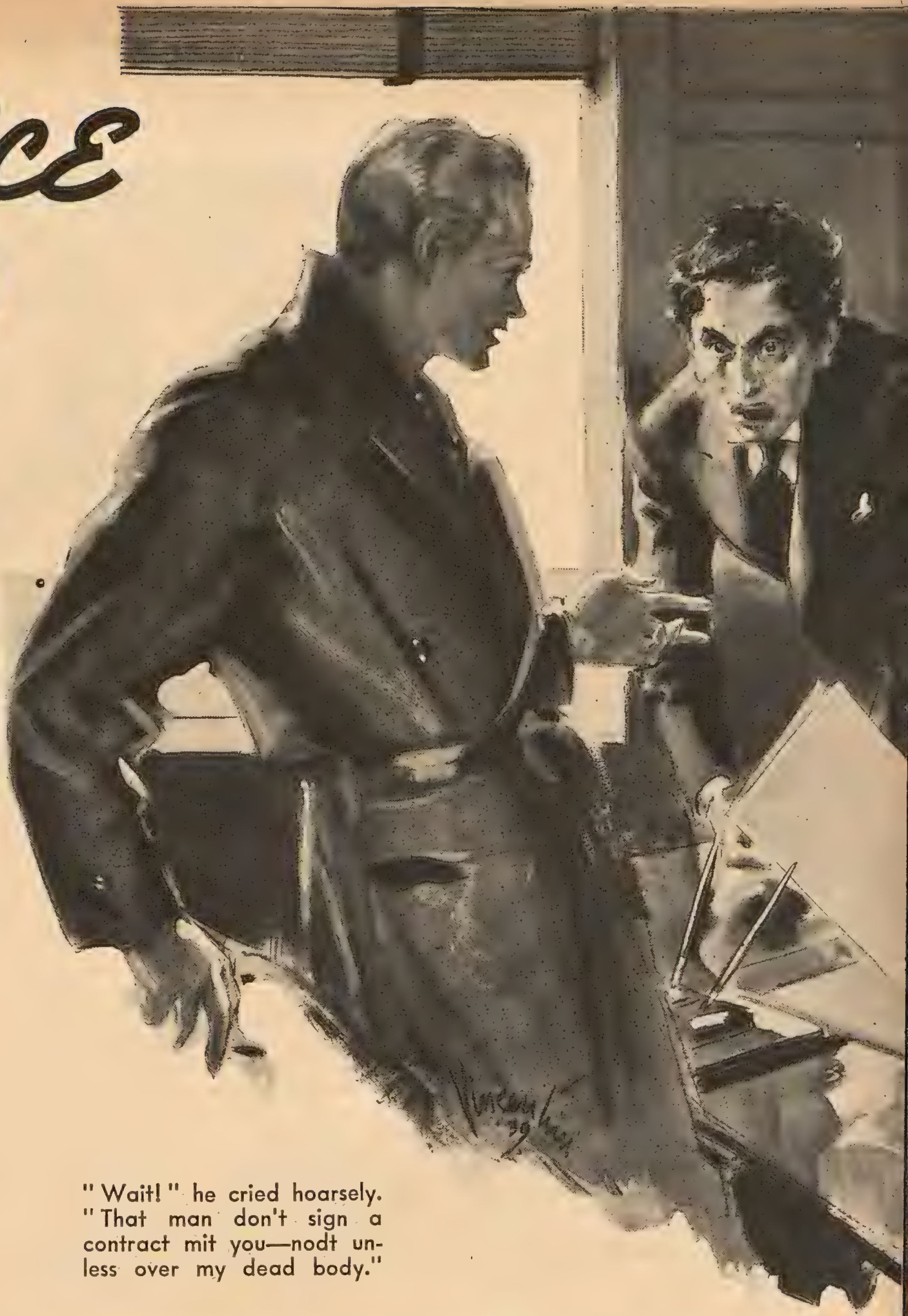
ONLY 30 SECONDS FOR MUM'S ALL-DAY PROTECTION

GRAND THAT EVEN AFTER DRESSING, I CAN USE MUM. MUM DOESN'T HARM FABRICS.
TO HERSELF: AND MUM WON'T LET YOU DOWN. IT'S SO WARM DANCING, YET I'M AS FRESH AS CAN BE.
MUM

For Sanitary Napkins
Mum leads all deodorants for use on napkins, too. Women know it's gentle, safe. Always use Mum this way, too.

MUM
TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Malice TOWARD NONE



"Wait!" he cried hoarsely. "That man don't sign a contract mit you—nodt unless over my dead body."

For Americans: A glowing tale of a man and a woman in love—and a dictator with a heart

READING TIME ● 23 MINUTES 37 SECONDS

JOHN BERMAN, dictator! That's what they called him. And at one time he'd pressed pants for a living. At least, Hitler had favorites, they said. Berman had none. When he turned thumbs down on you, you were dead in pictures. They said even his wife and kids hated him. Luckily, they didn't see him very often, because he worked sixteen hours a day at the studio. Directors and writers could have poisoned him. They signed with him, put up with his slave-driving, because by dumb luck nine out of ten of his productions were smash hits and they got the credit. Heil Berman! That was the sycophantic attitude of aspiring young actors, because he developed more star material than all the rest of the Hollywood czars put together. When they made good they quit him for other studios, where, for some reason probably known to Berman, their stardom went into a rapid decline.

THE January rain had fallen all day, and shortly after midnight a coupé turned in through the studio gates and came to a stop near darkened offices. Dark also were the surrounding stages, hangar-like buildings each the size of a city block. Not a light showing except a small red one outside Stage Four.

The individual who got out of the coupé sloshed along the concrete path to an office door, let himself in with a key, switched on a light. A slight little man tightly buttoned into a double-breasted coat, he looked no more than a boy. His face, however, was middle-aged, febrile eyes telling of strain, ill health, and want of sleep. A black fedora pulled down over bushy eyebrows added to his cadaverous appearance. From a desk he jerked up a telephone, hairy fingers tapping an irritable call to the studio night operator.

"Get my house."

"Yes, Mr. Berman." Instantly she had roused all the deference and alertness she could muster. On the job all hours, she thought. You never know when he'll check up on you. "Yes, Mr. Berman; your home's on the line."

A treble voice was saying: "Who is it, please?"

"You up, Johnny? You know what time it is?"

"Cousin Maurice got here. You ought to hear the stories he's telling. Gee, father, I wish we weren't—you know." The boy's voice trembled a little. "He looks awful. Mom cried when she saw him."

"Call her. I want you to go to bed."

When Martha Berman came on the line, she said: "Where are you, John?"

"Just got back to the office."

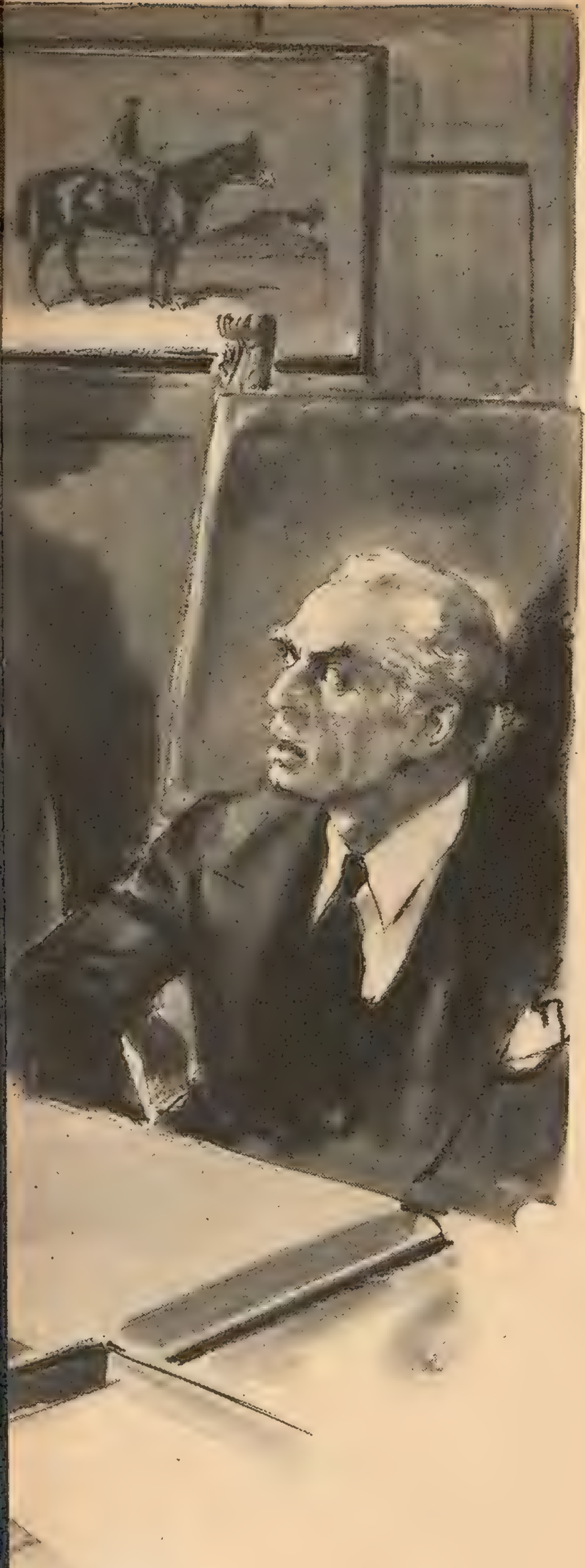
"How was the preview?"

"Swell, according to Pasadena standards. Lots of laughs—in the wrong places. That's all right. That's fine. That's what happened when I previewed Lottery Ticket there. You know how that picture cleaned up. Listen, Martha. You shouldn't let Johnny stay up hearing stories that won't do him any good."

"He knows, dear." Mrs. Berman spoke with heavy resignation. "They

BY LLEWELLYN HUGHES

ILLUSTRATED BY VINCENTINI



talk about it in school. He can read it in the newspapers—"

"Now, Martha—please! It's not like it's happening to us for the first time. Since the days of Herod—and before. Since the time of Jacob." He glanced at his watch. "I've got to look in on Stage Four. Won't take me long. I'll be up in half an hour."

Closing the office, he walked across the lot, and beneath the red light opened a small door to a monstrous cavern. Blanketed walls closed out the sounds of the world. Given to dust and silence were ghostly battlements, interiors of cottage, opium den, and palace.

Berman walked past and through them, a suffusion of pale light guiding his way. It came from behind towering panels and scaffolding. And suddenly, from the wings, he was looking at a magnificent ballroom resplendent with costly draperies and chandeliers. Around its polished floor, as on its gilded balconies, were hundreds of men and women in evening clothes. The action, some moments earlier brilliant with color and animation, had stopped like a run-down music box. Most of the lights were turned off. The director sat slumped in his chair, hat over bloodshot eyes, chin on his chest.

In a corner of the upper balcony two young girls were sharing a forbidden cigarette. In lieu of food it seemed to give them a little sustenance. Extras. Pawns of a costly production, their names wouldn't see print, their beauty would remain unrecorded. The ash blonde came from Miami. The girl with bronze hair and long lashes—a lovely girl not a day over twenty—had been born in Seattle.

"You tire easily," she confided, "when you're going to have a baby."

The ash blonde presumed so. "Gee, I think you're crazy to be on your feet all day and late into the night like this. You ought to quit working until you—"

"I've got to work!" Her tone was a little desperate. "My husband can't find a thing to do. He'd take WPA work if he wasn't—if—if he was a citizen." Courage returned to her eyes. "I'll keep on working as long as I can; until"—she smiled sadly—"they catch on to my figure."

"What does your husband do for a living—that is, when he's—"

"He's an actor."

"As a rule, foreign actors do pretty well over here."

"Some. Not all. Fred speaks English perfectly, but he—" She checked herself. "I met him two years ago when I was in Europe. He came to Hollywood last summer, and we got married—"

The ash blonde interrupted her: "You say you've never seen Berman. That's him now—walking across the set."

His appearance had brought about a general tension. Grips, electricians, assistant cameramen pretended to be busy. The director suddenly sat upright. "Hello, John," he said.

Berman didn't return the greeting. "What's the delay?" he wanted to know.

"Not enough juice. One of the cables is screwy. They're fixing it."

"When do you figure you'll be through?"

"Three o'clock, maybe. Anyway, no matter how long it takes, you can strike this set in the morning." (The space was needed for another production.) "I can wind up the picture for you in three more days."

The man in charge of production nodded as though this suited him perfectly. "Thirty-five thousand dollars over the budget already."

"You've got to figure on delays, John."

"First it was eight weeks. I stretched it to ten for you." Berman seemed to smile; but it was merely a nervous contraction of the left side of his face, characteristic of him before he brought down the ax and chopped your head off. "When you're through shooting"—the apparent smile came again—"see me in my office." He turned, pigeon-toed his way across the ballroom, and vanished.

TWENTY minutes later, outside the entrance to his Bel-air residence, he jammed his foot on the brakes. The driveway gates were closed. The glare from his headlights revealed the drenched figure of a man.

"Mr. Berman?"

He had come to the driver's side, was bending down to look in. The rain-swept glass made it difficult to see him. At once Berman pulled down the inside catch, locking himself in. The engine was running, and since he couldn't go forward, he considered putting the car in reverse, backing out, and driving to the nearest lighted boulevard, taking the man with him if he clung on.

"Mr. Berman?"

Hardly a threatening voice. Rather, the inquiry sounded anxious, urgent. It was not in Berman to give way to fear. In carrying on his slight shoulders the investment of millions of dollars he had faced greater disaster than being held up for the contents of his wallet.

"What do you want?" he shouted defiantly.

"I'd like a word with you, sir; that's all. I've been waiting here to—to open the gates and—and—"

"Who are you?"

"Nobody you know, sir. My name is Fred Venner. If you'd listen to me for a moment—I'd be grateful."

Grateful! John Berman's apprehension left him, gave way to anger. He lowered the window so that he could see the man. An overcoat of good material shaped broad shoulders. Under a sodden cap a pale handsome face told of struggle, if not hunger. The eyes were a clear blue, intelligent, pleading. Nothing to be afraid of here. A bum with the temerity, the nerve, to close the gates so that he could ask for a handout.

"Well—what is it?"

"I'm an actor, Mr. Berman, and I can't get a chance to show what I can do. I've been to every studio in Hollywood. All they do is take my name and promise to send for me." The words came tumbling out. "I've been here six months without work of any kind. I've tried everything—"

"I can't stay here listening to—"

"I know this is the wrong way, sir—waiting outside your house in the hope of a word with you. I've tried to see you at the studio. They won't let me. I'm desperate, Mr. Berman! My wife will soon have a baby. I've got to find work. Give me a chance, will you, Mr. Berman? I'm not asking for charity. All I want is an opportunity to prove what I can do. You'll never regret giving me a trial—I promise you that."

For a moment John Berman had been under the spell of the young man's earnestness, the rich tone of his speaking voice, the dramatic play of his good-looking face. All this he dismissed. He hadn't the slightest patience with a man who couldn't make his own way in the world.

"I've tried every other way I know, Mr. Berman. I can't even get extra work. One word from you and—"

John Berman again found himself wavering. Annoying, this sort of thing at the end of a day's work—

"Ask for Mr. Toller in the morning. He's the casting director. Tell him I sent you, and"—he swore—"open those damned gates."

"Mr. Toller—yes. Thank you, sir—thank you." He hurried to the gates, pushed them open, and the car drove on, its taillights disappearing in the rain.

When he entered his house, Berman put the incident out of his mind. His wife, a stoutish gray-haired woman, met him, kissed him on both cheeks. "You look tired, dear," she said.

He nodded.

"Maurice waited up to see you for a moment. You'll eat something, maybe, while you talk with him?"

"A cup of tea."

"I'll make some for you."

In a lofty drawing room, huddled close to a log fire, was the wraith of a man not yet twenty-five. His face was gaunt, blue-white along the line of his jaw, yellow in the cheeks and under the dark sunken eyes.

"Uncle John?" he inquired, rising to his feet.

Berman acknowledged the relationship.

"I am your nephew—Maurice Silverman."

"Sit down, Maurice."

"Nodt before I thank you." He spoke with hoarse reverence in a guttural accent, part German, part Jewish. "Nobody's hand I vish to shake more than yours. I go on my knees to you."

He was indeed about to do so when Berman prevented him. "Sit down," he said again. "Tell me about yourself."

THE youth returned to his place near the fire, shook his skeleton head from side to side. "*Ach!*" he murmured. "So much to tell that you never believe. I see my poor father flogged to death—my brother beaten and thrown into a concentration camp—my mother forced to live in a cellar. No bread—nothing to eat. No warmth." He looked up, eyes glazed from the horrors he had seen, and suddenly stiffened. "You are laughing at me?"

"No, no." Berman put his hand to his left cheek, not caring to explain his muscular affliction when he was mentally disturbed.

The dirgeful recital proceeded: "In a free country I am again. Und all the time I am listening for the marching of soldiers—the storm troops of Reichsfuehrer Hitler." He shivered as he pronounced the name.

John Berman shook off the automatic visualization of the story in terms of the screen. "Well," he said abstractedly, "you must rest and get well again. You were lucky to escape."

"*Ja.* I make my way—crawling like a snake—from Dreiburg to Switzerland, where I get your money to come here."

He told how he had managed to cross the border, hiding by day, winding his way over the mountains at night. He told of the burning of his home, the bombing of his father's store, the nightmare of seeing cattle-driven hordes of helpless people, eyes hollowed by tears and starvation, insulted and spat upon day after day.

Mrs. Berman came in with tea, her lids a little swollen from crying.

"You had better wait until tomorrow," she told Maurice. "John has had a hard day at the office."

"*Ja, ja*—I understand." His hand shook as he accepted a cup of tea. "Such kindness—such a fine house und warm fireplace." He wept. "I don't believe my eyes now I see it."

AT six o'clock the following day Frederick Venner climbed the stairs to his two-room apartment on the top floor. He had good news. His love for his young wife, the memory of her courage, made him feel giddy. Hunger added its share to it. He was carrying a brown-paper bag. The thought of its contents made his mouth water.

That morning he had presented himself at the casting office. Mr. Toller, they said, wasn't seeing any one today. "Will you please tell him that Mr. Berman sent me here? Maybe he gave you my name. Frederick Venner."

"Come back next week. Mr. Toller will be seeing people then. Not before."

This indifferent crushing of his hopes, this grinding of him under heel by a casting office hireling, aroused him to fury. He kept banging at the closed window of the office. "I tell you, Mr. Berman asked me to report here."

He was about to be forcibly removed by the called gateman whan a studious-looking individual in tortoise-shell glasses spoke to him:

"Come with me."

He had taken Venner to Stage One. "Pete," he said to an assistant director, "that bit where the down-and-out guy tries to get his money. Here he is. Just the type."

"Can he act?"

"Just saw him give the very performance a moment ago."

Fred Venner still couldn't believe his good fortune. News! He was bursting with it. He signaled his presence with a bright rap-rap-rappity-rap on the apartment door. A key was turned, and then he, brown-paper bag, and a girl with bronze hair were crushed in a tight embrace.

"Darling," she gasped, "you've found work!"

"I'll say I have!" He was kissing her eyes and cheeks. "*Liebchen*—" Then he remembered. "The cream cheese! Wait till I put this bag down." His hand dove into his pocket. "Money! Twenty-five dollars—except for what I bought."

Her lovely eyes filled with tears. "Oh, Fred—"

Again he took her into his arms. "Pat," he choked, "no more work for you. When you came home at three o'clock this morning—walking from the studio in the rain—" He couldn't go on. He could only hold her close to him. "I've got a start at last, and from now on—" Again he had to stop, emotion gripping his throat.

The human mind has a way of turning to trivialities in its efforts to make adjustments to sudden changes of fortune. Pat was crying and laughing. Look, the kitchen faucet was leaking again! And the bathroom shade had come loose! "You look awful," she suddenly told him. "As if you hadn't shaved for a month."

"Them's glued-on whiskers," he announced with pride. "Them's part of twenty-five dollars a day. I'm going to sleep in 'em—frame 'em." He showed his purchases. "Look, sweetheart. Lamb chops! Pumpernickel!"

Pumpernickel! Not the lavish hand that had ordered champagne and *poulet* for her in the world-famous Vier Jahreszeiten.

"Pat, don't go back to America. Stay here with me."

"Fred, I—I couldn't do that."

It was not the first time he had asked her to marry him, although he had only known her two weeks. He had met her at the home of her school chum, married to an American living in Munich. Pat's lissome beauty and wealth of bronze hair had enslaved him from the start.

"Pat," he said wretchedly, "I can't live without you. Look, dear. I'm engaged for next season in Berlin. They're paying me—let me see—in your money, the equivalent of a hundred dollars a week. I'll be touring in the spring. The Rhine. The Black Forest. The most beautiful scenery in the world. Please, darling, help me to enjoy this great luck! Without you it means nothing."

"Fred," she struggled, "somehow I just couldn't—"

He understood. "Because I happen to be a German."

Her lips trembled. "It's not you personally, Fred. I know you don't approve of certain things here any more than I do. But if I married you I'd be a German subject—forced to obey the laws of your country—my liberty of speech and thought taken away from me."

His handsome face grave, he slowly sipped his wine. "Are we so disliked?" he asked her. "I suppose we are. Perhaps more so today than we ever have been." Unhappy blue eyes gazed at her. "Tomorrow," he said, "you'll be going away—taking with you everything in life I hold most dear. Pat," he begged, "will you wait for me—keep yourself for me—until I—until—" His hands clenched spasmodically as he pushed back his chair. "Come along, or they'll be forced to hold the curtain for me. You'll see me after the performance, won't you, Pat? Our last evening together."

Two years ago! Much had happened since then. Her mother had died. His love for her growing as his regard for the German government waned, he had given up his career there and escaped, first to England.

Later, she had met him at the Los Angeles railway station, married him that very day. He was smiling and confident. Acting ability didn't have to depend on a known name. He would start from the bottom of the Hollywood ladder and climb to the top.

MORE cream cheese, darling. And strawberry jam—ye gods! strawberry jam! No," he continued, telling her the story of his morning's adventure. "The chap in the tortoise-shell glasses was the fellow who wrote the scenario. Didn't know who in heck I was. Luck, wasn't it?"

Bronze lashes still showed the gleam of tears. "Oh, Fred dear," she said, "luck shouldn't have anything to do with it. All your talent going to waste! Why don't you tell them who you are—show them your splendid notices?"

"And be thrown out on my ear. No, my love. Twenty-five dollars a day is a lot of money. Talent?" He pointed his fork at her. "Let me tell you this, young lady. That part only called for one scene. Sam Reynolds, the director, liked my work so much he's having extra scenes written into the script for me. That's why I'm working again tomorrow, and maybe the next day."

She sat on his lap, threw her arms about him.

"I love you," she said, "but I still think you're making a mistake. Other German actors are working in pictures."

"Who are they?"

"Anyway, there are lots of German directors. What," she asked him, "have you to be afraid of? You intend to become an American citizen. You left Germany because you couldn't bring yourself to participate in racial persecution—because you loathed the life you were forced to lead guarding that concentration camp—"

"I know, darling. But I'd better play safe awhile longer. All over the world people have good cause to dislike us." He kissed her lips. "Now you go and pretty-up while I wash

MAYBE YOUR DAD COULD LICK MINE!
1.
BILL! THAT'S A FINE WAY TO TALK ABOUT YOUR FATHER!
GEE! CAN I HELP IT IF HE'S ALWAYS TIRED?
2.
YOU SHOULD HAVE HEARD THOSE BOYS! YOU KNOW, BOB, YOU HAVE LOST YOUR OLD SNAP! AND THAT REMINDS ME. THEY SAY WE MUST HAVE VITAMINS FOR VIGOR—AND I'VE JUST FOUND A SWELL BREAKFAST CEREAL CALLED KELLOGG'S PEP THAT'S EXTRA-RICH IN TWO OF THE MOST IMPORTANT VITAMINS, B1 AND D. WE'LL TRY IT!
3. BREAKFAST NEXT DAY
SAY! YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO TELL ME ABOUT THE VITAMINS TO GET ME TO EAT KELLOGG'S PEP. IT'S THE GRANDEST CEREAL I EVER TASTED—SO CRISP AND FULL OF FLAVOR
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the dishes. And then—by the Lord Harry!—I'll take you to the movies!"

Some three weeks later Sam Reynolds, the director, walked into the office of the man in charge of production. John Berman sat dictating to a stenographer.

"Where are you showing it?" he asked Reynolds.

"Room Three." The director seemed nervous.

"All right; let's go over there."

Hatless, he opened the door and went out, Reynolds following at his heels as they crossed the lot. "I made two endings, John," he puffed, catching up to him. "I'd like you to see both of them."

"I want to see the last three reels."

The little gathering outside Projection Room Three—leading actress, script girl, two writers, assistant director—became alert as their chief came into view. Without even nodding to any of them, he went into the darkened room, sat in a leather chair at an arranged desk on which were telephone, paper pad and pencils, and buttons to signal the men running the projection machine. The director and actress sat beside him, the others in the rear.

"All right. Start it."

Reel 5 and part of 6 ran on without interruption, Reynolds breathing quietly in relief. The screen was showing the pathetic attempt of a hobo trying to collect money promised him for a job of work. The rancher, making fun of him, suddenly knocked him to the ground.

Berman's hand flashed to the desk, and then he was ordering: "Wind back and run that scene again."

Reynolds, anticipating trouble, said: "I was a bit worried about that, John. In the original script the hobo got what he deserved. But we added some lines, and now the knockdown doesn't look so good."

"It looks all right to me," was the enigmatic reply.

The scene run over once more now caused him to stop the picture. The screen went blank. A light was turned on. "Who is that fellow?" he asked Reynolds. "The hobo."

The director looked over his shoulder. "What's that guy's name, Pete?"

"Gee, Mr. Reynolds, it's three weeks since we shot that scene." He appealed to one of the writers. "You brought him around, didn't you, Paul?"

"How should I know his name?"

Berman was now talking on the telephone. "Get me the casting office. Ask Toller to call me in Projection Room Three." He hung up. "All right," he chafed, touching a button. "Let's get on with it."

Around five o'clock that evening the telephone rang in a small two-room apartment. A girl with bronze hair answered, her shapely hands soapy from washing clothes.

"Mr. Venner there?"

Her heart leaped at the mention of the studio. "Could I give him the message? I expect him in very soon."

"Tell him to report at Stage One here tomorrow morning for a screen test."

The telephone receiver fell from her hands. "Oh, Fred," she sobbed, "you—you fool—you darling—I love you!" And with a trembling hand she dialed the garage where for the last two weeks he had been washing cars.

IT was a Monday morning the first week in March. A tall handsome young man walked into a large room in walnut and red leather where, behind an imposing desk, John Berman looked woefully small. In a corner behind him huddled a starved-looking individual. His sunken eyes appeared mesmerized at the sight of Venner.

Without rising, Berman offered his hand. "Mr. Venner, you made a screen test for us. I haven't seen it. Those who have seem to think you might be a prospect after you've gained a little experience. Help yourself to the cigarettes." He buzzed his secretary. "Bring in Mr. Frederick Venner's contract," he said.

"I can't tell you what this means to me, Mr. Berman."

"Wait a minute," Bushy eyebrows had lifted. "Why, you're the fellow who stopped me outside my house one night!"

"Yes, Mr. Berman."

"The fellow," Berman threatened, eyes glaring, "who had the gall to—to—whose wife was going to have a baby. Well, did she? Or was that part of your infernal nerve?"

"We expect a baby—in June—Mr. Berman."

Berman's secretary came in, placed some papers before him, departed. Fred's heart was beating so loudly he was sure it could be heard all over the studio. Suddenly, miraculously, Berman was smiling. But was it a smile?

"Optional every six months," Berman said, sliding the contract across the desk. "One hundred and fifty dollars a week to begin with, working up to a thousand at the end of three years. Better read it over."

Something like a wraith ominously rose in the corner, dark eyes glittering. "Wait!" he cried hoarsely. "That man don't sign a contract mit you—nodt unless over my dead body. Venner he now calls himself! He is Frederick Verner, the German actor. I see him play in the theater in Dreiburg. He—he—" Silverman was gibbering now, pointing.

FRED'S ecstatic joy had frozen. "I think you're making a mistake." He was trying desperately to remain calm. "There must be some mistake."

"No mistake. Don't give him employment!" His neck was thrust out like a vulture's. "Frederick Verner, the actor. The Nazi officer in charge of the concentration camp near Dreiburg. For me he should starve like my people are doing. He should die in a gutter."

"Calm yourself, Maurice, or you'll have a heart attack." But Berman was looking at Fred, his eyes narrowed, his face cold as stone. "Well?" he asked.

It was over. The splendid news he had hoped to speed home would not be taken. The memory of Pat's good-luck kiss, her sponging and pressing of his one good suit of clothes, returned to mock him. "It's true," he heard himself confessing. "I am Frederick Verner. I was compelled to serve at the Dreiburg concentration camp—"

"This man—was in charge of the police who took my brother—beat him black and blue—kicked him—"

"Quiet, Maurice."

Frederick Verner squared his shoulders. "Any cruelty on the part of my men I punished," he told his accuser. "No man can say I ever abused your people. Like a great many Germans, I've always been opposed to—"

"Don't believe him—don't believe him—"

"I never willingly shared in any persecution. When I was forced to share in it, I escaped from Germany." Blue eyes bore the sincerity of his statements. "Mr. Berman, since my arrival here I've taken out papers to become an American citizen. I can prove—"

They were all shouting now, Berman the loudest because he was swearing.

"What is this?" he demanded. "A free-for-all here? Quiet, all of you." He thrust the contract and duplicates at Fred. "Here, take them—and go into the next office. Come back when you've signed them. Then maybe we can get things straightened out here."

Young Silverman had returned to his corner, somewhat subdued. "You turn the other cheek to them," he complained. "Offer them your gold. They trample us under their feet—und now, in return, you promise to make a screen star of one of them. Is there any justice in this world?"

"Yes," Berman told him, "there is in this country. America has malice toward none. Here the citizen and the foreigner have the same chance to make good, and all the machine guns of the world can't take it away from them—"

A door opened. Frederick Verner held the contracts in his hand. "I've—I've signed all of them, Mr. Berman."

"All right; hand 'em over." There were six copies in all, and Berman scribbled his name on one of them. "One's all you need. Take it home to show the wife, report for work tomorrow morning, and good luck to you," he said, suddenly offering his hand.

Frederick Verner's blue eyes were moist. "Thank you, sir," he managed to say.

The little producer seemed to be smiling. But it was only the contraction of his cheek when he was mentally agitated or—as at present—strangely inspired.

THE END

CLOSE-UP of JOHN GARFIELD

Success-story—American style! The stirring chronicle of a "dead end" kid's amazing rise to fame

BY RUTH WATERBURY

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

AN extremely nondescript shabbily dressed boy of fourteen rushed across the schoolyard of P. S. 45 in the Bronx, New York City, vaulted the fence, and landed smack in the middle of a bed of scarlet tulips, crushing them beneath him. From there he fixed a trumphant eye on the teacher who hurried to him.

"You'll have to see the principal for this," the teacher said.

"O. K., O. K.," the boy said. He sounded assured. Actually, inside him, he was bitterly scared. He didn't know what had possessed him to jump that fence, except perhaps the fact that he had been ordered not to jump it. But now that he had done it, he knew that he was in for it.

He picked himself up, climbed back over the fence, and strutted with a great show of nonchalance into the drab school building. Now he was in as bad at this new school as he'd been at his old ones; but one thing was sure. If he got a licking, he wouldn't holler. He pushed open the door of the principal's office. A small, very white-haired man looked gently up at him.

"You shouldn't have done that, Julius," he said. "Those flowers had as much right to live as you have."

That sentence was John Garfield's introduction to human kindness, his initial realization of the rights of anything outside himself. He says now that it marked the turning point of his life.

For today John Garfield is the current clap-hands enthusiasm of Hollywood. He is regarded next to Hedy Lamarr as the greatest movie discovery of 1938. One picture, Four Daughters, in which he played a secondary role, made him a star. His second picture, They Made Me a Criminal, is a box-office clean-up. Wherefore the future stretches goldenly before him. He can write his own ticket on it for whatever he may desire; though, being a man of very simple tastes, he already has almost everything he desires—a pleasant home, a charming wife, and two delightful and healthy young children.

But on that day when he realized that he wasn't going to get punished for jumping the fence he was, as President Roosevelt says of one third of the nation, "ill-clothed, ill-housed, and ill-fed."

He was Julius Garfinkle then, and the best he could hope for was that he might become a garment worker like his father. The chances were even better that he would end up in some jail doing a good long stretch. Nobody wanted him. His mother had been dead ever since he was seven and his father had remarried. His kid brother, Max, was living with one uncle in Jersey City. He was parked with another uncle in the Bronx. The uncle made no bones about his being a burden. Even the great City of New York didn't know what to do with him in its school system—a kid smart as a whip, but one who upset classes, stammered badly, and was generally incorrigible.

From which you can see that the distance between that Garfinkle boy whose burning emotions were turned wrong side out, and the John Garfield whom the world now admires, is all that usually impossible distance between wealth and poverty, between good and evil.

The wisdom of Angelo Patri—who was then and still is the principal of that New York City school—was such that he saw through to the sensitive quality of the defiant young hellion standing before him. Without so much as a syllable about stammering, Patri suggested that the lad enter the school elocution class and join the debating society. Later he went and visited the boy's home—though it could hardly be called that by any standard, since all the boy had that he might call his own was a cot in the corner of an unheated hall. From somewhere or other Patri got him a suit of clothes, which marked the first time John Garfield was ever sufficiently dressed against the cold.

The result was that he went into the elocution class and tried to shine. He got so interested he forgot to stammer. He studied like mad. And before the year was up he heard the sound of his first applause and knew himself to be a hero. He, little Julius Garfinkle, won the New York Times oratorical medal—which meant bringing glory to his own P. S. 45 and that precious piece of metal to his own chest. For the first time he was over on the right side of things, being admired, and it felt swell. He didn't know how he was going to face vacation, though, with the school closed.

The full glory of financial independence smote him, however. He'd made a buddy of a younger kid at school, and they decided they were going to see America. They did a hundred odd jobs and pooled their resources. Come June and they had enough to start out. The gigantic sum they possessed between them was four whole dollars.

Incredible as it sounds, they ac-

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tually did get to the Pacific Coast on that money—not only got there but back. They thumbed their way, of course, and begged their meals. They worked when they could or had to, hopped freights, and lived in hobo jungles. The boy who was to become John Garfield was sixteen when he returned. He had discovered not only his native land but a more important thing. He discovered he was in love.

The girl was just what he was, a poor Bronx kid. They had met in school. Her name was Roberta Mann and it is now Mrs. John Garfield. Julius went straight to her house on the night he got back from that long tramp. He asked her to marry him as soon as he could get a job.

By this time he was burning with a desire to act. He wrote a letter to the great Jewish actor, Jacob Ben-Ami, and asked him how a fellow managed to get on the stage. Ben-Ami answered the letter; told the kid to try to get into the school which was being run by Maria Ouspenskaya, whom you may remember as the old Countess in the movie version of Dodsworth.

Our hero promptly hunted up the school, murmured that Ben-Ami had said he should be given a scholarship there. The remark had a very sketchy relationship to the truth, but he never was one to quibble over important objectives. He got in, and during the next two seasons of his apprenticeship he was in agony every time Ben-Ami visited the place, fearing discovery. When he graduated, he managed an entrance into Eva Le Gallienne's Civic Repertory company. This gave him a chance for much experience but it paid little more than carfare. The guiding Patri came through once again. He loaned his ex-pupil three hundred dollars.

IT was two more years before he was able to repay that, but by then he had played the role of the office boy in Paul Muni's road company of Counsellor-at-Law and had met Clifford Odets, the vivid young playwright who was then the leading spirit of the newly organized Group Theatre of New York. Through Odets' intervention, Garfield got into the Group Theatre, and therein, after several smaller roles, became a star in Odets' Golden Boy. By the end of 1934 he and Roberta were able to get married.

The movie scouts angled for him for two years before they got him. Actually he runs counter to all movie-star specifications. He is still no tower of pulchritude, being of only average height and lacking utterly in the quality that would make maidens wake up nights and cry for him. None the less he possesses a thing which can't be faked, a gift that puts him well ahead of any number of the film pretty boys. That is an apparently God-given ability to understand how average people think and feel—plus the ability to reproduce those moods so that watching him audiences feel deeply in response.

He turned a frozen face toward the Hollywood offers until February, 1938. For one thing, he didn't think he was ready for Hollywood. For another, he was af[illegible] at, once out there, the film producers might not let him come back to Broadway. He insisted that if he were to go, and if he clicked, his contract must have a clause which would permit him to return to the stage at any time on a mere six-weeks notice. Warner Bros. finally agreed to these terms.

He has been lucky in Hollywood. Warner Bros. is the ideal studio for him, it being a plant where the most down-to-earth dramas are produced, and where, for all their having that handsome hunk of masculinity Errol Flynn on their contract list, mere physical wow is less worshiped than in the other movie shops.

JOHN GARFIELD, for all the hurrah about him, is sincerely shy at hobnobbing with such big names as Paul Muni, Jim Cagney, Bette Davis, and the like. As yet he knows few movie people, not having been taken up by any particular Hollywood "set," since he has no hobbies, is no sportsman, and persistently stays intellectual in his interests and monogamous in his emotions. He misses New York but thinks California is a nice place for his children to grow up in. His salary as yet isn't anything terrific and, in spite of all the "wonder boy" publicity they have been putting out on him, fame has not, so far, affected his values.

His father was ill in New York recently and Garfield flew back East to visit him. The moment he came down to earth he discovered that the unwanted little Bronx kid was somebody that was being sought after. One of those very glossy young men whose business it is to see that the right people get steered into café society arranged to encounter him.

"How about coming around to El Morocco tonight?" he beamed.

"Where?" said Mr. Garfield, completely in the dark. Until that moment he, the distinguished product of the city's streets, had never heard of New York's extravagant and hoity-toity night club. When it finally was explained to him, he excused himself. He said he had another date for that night, his only one in town.

He did, too. He went up, by subway, to P. S. 45, and talked to Angelo Patri, and then, at Patri's request, he talked to a class of refugee children just over from Germany. He told the kids that a guy didn't have to worry too much because the breaks were all against him. He said that if you wanted a thing enough, and worked hard enough, you could beat the bad breaks.

That's the old oil, of course, and John Garfield is intelligent enough to realize it. But he also knows, in moments of startled gratification, that, merely by looking in the mirror, unwanted young Julius Garfinkle can prove that it is also true.

THE END

To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 22 SECONDS

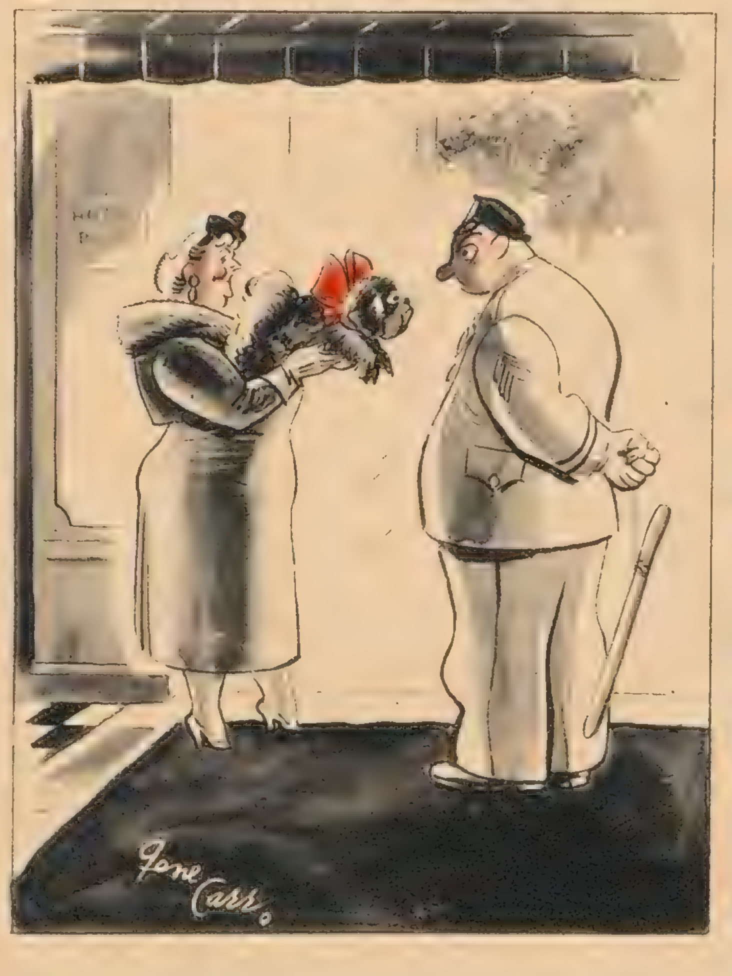
PATRICIA BOWMAN enjoys hot swing, but the boys at dancing parties are afraid to ask her. They can't forget she's a world-famous star of the ballet, so she has to make her own advances. Walking up to a boy whose appearance suits her, she timidly says, "Would you like to dance with me?" Would he! Oh, baby! You can guess what a thrill vibrates through the young man of her selection.

The type of her choice is light-haired, medium-sized, with a sensitive face, natural flair for rhythm, and quiet dancing manners. Type she avoids is the show-off who thinks he's good. As a rule, she has found, *he* is perfectly terrible. . . . For practice, a while ago, Patricia and one of her new ballet partners danced swing all night long at a ten-cents-a-dance taxi palace on Broadway. Three of her hot-number favorites are: Just One of Those Things, Our Love, and Franklin D. Roosevelt Jones. For ballroom waltzing she loves Strauss' Tales from the Vienna Woods.

Born in Washington, D. C., of American pioneer stock, Patricia took up dancing originally because her folks felt worried about her lack of appetite. Sent her to ballet school hoping the strenuous exercise would make her good and hungry. It did—and in time it also made her good and famous. Now an international celebrity, she is perhaps best known for her recent work in the Mordkin ballet, Voices of Spring.

☆ Everything I write this week is bound to have a Russian tone. That's sure to happen once you bring up the subject of the ballet. Can't be helped, so here goes. . . . True story told me by ballet master Mikhail Mordkin, from his memories of the Moscow Terror. Given a gun, he was posted as guard at the Art Theater. Ragged soldiers broke into the wardrobe, stealing costumes to keep themselves warm. Although sympathizing with the half-frozen men, Mordkin tried to stop them, since the costume collection could never be replaced. A military commissar heard his protest; barked, "That's no way to deal with the situation. Watch me." The commissar called a firing squad. In the gay fantastic finery they had stolen, all the looters were lined up against a wall of the theater. There they were shot. . . . A grotesque, nightmarish scene. Mordkin still dreams of it, and who could blame him?

☆ Among ballet people, the balminess of the Russian temperament is pronounced. Upon viewing Niagara Falls for the first time, Anna Pavlova said, "Wonderful! Now, where is Thomas Edison? I wish, please, to meet him right away." . . . Mme. Mordkin habitually forgets to undo paper-wrapped sugar lumps before dropping them in her tea or coffee. Calmly fishing the paper out with her spoon, she says, "When it floats to the top, you see, I know the sugar is all melted."



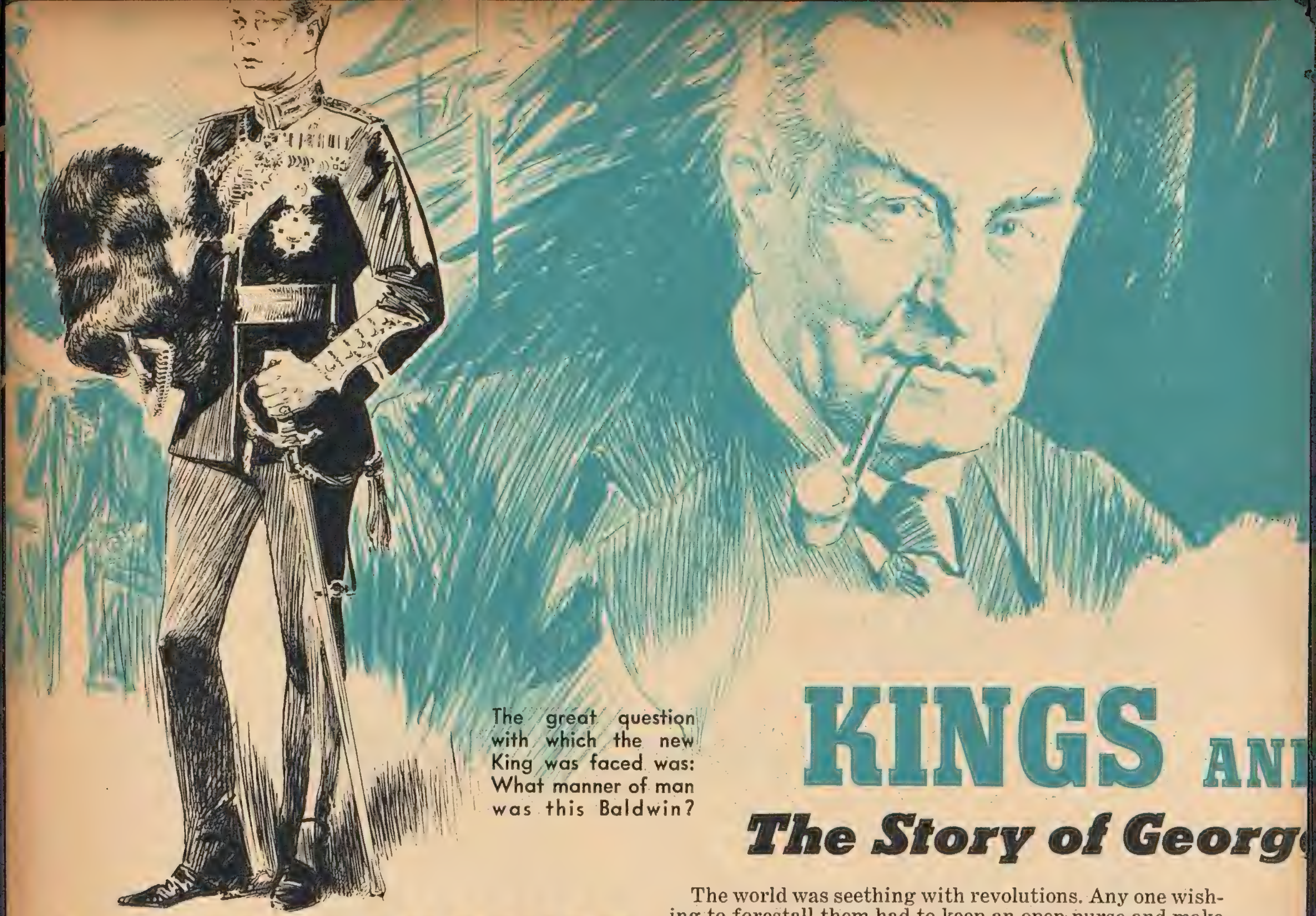
"Would you mind taking him on your rounds with you? He doesn't get enough exercise."

☆ After so much Russian dancing, you ought to be in the mood to try a Russian recipe. These *Russian Veal Cakes* are famous, and making them is good exercise, for the meat must be chopped very fine by hand. Don't use your grinder. . . . With 2 pounds hand-chopped veal combine 2 tablespoons cracker crumbs, 1 tablespoon butter, yolks and whites of 4 eggs, salt, pepper, a pinch of nutmeg. Shape into flat oval cakes; brush over with white of egg; sprinkle with cracker crumbs; fry golden brown. Lay each meat cake on 1 tablespoon thinly sliced mushroom simmered in butter and flavored with a dash of lemon juice. Serve with plain buttered rice, and a side dish of green peas mixed with fresh asparagus tips.

☆ Asked a professor of pharmacy if there is any special virtue in the oil of sunflower seeds as a relief from sunburn. I wanted to check up on a custom remembered by nearly every one who ever was young in old orthodox Russia. As soon as summer began there would be mysterious disappearances of consecrated oil out of the little open lamps placed in front of family icons. It was sunflower-seed oil perfumed with attar of roses, and all kids used to swipe it to ease their sunburn. To me it still seems as though nothing were quite as soothing as that sanctified sunflower oil, but my friend the pharmacy professor says any oil would have worked just as well—if applied with the same intensity of youthful imagination.

☆ If you enjoy American dancing in the old frontier manner, I recommend Grace L. Ryan's new book, Dances of Our Pioneers, with music arranged by Robert T. Benford. (Published by A. S. Barnes & Co. Costs $2.)

☆ Through letters to newspapers, a heated debate has been going on as to whether or not animals really have their own musical preferences. I know they do! Our dog Sharik, which in Russian means little bouncing ball, endeared himself most particularly to mother and me by creating a violent scene when father played the overture from William Tell on our piano. We *detested* that piece but were too polite to say so. Sharik, however, had no such restraint. He'd howl and carry on until father played something else. Then mother and I would show our secret gratitude by giving Sharik a handsome handout in the kitchen.



The great question with which the new King was faced was: What manner of man was this Baldwin?

KINGS AN

The Story of Georg

By EMIL LUDWIG

Author of Napoleon; Lincoln; Roosevelt, a Study in Fortune and Power, etc.

READING TIME • 25 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

Since both Edward, Prince of Wales, and the woman in his life were mature and had seen the world, their mutual attraction had been nothing sudden, Mr. Ludwig is convinced, and it was genuine and deep. Realizing what such a friendship meant to Edward, his brothers and his closest friends fostered it, at first. But his royal father's final years were troubled by gossip concerning it.

Upon King George's death, Albert, Duke of York, proved himself more than ever a helpful comrade to his elder brother, now King. The night after the father's coffin was brought from Sandringham, all four sons, in uniform, stood on guard around it in Westminster Hall. The sorrowful Edward's thoughts may well have been burdened with the difficulties of the situation now ahead of him: the ill-defined yet effectual limitations of the power of any modern British sovereign; the insistences and the apprehensions of England's upper class; the potent influence of the Church of England; the authority centered in the Prime Minister. Mr. Ludwig surmises that the new King, pondering all this, may even have reflected that, only a few yards from where he stood, his predecessor and ancestor Charles I had been condemned to death.

PART SEVEN—A RULER AND HIS MASTER

CONFLICTING thoughts must have filled the heart and head of the silent officer standing on guard. "The King is dead. Long live the King." That had been proclaimed often enough in the past few days, but was it any guaranty? Would not society be still less amenable to his own modern ideas than before, when, as the Prince of Wales, he had subscribed to the Miners' Fund and visited the slums? Would they not dread that a personality with his experience of the world and of war would shake the firmly established seats of the mighty? And had not his own Royal House felt more than one historic tremor because of the dispositions of sovereigns whose behavior had displeased society?

The world was seething with revolutions. Any one wishing to forestall them had to keep an open purse and make the greatest concessions of his own free will. A modern, intelligent king or a farsighted president was far more in a position to venture to make them than a class which saw its life interests jeopardized by every concession. Yet a man born to be king knows no freedom, at any rate in England, in this hall which opens into the House of Commons.

The thoughts of the officer standing motionless before the flickering candles must at that nocturnal hour have turned from world conditions to his own personal desires, only to meet with an insurmountable barrier. How was a man to set out on such a struggle, how was he to venture into the turmoil of public life, without first securing to himself a private life in which he would find warmth, comfort, and encouragement? If fate had summoned not him but the brother who stood there beside him, how much more protected, how much more confident he would have been as he set about his task! But he himself had vainly sought for friends, men and women, these twenty years past. And now at last, only two years ago, he had met a soul akin to his own, a woman who had for him that mysterious attraction without which a marriage is aimless or philistine, and in any case spiritually sterile. That very same day this woman had sent him a few lines of sympathy and encouragement, and he did not consider how deeply it might shock the public to see her standing beside him at the window when the proclamation was read.

Today he assures his friends he had decided long before that hour to marry as soon as possible after his succession to the throne liberated him from the tutelage of his father. His deeply ingrained honesty, which is the strong-

A "modern" on an ancient throne! Now
faces a new life—and a great huma

The four royal brothers. From left to right: George, Duke of Kent; Edward as King; Albert, Duke of York—now George VI; and Henry, Duke of Gloucester.

BROTHERS

I and Edward VIII

a monarch torn by doubts and dreams
rama approaches an historic climax

est trait in his character, and which is not confined to the outward forms of a traditional honor; his romantic resolve not to sell the love which he had found at last for political considerations but to make a free gift of it—these were the motives of a gentleman. The age at which he found this woman, his social ideas of a purely human morality unaffected by rank, and his stubbornness, the second basic trait in his character, all worked together to urge him on to marriage.

The thoughts that filed through his mind at that hour of night which saw him enter upon his vocation ranged abroad through the Empire, up and down through all social classes, back into the maze of his own heart. A feeling of friendship mingled with envy must have bridged the gulf between him and his brother, who felt with him all the misgivings of the man called to be King, and trembled still more than he at the distant possibility of a fateful solution to the problem.

How heavily these questions, public and private, must have weighed upon him in that hour is borne out by the testimony of a passer-by: "His face was so changed with grief that one turned one's eyes away from it; his features were drawn and set. It was the look of a man who, in the midst of personal grief, has taken the strain of a new and tremendous responsibility on his shoulders. His pale face looked in that moment as though it could never smile again."

And when in the solemn funeral procession, the diamond clasp holding the sapphire cross of the crown on the coffin worked loose and fell on to the roadway, the world shuddered.

That day the four brothers, with their mother, their friends, and the court, stood in the beautiful chapel of St. George at Windsor Castle, where every window spoke to them of the history of their House. Nearly a thousand years ago the Norman conquerors had established themselves at the spot where now a churchman stood whose ancestors had served George III. Among the choir was a man who, as a boy, had sung at the funeral of Queen Victoria. And the sexton was an old seaman who had been at sea with the dead King fifty-nine years before. Past the tomb of Charles, who had been buried without a head; past the tomb of Henry VIII, who had more wives than any of his subjects; past all the kings who had struggled and died the latest coffin moved, and as he heard the words, "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust," the young King took a handful of earth from a silver dish and strewed it on the coffin of his father as it sank into the vault.

I AM better known to you as the Prince of Wales, and though I now speak to you as King, I am still that same man." A frank, boyish sentence at the beginning of his first speech, and there is no doubt that it won the sympathies of the best among his millions of radio listeners. We are glad to know that, rejecting the tedious and dignified objections of his "adviser," he wrote not only this sentence but also the later and best parts of this fine speech himself. It was an immediate proof that the Englishman who had traveled the Empire most was more familiar with its soul than his ministers, who had seen little of it.

But that very advantage was of a nature to increase his isolation. For a hundred years no king had been so lonely when he ascended the throne. There was no wife, no Princess of Wales, to stand by him as wives had stood by his predecessors in these early moments. Even his brothers and his mother were obliged to withdraw from so elevated a member of the family. He had no friends such as his father had found in Lord Rosebery. There were no ministers of his age. What he inherited were elderly reactionary ministers and a suspicious archbishop.

Yet all those ministers testify to the dignity of his bearing when he held his first council at St. James's Palace, and pronounced his eulogy of his dead father; the same is true of his bearing in the House of Commons. But they were disturbed, and society still more so, by the very first things they heard about the new King. For after having inspected the Queen Mary, then in building, for hours on end, until his suite was exhausted, he asked the directors of the line point-blank: "How do you reconcile the world that has produced this mighty ship with the slums we have just visited?"

They were still more troubled when they read what Lansbury, the Labor leader, wrote of him: "I take off my hat. We do what we can, but he goes into the houses. We don't."

King Edward forbade the Highlanders, when he came, to stand at attention in the avenue at Balmoral, as they had done for a hundred years past. Once, when the director of a hospital, telephoning to the palace, got no answer from the telephone operator and asked, "Who's speaking?" he heard the answer: "The King." Great alarm. A stammered excuse. "Doesn't matter. Can I do anything for you?" The fact that the telephone had been connected to the King's apartments and that he had answered it by mistake was merely amusing. But that he offered, as the director told later, to do something for the stranger—this was "unkingly" and opened people's eyes.

The King, moreover, did himself harm by a series of measures, the double sense of which could easily be interpreted to his discredit. At Sandringham he dismissed a large number of old servants. He both wished to economize, for by nature he cannot keep money, and felt a democratic desire to have as few servants as possible, especially in a house where he did not reside. Of all the accusations leveled against him which will be enumerated later on, this is one of the two which cannot quite be refuted.

But it must not be forgotten that he was bored at Balmoral and the other royal residences, and had resolved never to go there again, but to live at Belvedere, which he had arranged to suit his own taste. That, of course, was resented by the Scots.

As long as he was Prince, all the girls were in love with him, and even the men were pleased to see "the boy" at receptions. Now they were all astonished that a man who looked so young should dare to say what he thought. The criticism implied in his comparison of the hovels of the dock workers with the luxurious cabins of the finest ship in the world passed from mouth to mouth. Suddenly "the boy" was a "Bolshie." People remembered how he had said some time previously, at the Manchester Chamber of Commerce, that a great many English products were too dear; he had said, too, that the members of the Chamber should travel more, study the markets on the spot, and learn publicity from the Americans.

As always happens, those who were not pleased with him threw the blame on the foreigners, who were obviously turning the King's head. The King, who actually had always been bored in the highest society, found more amusing company among less pretentious English people and Americans, who made not more but fewer claims on him. They were spoken of in a broadcast speech of the day as "that raffish group that now lords it over London society, that mongrel pack of mainly immigrant aliens, naturalized or otherwise, the invaders, the hardest and most hated people in England."

ACTUALLY they were harmless people, whose worst crime was to be uninteresting to the socially elect. They were American business men or officers who, by reason of their upbringing, were generally incapable of dabbling in high politics. What were their occupations when they were staying with the King at Fort Belvedere? They danced, they had crossword-puzzle contests, enjoyed a French supper, too good to be English, and probably flirted a little in the garden. Among the fictions which now began to be current, one went the rounds that plans of warships were lying about at Belvedere "under the eyes of a cosmopolitan society" with a cocktail glass standing on them!

But the worst thing was that the new King, when he was photographed in this gay circle, was always laughing, while at his first official reception at Buckingham Palace the film shows him sitting in a garden chair much too big for him, obviously bored in truly boyish fashion by the procession of curtsying ladies passing in front of his straw throne. His face wears the gloomy expression it seemed to lose only at Belvedere.

Thus, while the new King in the first months of his reign gave the impression of a man in sympathy with the people, suspicious of society, and independent in his actions, his social behavior was eagerly discussed in the clubs which mattered by the handful of men governing England behind the scenes, long before there was any talk of the woman whose separation from her husband was still months ahead.

Moreover, events in world politics—the Abyssinian adventure, the outbreak, in the summer, of civil war in Spain—made the whole question of war or peace, and the uncertainty as to the attitude of the new King in such matters, far more important. The Conservative government he had inherited was hostile to his fundamental ideas. Small wonder that from time to time, instead of blindly signing papers, he would lay one aside, read it through a few days later, and then make inquiries about it of the minister concerned. The government department complained that this delayed business, and there were those who declared that the real reason was not the King's interest in affairs but merely the love of pleasure he was trying to conceal. The King, faced with a Cabinet of strangers, could not but gauge his prospects of realizing his schemes, more especially his private ones, by the power and tendencies of that Cabinet, or, to speak more exactly, of his Prime Minister, who was, to all intents and purposes, his master.

This Prime Minister had been in office when Edward had come to the throne. Until the next general election he would stay. Hence the great question with which the new King was faced was: What manner of man was this Stanley Baldwin?

ON his father's side, Baldwin was connected with heavy industry; on his mother's he descended from Methodist clergy. Thus he united the heritage of money with the heritage of faith, the mentality of very rich iron founders, that is of men of power with thousands of workmen dependent on them, with the puritan tone of a Methodist.

It would be unfair to say that the millionaire side predominates, or even that the millionaire in him represents the darker side of his character. Without ever showing any sign of inward conflict or suffering—for Baldwin was always happy till his health declined—he lived tranquilly with his double spiritual heritage. Since he is an honest man, at one with himself, with God, and with the rulers of the world, since he has never been swept away by passion, whether of love or ambition, he has passed his life in a state of unruffled complacency and never known a sleepless night. He has at all times performed his duties toward his fellow beings, the community, the State, the workers, according to the commandments of his spiritual fathers, has never ruined or even oppressed a dependent, as rich men sometimes do in sheer wantonness, and has thus balanced the privileges of the man born to wealth by service to his fellows.

Among the ten men forming the Coalition Cabinet of 1931, half of whom were known to me personally, there are two in the photograph before me whom I would trust implicitly. These are Lord Reading and Snowden. At that time, however, both were shriveled and weary. Behind MacDonald striking an attitude in his convulsive effort to look like a great man, behind Neville Chamberlain with his assumed hail-fellow-well-met air, there stand a few men whose names are hardly known outside of England, and Sir Samuel Hoare, devoured by inward ambition. Between MacDonald and Snowden, however, sits by far the most interesting of them all—Baldwin—who combines unflinching energy with unruffled calm and is a picture of self-assurance, very masculine and very shrewd. He and Hoare look as if they were the only men in the photograph to know their own minds, to be prepared, within the limits of decency, to sacrifice any one to achieve their ends, the one out of personal ambition to keep power in his hands, the other out of stubbornness to prove himself in the right.

His lines indeed have fallen in pleasant places. Twice or thrice, suddenly and swiftly, chance and good fortune have rescued him from the long flat plain of his existence. True, he would have been quite happy with his foundries, his wife and his children. But he missed no opportunity of serving the community, and he is firmly convinced that that is the motive of all his actions. As he is on very good terms with God, he believes that God thinks so too.

In a similar way to the founding of the house of Krupp, his great-grandfather had founded the ironworks about

1800, and his grandfather had developed them. Thus his father was in a position to employ thousands of workmen, to be the director of a big bank and railway, and to marry a poor girl for love. He was well aware that the marriage lent more brilliance to his house than his money to the parsonage from which his wife came, for two of her sisters married artists who won fame, Poynter and Burne-Jones, and the third, Lockwood Kipling, whose son was the writer. His own wife, Baldwin's mother, wrote novels and verse which had their modest vogue.

Baldwin, of course, went to Cambridge. But that was a purely decorative episode, for, like the Prince of Wales, he had first to perform official duties, then to succeed his father in his great industry, a position in which he gave proof of excellent capacities. Like all very rich people at the end of the nineteenth century, the family was stanchly Conservative. For that matter three British races were united in this house, for to the purely English blood of his father, there was added the mingled Scottish and Welsh descent of the mother. Those Scottish forebears had fled from the Highlands about 1750, and Baldwin told later, jokingly, how irksome it was to him at one time to stand up when they played God Save the King.

When his father, at the age of fifty, was, owing to his influence, selected as Tory candidate for his own little town, and thus became the first Baldwin to sit in the House of Commons, he transferred his entire business to his son, then aged twenty-five, who carried it on in the tradition of the house till his father died; he was then forty-one. At twenty-five he had married the daughter of a well known resident of his own town, and by her he had two sons and four daughters.

WHEN King George V heard that Baldwin, at every family wedding, would travel to his father-in-law's house with his wife and growing family in a private railway carriage —after all, he was a director of the railway; heard how, on Sundays, he would sit down, smoke, refuse to speak, and when the fashion came in, solve crossword puzzles, puffing at his eternal pipe, the King thought to himself that this was a man after his own heart.

With his father's fortune, Baldwin had also inherited his seat in the House of Commons—that is, he had been able to win the seat without opposition, owing to the influence of the family name. He had sat in the House from the age of forty-one to fifty without drawing attention to himself in any way. He made few speeches during those nine years. Not until 1917, when the country needed every able mind it possessed, was he appointed to the Treasury; till then, big war contracts kept him at his ironworks. "I was offered service," he said later in a speech, "in the government, and, to my delight, in an unpaid post. I regarded myself as dedicated to the service of my country." Unpaid! He had been one of the wealthiest men to enter the service of the State in England in modern times; when the war began, he was forty-seven and in perfect health, and the Baldwin shares tripled their value during the war, so that he profited to the tune of £200,000.

This was his general situation when he became private secretary to Bonar Law, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and, six months later, a Financial Secretary to the Treasury.

After the war he felt it incumbent on him to sacrifice some of his money to the impoverished State; he decided to make a gift of a fifth of his fortune, and realized, quite rightly, that the gift must be public in order to egg others on to like sacrifices. It could be made under his own name or, if that seemed to smack of vanity, anonymously. But between the two ways there lay a third. He wrote a letter to the Times stating that he felt he must make a beginning, as no one else seemed inclined to do so, however distasteful publicity was to him. He would present the State with 20 per cent of his fortune of £580,000—that is, with £120,000—"as a thank-offering . . . Yours, etc., F. S. T."

THE letter caused a sensation. In due course the initials were deciphered; they stood for Financial Secretary to the Treasury; though it was several years before Baldwin's identity was disclosed by Steed, who had been the editor of the times.

"Humility," writes La Rochefoucauld, "is often nothing more than pretended submission, used to make others submit. It is a trick of pride which abuses in order to elevate itself."

Baldwin preferred to associate with second-class minds, and later proved it by the men of whom he formed his Cabinet. Yet he has the greatest respect for better brains and puts that to good use, excusing his own shortcomings by his faith in stronger characters. When he was charged with a blunder in his second term of office, he replied: "I thought we should have taken another line. But then Winston [Churchill] came along with his hundred-horsepower brain, and what was I to do!"

In 1921 he became President of the Board of Trade, and in 1922, with two others, he headed the Cabinet revolt against the Prime Minister, Lloyd George, whom they wished to replace by Lord Curzon. At the famous meeting at the Carlton Club, he said: "The Prime Minister is a dynamic force, and it is from that that our troubles arise. A dynamic force is a very terrible thing. It may crush you, but is not necessarily right."

The Prime Minister, the following day, was forced to resign, largely as a result of this speech. The necessities of war were over; both England and France now dropped their "dynamic" rescuers. Besides Lloyd George, Churchill and Austen Cham-

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FOR GEM AND EVER-READY RAZORS

berlain were turned out in England and "undynamic" second-rate men, darlings of society, came in. A few months later Bonar Law resigned on account of ill health, and the King summoned, not Lord Curzon, as everybody had expected, but Baldwin, who was still little known outside the circles of initiates. One of the shrewdest journalists, however, wrote of him: "There is no more thoroughly English Englishman in the House."

In this case the King had actually exercised his free choice between the two men. The political situation being exceptional, there was, practically speaking, no third to consider. Although Lord Curzon died not long afterward, if he had been made Prime Minister in 1923, Baldwin's later term of office would have been difficult and his long service impossible; King Edward would have found some one else before him when he ascended the throne.

KING GEORGE had rightly judged his country's taste. Not six months after being a nobody, Baldwin had won the game, simply because he was safe and was serviceable to Church and society alike. His speeches reflected, even in the very tone of his voice, that modesty beloved not only of the ruling classes in England but of the middle class too. He presented himself to his constituency as Prime Minister in the following terms:

"I am just one of yourselves, who has been called to special work for the country at this time. I never sought the office. I never planned out or schemed in my life. I have but one idea, which was an idea that I inherited, and it was the idea of service—service to the people of this country. My father lived in that belief all his life, and behind him members of my family. . . . It is a tradition; it is in our bones; and we have to do it. . . . It makes very little difference whether a man is driving a tramcar or sweeping streets or being Prime Minister, if he only brings to that service everything that is in him and performs it for the sake of mankind."

This is the very tone of the Sunday sermons of his maternal ancestors, combined with the cheerfulness of heirs to wealth who have never had to struggle and who, in order to impress their electors with their humility, designate as pleasing to the Lord a life utterly devoted to their own happiness and the power of their class.

In that important speech Baldwin revealed a life rich in sacrifice. At the time, however, the point at issue was not sacrifice but power and money. We must not deny that during a strike Baldwin has paid his workmen out of his own pocket for as long as six weeks at a time; nor has he omitted to mention the fact in the House. But when, in the night preceding the General Strike, the Trade Union leaders came to see him with a last proposal for settlement, he was already in bed and, as head of the government, he carried on the struggle against the strikers to its bitter end. When an appeal was made to the government for funds for the miners after the strike, he referred the appeal to private collections and pointed out that, according to Holy Scripture, love and charity were one. But when the Labor men went to America to collect money for their brothers rendered destitute by the strike, Baldwin declared in the American press that there was no hunger among the miners.

And when every argument failed, he begged the millions for their confidence in a broadcast speech: "You placed me in power eighteen months ago by the largest majority. . . . Have I done anything to forfeit that confidence? Can't you trust me to ensure a square deal for both parties?"

Prayers, confidence, the angel of peace—such are the things with which he conquers, if not the House, then at any rate the hearts of thousands of readers and electors. He speaks nearly as often about himself as Hitler, only he always prefaces such remarks with an excuse for them. Then comes his knack of admitting his own mistakes at the psychological moment. When, in 1934, he declared that Germany was only half as strongly armed as England, and six months later admitted that that estimate had been "completely wrong," he owed to this fateful error his reinstatement as Prime Minister a few months later. From this his biographer Roberts draws the witty conclusion that the ordinary Englishman enjoys such self-accusations, for he can say to himself that if the Prime Minister can be guilty of such lapses, any ordinary man must be able to rule the country.

Baldwin's reinstatement after so historical an error can only be explained by the English desire for moderation at the head of the government. What was his record during his years as Prime Minister? Three decided blunders: First, in 1927, his divergence from the League of Nations, when Lord Cecil left the government, declaring that it was carrying out a blockade of peace, and was hostile to "security, arbitration, and disarmament." Immediately afterward the Prince of Wales made a pacifist speech in the Albert Hall which was clearly aimed against Baldwin and in favor of Cecil.

Second, in 1923, on his one official visit abroad, the agreement with America about the English war debts, in which he consented to 3½ per cent interest on the debts of one milliard owed by England to America, while England was only getting 1 per cent on the two milliards owed to her by Germany; for that very reason the agreement collapsed at the end of ten years.

Third, the historical blunder about the German armaments, the fateful consequences of which were not checked by his moral penitence but led directly to the events in Munich four years later.

Baldwin has discovered the means of rescuing himself at critical moments in the sacrifice of his ministers. The best known case is that of Sir Samuel Hoare. In December, 1935, just before the death of his father, the Prince of Wales sat in the gallery of the House, leaning forward, his hand round his ear, to listen to what Baldwin had to say of the friend and colleague he sacrificed that day on account of the agreement with Laval about Abyssinia. His speech was a masterpiece of humble shrewdness. After having produced all his excuses, like the schoolboy who "with shining morning face" stammers that his bus was late, he continued:

". . . you may say that it was an act of weakness on my part. It certainly was an error of judgment. . . . If there arose a storm when I knew I was in the right, I would let it break on me, and I would either survive it or break." Then, in a voice tremulous with emotion: "But if I felt after examination of myself that there was in that storm something which showed me that, however unconsciously, I had done something that was not wise or right, then I would bow."

AND bow he did before public opinion; he confessed his faults. But although, in English usage, the Prime Minister is responsible for his Cabinet, he did not draw the obvious conclusion and retire; he sent his minister Hoare forth into the wilderness. Baldwin, the scion of hardhearted industrialists, remained at his mighty post. The main thing was achieved: immediately before he sacrificed Hoare, he had said that it was the tradition of his party never to let a friend down—"and I stand by it."

At this point, when Baldwin was displaying to the House and the country how loyally he stood by his friends, the newspaper report interpolates that the Prince of Wales hung over the gallery till it became positively dangerous, and listened with his hand to his ear so as not to lose a word. Exactly a year later that very minister was to pronounce judgment on that very Prince, now King, in that same House. But the only occupants of the gallery then, leaning forward with their hands to their ears, were the self-righteous.

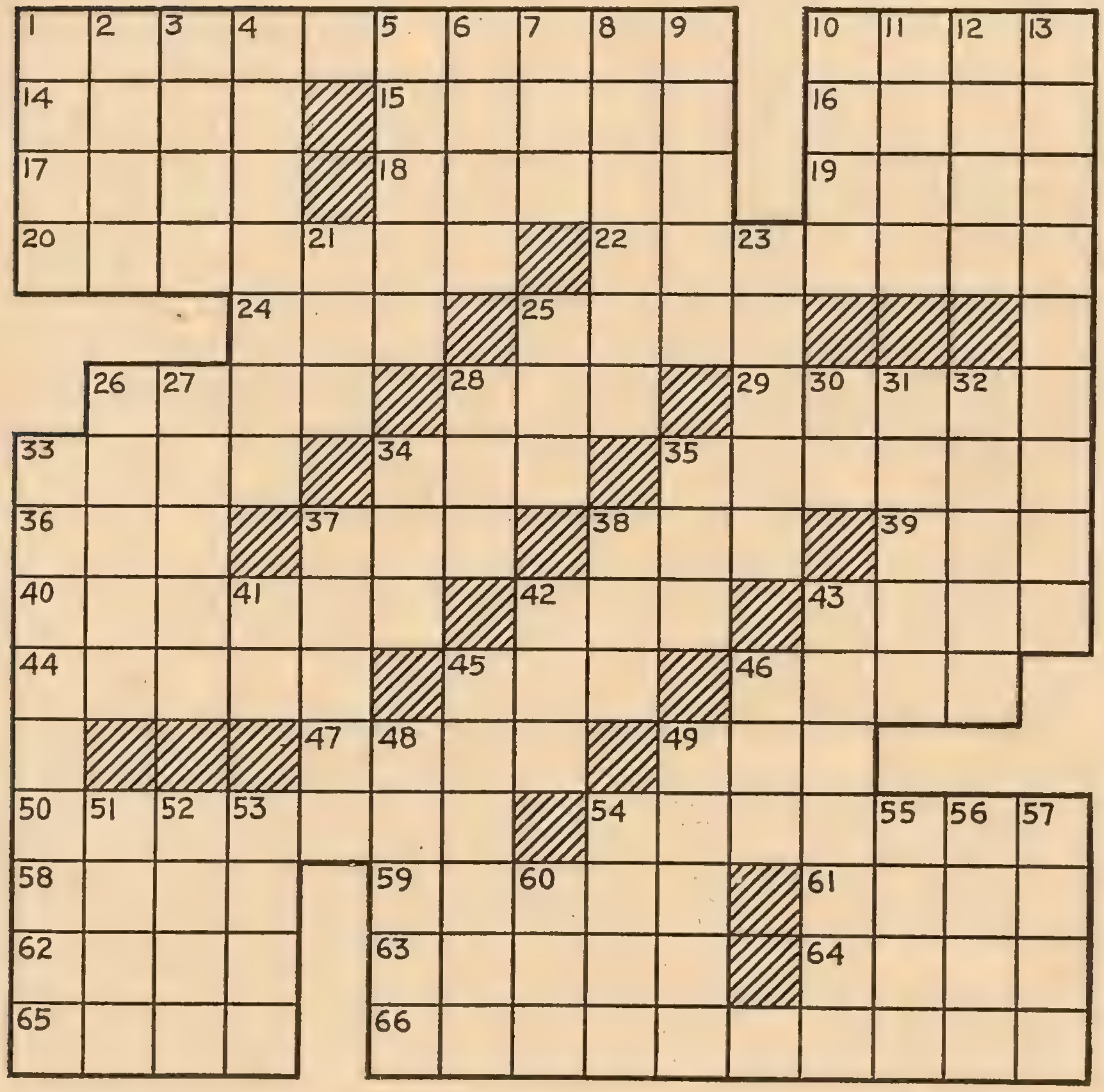
Meanwhile, even in 1935, Edward may well have been thoughtful as he drove home from Westminster. So that was the man who wielded the supreme power in England; that was the man he would have to take over with the Empire whenever the ailing King, his father, died. He died five weeks later, and the new King was faced with a character exactly the contrary of his own.

King, yet alone. In a crisis like this, not even his ever-loyal younger brother could stand at his side. Was there anything to give him hope in the histories of England's royal marriages? Next week Mr. Ludwig will make it plain that—from a purely legal standpoint—Edward's stubborn sense of honor was the one and only obstacle between him and the marriage he was resolved upon.

Puzzle # 117 7/1/39

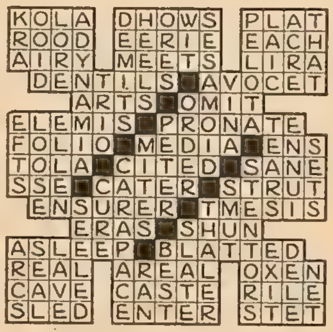
COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

by Ted Shane



HORIZONTAL

1 Whalen's bubble
10 What hot dogs do in August
14 Fuzz that collects on knobs
15 How witches enjoy little boys and girls
16 Roman Cupid
17 A Latin look
18 Rarest thing among tightwads
19 Armed lily
20 Delivered a string of little sausages
22 Defunct Atlantic (two words)
24 Great thing to give a windy young man
25 Cherman Woman's Home Companion
26 Bumper crop
28 Bottlefield
29 Length and breadth of a ruler
33 Cry of the auctioneer
34 Homemade cushion
35 Anemic hound with a Rahshn haggzent
36 What time was long?
37 A rag, a bone, and a hank o' hair
38 It takes pull to operate one
39 Twenty Lazy Lumpkins (abbr.)
40 He used to suit us to a tea
42 Kind of a nut
43 Do the dicker-do
44 What wise guys are when things are off the level
45 Pirate's master
46 Pirates' nickname
47 Copycats
49 Tenth-century Nazi
50 No-man's weapon
54 Air-cooled doghouses
58 This bird is rare in any language
59 Balcony blaster
61 Pair of black eyes
62 Number of things Hitler admits he's done wrong
63 Takes a chest protector to avoid it
64 Old port
65 It certainly enjoys its doe
66 Flying fish


KOLA DHOWS PLAT
ROOD EERIE EACH
AIRY MEETS LIRA
DENTILS AVOCET
ARTS OMIT
ELEMIS PRONATE
FOLIO MEDIA ENS
TOLA CITED SANE
SSE CATER STRUT
ENSURER TMESIS
ERAS SHUN
ASLEEP BLATTED
REAL AREAL OXEN
CAVE CASTE RILE
SLED ENTER STET

Last week's answer

VERTICAL

1 "Boy, is it hot!"
2 One by one
3 Misers marry in the chicken coop to save it
4 Copper country
5 Well known piper
6 Kind of folk who consume nails and expectorate ground glass
7 French summer
8 McGuffey the First
9 You can't come in unless you do
10 This is yer best pal in Pizen Gulch
11 Tooth-paste and soup salesman
12 Shiny bugle, often blown by women
13 Marry-go-round (masc.)
21 Prune's baby
23 Indian back scratcher
25 Kelly
26 Four-footed pest found around radio hillbillies
27 Beat it with the old man's Little Treasure
28 Eye tire
30 He who hesitates says this
31 Ol' Mexican Indian
32 Lies around and picks daisies mentally
33 One of man's favorite feathered friends
34 It covers a multitude of skins
35 Mushy place
37 Nickname for Georgetown players
38 The kid around the Hub
41 Dental President (abbr.)
42 A hog with a motor
43 Roman wrist watch
45 We have noiseless typewriters, why not noiseless this?
46 Morning's morning
48 Emergency rear-end repair
49 Noiseless harp player
51 Bacchanal yippee!
52 $25 and costs is anything but this!
53 What it's hard to make of a child with a toothbrush
54 Unpopular puss
55 This is just full of music
56 Don't get one of these against your house, lest it collapse
57 You've got to be quick on the triggernometry to get this
60 What yes-men with swivel pusses do

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

HERE'S HOW
to enjoy
grapefruit juice
all summer long!

Today, almost all kinds of good things to eat and drink come in cans—ready to be zipped open and enjoyed. And now that includes grapefruit juice!

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Real Florida orange juice now also comes in cans. Keep *both* always on hand.

FLORIDA CITRUS COMMISSION, LAKELAND, FLORIDA

FLORIDA
CANNED
grapefruit
JUICE

Look for the word "FLORIDA" on the can if you want the best

AMNESIA

Liberty's Short Short

BY FRANK RICHARDSON PIERCE

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

I SAW him walking slowly down a park path that would intersect the one I was following. His was the tenseness of a man who had spent fruitless days and sleepless nights on some tremendous crisis in his life. I knew that he had failed and was confused, as I knew he would never accept final defeat. My woman's intuition told me that—and more.

A second glance revealed little clues to the man he was before his tragedy. Tall and distinguished, with a fine strong face, his blue eyes were normally bright and clear and his hair brown and curly. Now the eyes and even the hair seemed dulled. Normally he would be a man's man—and a woman's man, too. I knew he did the things men did—golfed, sailed, shot, danced well enough, drank moderately, and that the aroma of good cigars lingered in his conservatively tailored clothing.

It was within his power to make some woman terribly happy—or terribly miserable. But he wouldn't want the latter to happen. He reminded me of some one I had known and admired long ago—a friend of dad's perhaps.

He looked up and saw me. "Marion!" he shouted. My name is Kit, a silly little nickname dad gave me. "Darling!" he cried. He leaped a hedge and ran toward me.

I was frightened and my knees were shaking, but I managed to retain some composure.

"Marion!" he said again. "I've hunted an eternity for you."

Then I was in his arms—and thoroughly frightened. There was a hunger in their strength and a tenderness that made me want to cry. But it was he who lost his composure. He dropped his head on my shoulder and sobbed from sheer relief, and when he faced me again, the lines and shadows were leaving his face. "You're all right?" he anxiously inquired. "Marion! You don't know me!" His hands dug into my shoulders. "Marion! It's Bill, your husband. What happened?"

I understood now. The poor fellow was suffering from amnesia. He needed sympathy and guidance, otherwise there might be a permanent injury. The border line of sanity is shadowy at times. "Now, Bill," I said, "everything is all right. Let's walk. I love this park."

"Yes, let's walk," he agreed, "and talk." He clutched my arm as if he expected me to make a sudden break for liberty.

The sooner he was in the hands of a specialist in mental diseases, the better. His wife, if he had one—and he probably did—must be frantic. He doubtless had identification cards in his pocket, and the authorities could be notified later.

Bill's grip on my arm tightened as we neared a heavily wooded area.

"We're going this way," he said, abruptly turning. "The car is parked two blocks down the boulevard."

I achieved calmness with an effort and walked with him until we met a group of men working on a ditch. Then I stopped. "This man isn't annoying me," I said quietly. "The poor fellow is suffering from amnesia. He thinks I am his wife. Will you please take charge of him and telephone the receiving hospital. Be gentle, please."

"Listen, Marion," he said desperately. "Don't you know me?"

They overpowered him by sheer force of numbers, without striking a blow. "All right!" he yelled. "I won't fight, but hold her until the police come."

"If you boys don't mind," I said, "I'll finish my walk and return home. I'll call at the police station this afternoon, if I can be of any help."

He put up a furious struggle again, and I hurried back to the park, wondering if I hadn't blundered. Such things should be managed considerately. But it certainly would have been madness to get into his car. His face continued to haunt me. It was so helpless and despairing.

When I returned to my hotel I tried to put him out of my mind. He returned, reminding me of some one I had known. "Now, let's see," I muttered. "What friend of dad's looked like this Bill person?"

I paced the room for a half hour, then gave it up. I went down to dinner, but couldn't find anything that tempted my appetite. I summed up the situation again—an amnesia victim mistakes me for his wife. And because he resembles some one I knew long ago, and is a type I admire, I allow his face to haunt me. "Kit, you're too darned sympathetic, and always have been," I protest. "Take a hot bath, to soothe your nerves, and make some plans for yourself."

Curiously enough, I was vague about my plans as I relaxed in the tub. Then I saw the man's face again in the steam—confused, lined, and desperate. I blew the steam, and the face condensed to drops that ran down the wall.

Why did I decide on this jaunt in the first place? What would mom and dad say to little Kit gadding about by herself? What impulse started it?

Things began to drift through my mind: Little Kit on the diving board—the highest platform—trying some fancy tricks. She whistled through the air and struck at an angle. She surged inward and struck the wall with her head. And saw a million stars, but . . .

I sat up with a jerk. It wasn't little Kit—it was mature Marion who had made a bad dive—Mrs. Bill Graham, who left the pool with head swimming and who for some unaccountable reason packed her bags and bought a ticket. And Bill, tall and distinguished, wasn't one of dad's friends. He was *my* Bill!

I left a trail of water from the bathtub to the telephone. "Operator, give me the Police Department. Hurry!" . . . "No, it isn't a robbery." And when the department answered, I asked if Bill Graham had left his address. "What! This very hotel?" Well, that shouldn't have surprised me, any more than that Bill should hunt for me in parks. I've loved them since childhood. And Bill always stopped at the best hotels.

He answered the telephone almost before the operator stopped ringing. "It's Marion, Bill. Everything is all right. Honest, Bill, the fog has gone and the stars are shining. I'm in seven fourteen, Bill. No, I won't run away. I . . . couldn't."

He was coming through the door almost before I could mop up and get into a dressing gown.

THE END

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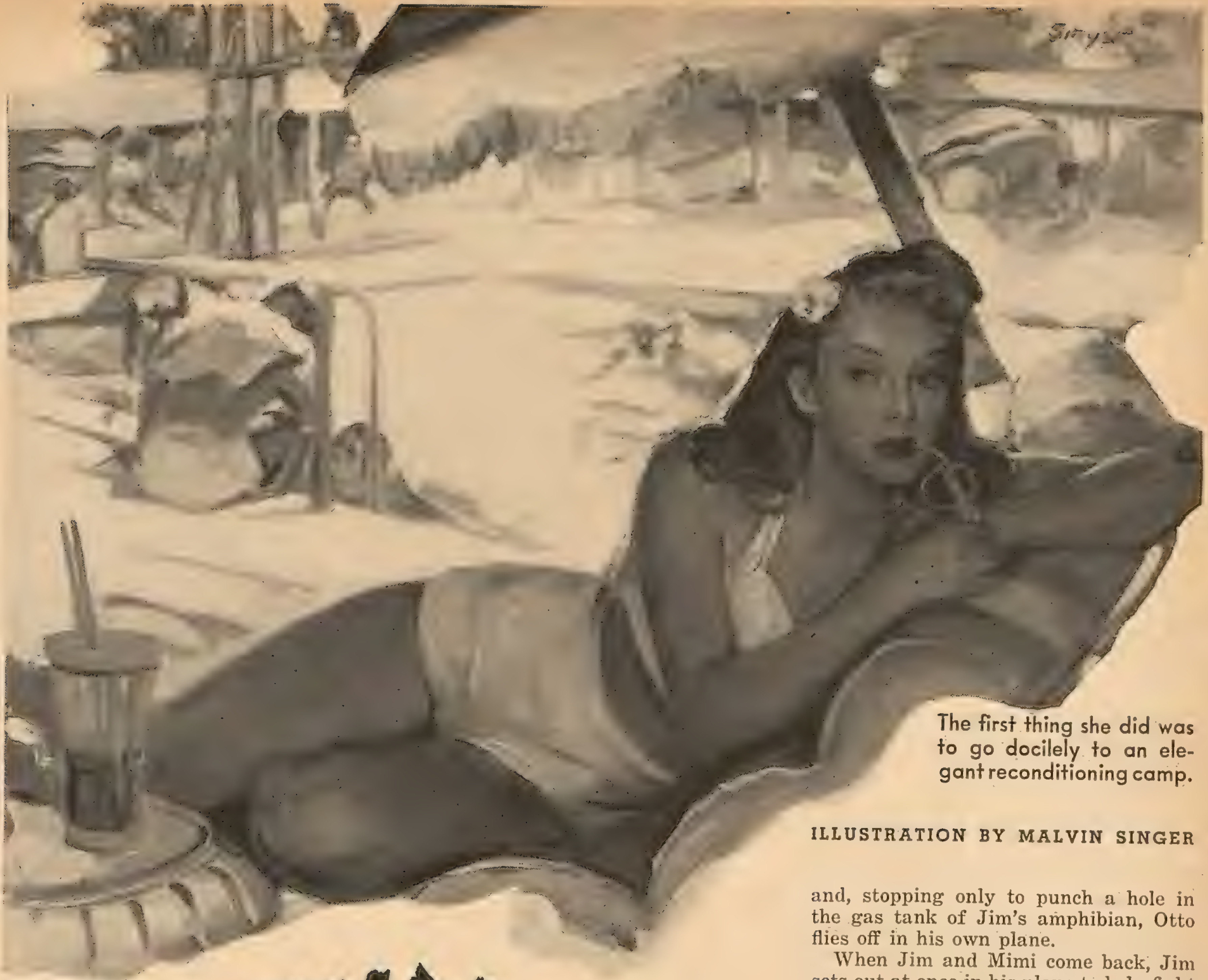

The first thing she did was to go docilely to an elegant reconditioning camp.

ILLUSTRATION BY MALVIN SINGER

FILTHY RICH

BY CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.

READING TIME ● 20 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

JIM WAYNE is a young Canadian aviator, and a friend of old Rob Jamieson, self-made gold king. When he visits the Jamieson home near Toronto and sees how shallow and dissipated Mimi, Rob's beautiful young daughter, has become, he kidnaps the girl and flies with her to Lone Island, his home in the North Woods. He hopes, for Rob's sake, he can make her see the futility of her life and convince her that Count Otto von Ungemach, the Austrian she intends to marry, is a fortune hunter.

Mimi does begin to see—but only after she has fallen in love with Jim and has made up her mind to try and win him from Laura Hill, a competent buxom blonde nurse known as the White Squaw.

While Mimi and Jim are away from the island in search of a supposed gold mine, Otto arrives. His business in the North is partly to rescue Mimi and partly to complete some nefarious work in which he is engaged—work which includes the selling of deadly liquor, " blind tiger," to the Indians, and the setting of forest fires. While he is on the island the fires start to the south and, stopping only to punch a hole in the gas tank of Jim's amphibian, Otto flies off in his own plane.

When Jim and Mimi come back, Jim sets out at once in his plane to help fight the fires—and returns late that night, crushed and shattered, in a canoe with two Indians and a member of the Canadian Mounted Police. His plane has crashed.

Mimi, knowing nothing of nursing, is helpless, and old Nishima, an Indian witchwoman, takes charge. Nishima hates the white girl and believes that she is an evil spirit. Otto, who in the meantime has returned, wants Mimi to leave the island with him, but she refuses, and finally he goes alone, promising to bring a doctor for Jim.

The next morning a doctor and Laura Hill arrive. But Otto is not with them. Mimi asks where he is, and the officer who has flown the two to the island replies: " He was unavoidably detained! Perhaps this note—which we allowed him to write you—will explain! "

PART NINE—LAURA TAKES CHARGE

THOSE morning moments on Lone Island while Mimi stood reading Otto's note were the most embarrassing and bewildering ones in her life. For one thing, the newcomers had all stared at her as though she had been a leper—or, worse, a Ger-

A battle for love seems lost . . A girl tries to forget . . and then, a surprise

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Boys Sales Division
205 East 42 Street, N. Y. City, N. Y.
Please tell me how I can become a Liberty Boy Salesman and earn free prizes and cash profits.
Please print plainly!
NAME.............................AGE..........
ADDRESS...
CITY..............................STATE..........
Please have your parent show approval by signing here:
....

man spy! And for another, Otto's note told her that he had been arrested on suspicion of Nazi sabotage! Otto a German agent? Absurd!

"But—it can't be true about him!" she protested to the strange Royal Canadian Mounted Police officer. "I mean, it isn't possible! I've known him for months."

"It is true," he assured her. "And there are questions we want to ask *you*." He stared at her probingly.

Fortunately the other officer, Mimi's friend, appeared in the doorway. He had already escorted the doctor and the White Squaw to Jim's bunkside. "Miss Jamieson has been through quite an ordeal here, Craig," he said. "And I think you'll find that she and her family have been innocent victims of a very clever operator."

"You suspected him?" the man called Craig asked.

"Only when our Indians drank two bottles of blind tiger that Nishima swore she had seen him toss from his plane."

MIMI shuddered. This was unbelievable! Otto! Blind tiger! The drink that made people crazy to kill; the drink that had started several riots, caused untold destruction, death! Not Otto mixed up with that and with other fiendish sabotage! Not handsome, amusing, cultured Count Otto who was writing a book on Indian tribes, who knew so much about Canada—*too much?*

Didn't he know too much? Yes. . . . Mimi's whirling thoughts steadied, began to assume shape and pattern. Yes. Otto had known too much. This accusation was probably true. Her Austrian count was a German agent! And she had almost married him! Indeed, up until only a short while ago, she had fully intended to be Countess von Ungemach! Why, right in that cabin, just the other night, she had been thinking how she and Otto would laugh in their Riviera villa over her mad adventures during this Lone Island nightmare! But that had been, of course, before she had realized that she loved Jim.

"Oh!" Mimi covered her eyes with her hands, leaned wearily against the log wall of the cabin porch. "It all sounds crazy," she whispered. "Nothing makes sense! Too much has happened!"

The note of hysteria in her voice alarmed the young officer who had admiringly watched her try to do her share in the tragic emergency through which they had recently passed. He steadied her with one of his own bandaged hands, shook his head warningly at his brother Mountie, and went into the cabin.

It was Laura Hill's crisp efficient voice that restored Mimi's self-control, made her pride rise up and do battle for her. Mimi scarcely noticed that her friendly Mountie had disappeared into the cabin, nor did she hear what he said to the White Squaw. But she did hear the latter's cold, impatient tones: "Give her a shot of the whisky I brought. She's used to it! Probably had it with her baby bottle! I've got my hands busy here. The cabin's a mess. Nothing has been done right—except Nishima's work!"

When the young officer reappeared in the doorway, a small whisky glass in his hand, he found Mimi standing erect, eyes blazing, color staining her erstwhile pale cheeks. "I don't need anything, thank you," she said. Then she smiled and for a moment looked so beautiful that he caught his breath. "But you're awfully sweet and thoughtful. I appreciate it! Is Jim— What does the doctor say?" Her heart was in her wide dark eyes.

"Resting easily," he assured her gently. "They can't move him yet, but they brought supplies."

"Otto did that much!" Mimi breathed thankfully.

"Yes. I imagine he planned to brazen it through and come back for you."

"Then I was *some* good!" she exclaimed. But immediately after the words had slipped out she blushed even more deeply. "I guess I'm a little tired—" She looked at him in surprise. "I don't even know your name!"

"Peter."

She nodded. "A nice name. Peter, will you tell this policeman Craig here that I'm an honest American citizen, that my father *was* a good Canadian, *is* a good American, that if I'd known Otto was a German agent I'd have drowned him in beer!"

AT that moment the White Squaw, looking serene, handsome, and at home, came to the door. "I hope you're feeling better?" she questioned Mimi but didn't wait for an answer. "Jim is resting comfortably now. As soon as Nishima changes the poultice, he wants to say good-by to you."

"Good-by?"

"Yes. I know you'll want to leave now that things have turned out as they have. So little accommodation for us all here." Laura's face was that of a kindergarten teacher breaking the news to her stupidest pupil that she hadn't passed.

"Yes," Mimi said. "Yes, of course." And she thought, This awful White Squaw person is right! I'm no good here—in the way. I ought to like her, I ought to be grateful to her, glad she's here! But I can't be. I hate her. She's smug; she's dull. She'll get Jim and crush every spark of— Mimi swallowed hard, smiled with all the graciousness she could muster. With a swift mental arm thrust she swept out of the way the whole horde of nasty yipping thoughts that had been clamoring in her mind. "Yes, I must go, Laura," she said aloud. "It's good to know that you're here, taking care of Jim. The minute I get within telephoning distance of Toronto, I'll send a transport plane up here for him. They can put him in it on a stretcher, and the trip—"

Laura, shaking her neat blonde head, interrupted, "I've already arranged for a Royal Canadian Air

Force plane to pick us up tomorrow."

"But Jim needs the best hospital, surgeons—"

"He'll get them! It's good of you to be so concerned. I know he'll appreciate your thought. And now I think Nishima is through."

Mimi tiptoed inside. Old Nishima backed grudgingly away from Jim's bunk, allowed Mimi to take her place. Mimi mustered a smile. And Jim, shaved, hair brushed, pale but very cared-for-looking, answered her smile sadly.

"So you're leaving, after all, Mimi?" he asked slowly. "I'd hoped—" He closed his eyes, opened them. "You must feel badly about your Otto." His tone had changed. "I don't blame you for wanting to get away as—"

"But," she interrupted, "you're wrong! I—"

THE nurse stepped up behind Mimi, rested a hand lightly on her shoulder, smiled down at Jim. "No more talking!" she ordered him. "I'll take good care of our other patient here; see that she gets off comfortably." She was actually patting Mimi.

"Do," Jim begged, his eyes turned away from Mimi.

And Mimi knew herself to be dismissed not only by Laura but by the person who mattered most in all the world—Jim. Jim, who had no need for her now—not even for her prayers! Jim, who now had some one who not only loved him but who was capable of taking care of him!

Mimi tiptoed to the lean-to, shed her caribou-skin breeches, reluctantly pulled off Jim's hunting shirt. She put on again her own evening dress—not that it was appropriate to the time of day or to departure in an airplane; but it was appropriate to the way she felt. "I came as just a no-good butterfly, and that's the way I'll leave! . . . Oh, Jim! Jim!" She wiped her tears on his discarded plaid shirt, used his comb for the last time on her red curls. "But I can take his old parka," she said. "I need it. And, after all, it's his worn-out one."

She put it on lovingly, feeling in it his arms about her. His arms had lifted her into the plane several times. They had lifted her into the bunk that first night—less roughly. And they had held her warmly, briefly, passionately on the tragic evening before he had flown away to fire and destruction. Yes, his parka belonged to her!

Mimi zippered it up over her half-nude breast, turned up its collar. She felt in its pocket to be sure that the map was there. Then she tiptoed—still in the moccasins—out into the cabin. One more farewell to Jim, just one look that could promise him everything! Promise that she—especially in this departure—was doing the grown-up, wise thing; that she would come back, come to him, wherever he might be, the minute he wanted her!

A tableau which might have been entitled Greatest Mother of Them All Is Human Too met Mimi's eyes. For Laura, holding one of Jim's hands clasped in both of hers, was leaning over him murmuring, "Yes, Jim dear. I promise you I'll never leave you. Please don't ask again—you ought to know!" She raised her head at the slight noise of Mimi's entrance, dropped Jim's hand, reassured him swiftly, "She's going now. I'll be right back."

Mimi, halted in her progress toward Jim's bunk, waited with widening eyes. But Jim didn't make any sign. He lay still—waiting for her to leave. He wanted her to leave quickly! He wanted the crazy interruption in his life to be over, wanted Laura to hurry back!

Mimi, dry-eyed, dry of throat, understood everything in the half minute when she paused irresolute on the cabin floor. She understood what Laura had been in Jim's life, what Laura had in her to become in Jim's life. And she understood that she, Mimi, had been merely a young memory that he had tried to save, a Mimi who had—even as he had said—changed!

Mimi went out of the cabin very quickly, waving a don't-get-up salutation to Laura Hill. She drew a deep breath on the porch, didn't glance back. "You can ask me all the questions you wish about Count von Ungemach," she said to the Mountie named Craig, "if only you'll fly me somewhere where I can catch a plane or train south!"

When they were in his plane, lifting speedily over the fire-blackened forests, she suggested, "I don't suppose I could offer you any amount of money, or woollies for orphan Indians, or a new movie theater for the R. C. M. P. that would induce you to fly me smack down to Toronto?"

"You couldn't," he agreed, staring straight ahead.

"You're one of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police who always get their man but who hate all women, aren't you?" she murmured.

HE didn't answer. He disapproved of her. She was too beautiful! When he had entered the Mounties he had taken a private vow to keep his mind off girls and strictly on his duties. But with this one it was difficult.

"Tell me about your so-called Count von Ungemach," he commanded.

Mimi told—wearily, innocently, emptily. The little story was so crystal-clear, the count's purposes so obvious, once you turned on them the light of understanding. And Mimi herself was so heartsick—not because of Otto; no, not because of Otto! Her emotions were in ribbons, her mind hurt, bewildered—but the fact that a close friend of hers had proved to be a Nazi agent obviously had little to do with her suffering!

Even the grim dutiful Mountie stopped catechizing her after a while. He put the plane down on one of the very fields that Jim had laid out.

"There's the town," he said, "not a five-minute run from here. You'll

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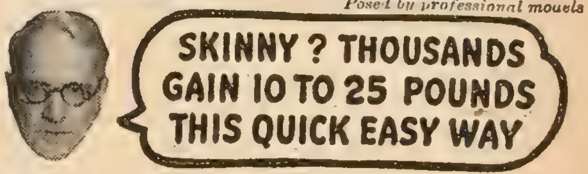
?
LIKE THIS?
OR THIS?

Posed by professional models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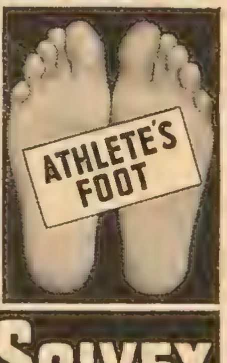

Dr Scholl's SOLVEX

find the depot almost before you find the town. And two trains come through, heading south, every day."

Mimi jumped out, stretched up her small blistered hand. "Thank you," she said. "Thank you so—"

Something in her dark steady eyes, in her unsteady beautiful lips touched him. "If I could do more," he said, "believe me, I would!"

She smiled. "But duty calls?" She didn't feel arch, yet it seemed the only way to behave.

He nodded, grinning surprisingly. "Good luck!" he offered, meaning it. He jumped back into his ship.

GOOD luck? Mimi headed toward the shack of a station. Good luck? Oh, no, not for her! But for Jim? Her darling, beloved, suffering Jim? Yes, good luck was for him. God had granted it! Jim now had a semicompetent doctor, a completely competent nurse, and old Nishima; and tomorrow he would have a plane that would fly him to a hospital—where? Mimi didn't know. But to some hospital that would take care of him, make him well, whole! It was enough to be thankful for—even if not she but Laura would be on hand to see! "Good-by, Jim!" Mimi cried as she stumbled into the weather-beaten little railroad station.

No one greeted her there. The ticket office had its shutter pulled blankly down. The time bulletin on the grimy wall read "3.15." But the station obviously couldn't support a clock. Nor did Mimi have one. Merely by figuring, she guessed the hour to be in the vicinity of two. She sighed, shivered, glanced at the rusty dead stove, then escaped into the sunshine. Trailing her bedraggled star-spangled evening dress, she traversed the main street of the township.

She wasn't self-conscious. Perhaps the only gift that Mimi's extreme wealth had given her was lack of self-consciousness. However unusual she looked, whatever quaint acts she chose to perpetrate, she was always Mimi Jamieson! Yes! But there was one thing that even her father's money couldn't prevent. There was one tragedy that all her nurses, private schools, chromium-plated bathrooms, coming-out parties, dresses by Schiaparelli, Lanvin, Hawes couldn't avert—even a Mimi Jamieson could break her heart!

Mimi's broken heart was achingly with her as she trailed up the one main street of Avarilla, Ontario. It looked at her from behind; it stared at her, front on; it peered at her from reflecting windows. But her sensible Scotch brain was also with her. And both talked practically the way her father would have talked, even the way Laura Hill would have preached! Her heart said, "I love Jim." But her heart also said, "I want Jim to get well. I want that more than anything on earth—and I was no help to him!" And her shrewd Scotch brain—which she had used so seldom in her twenty years—leaped into action to agree. "Of course you were no help! How could you have been? That life isn't yours. Jim isn't for you. Laura Hill suits him perfectly. So—be your age! Forget him!"

Thus resolved to forget Jim, Mimi began her progress down the opposite side of the street. In a few minutes she came abreast of a surveyor's office. It had a large swinging sign that boasted the owner's ability to survey, assay, and legally record. Dully Mimi read the blatant advertisement. Not so dully she went in. But even though she tried to whip up some modicum of interest when a small red, bursting man asked her unctuously, "You're recording?" she failed.

Merely doing her duty, fulfilling a promise to a memory, she stated flatly, "Please record this find in the name of James Wayne, Lone Island, Ontario. I was with him when we struck. I saw him stake it off." She paid the recording fee with money borrowed from the Mountie who had flown her to Avarilla. Then she wrote a note to Jim: "I hope your mine won't turn out to be as much of a flop as I was! Get better, Jim. Take care of yourself. MIMI."

"And that is that," she told herself as she once more stepped out into the sunny little street and headed for the railroad station. "End of something half dream, half nightmare! Now what?"

NOW what?" was to be practically Mimi's theme song during the next weeks and months. The first thing she did upon arriving in Chicago was to go docilely to an elegant reconditioning camp—run in connection with the Salon pour la Silhouette. For her mother, shocked at Mimi's rough hands, unkempt hair, sunburned skin, had insisted on this; and Mimi was too tired spiritually to protest. So she again found herself sleeping in a cabin—very different from the one on Lone Island. Here she slept between silk sheets, drank her fruit juices from crystal goblets, and in a silk play suit did exercises to tango music. But sometimes in the middle of the night she would wake up and think there were mosquitoes in her gardenia-scented cabin and Husky dogs howling outside and Jim poring over a map, the lamplight bright on his hair.

Mimi told her father the story of her trip to the cave with Jim and that she had registered a nonexistent mine just to please him. She also showed her father the brief courteous note of thanks that Jim wrote her from the Toronto General Hospital, where he lay with his leg in a cast.

"Why don't ye fly up to see him, lassie?" old Jamieson asked. But Mimi flatly refused. So old Rob went alone several times—and kept reporting Jim's progress to Mimi.

And all during those long summer months of Jim's stay in the hospital Mimi was constantly thinking of greetings, jokes, presents that she would like to send him, letters she would like to write him. But always the thought that he hadn't even bothered to say good-by to her stopped her; the thought that nothing from her would be welcome.

Old Rob Jamieson was watching Mimi very closely these days. He had hoped so sincerely that Jim's experiment would make a person of her. But as Mimi came and went aimlessly, feverishly, old Rob realized sadly that she seemed wilder than ever.

Mimi threw herself avidly into a round of partying. She refused to go to the cottage on Lake Delavan with her mother and sister Clara and Clara's titled beau. She explained to all and sundry that titles made her want to frow up! "I almost married one—a Nazi spy! Wouldn't I make a ducky hostess in a concentration camp?"

She refused also to go to Paris with her sister Jeannie. "Why go places?" Mimi insisted. "Everything's the same everywhere, isn't it? Whoopee, whoopee; weepie, weepie; marry, divorcie—and Ol' Man Mose Is Dead!"

She insisted on staying in hot thundery Chicago all summer, playing about with flighty Sally and her orchestra leader. And when she occasionally sang love songs with his band in her small sultry voice, people would say, "Mimi Jamieson's still carrying the torch for her German count!" And she let them think it.

ONE wild windy night early in September, Mimi went with Sally and two eligibles to the Ivanhoe. Sally's beau was merely a stand-in until her Tony should finish his nightly stint. But Mimi's Russell was an old flame and an extremely spirit-satisfying lightweight. He was the son of a Chicago millionaire who insisted that his Russ learn the meaning of work. So Russ had been everything from an office boy in one of his father's corporations, through chauffeur, bus boy, etc., to a Fuller brush salesman.

"Do you think I could sell 'em any brushes here to keep the cobwebs off the beer barrels?" he asked Mimi as he escorted her into the room where the great tuns stood in rows.

"You couldn't sell anybody anything, pet," she answered. "Besides, they put those cobwebs there."

"You're so beautiful," he murmured over his foaming glass, "and so cruel. You know, Mimi, your hair exactly matches the color of light shining through beer! Marry me, Mimi."

Mimi shook her red-gold locks. "I almost married a man once when he asked me. And what a mistake that would have been! So from now on I'm only marrying men that *I* ask!"

"Got any prospects?"

She laughed. "I'm shopping around." But her eyes darkened momentarily. There was only one man—and she was trying so hard to forget him!

"Let's go to the Pump Room," Sally suddenly suggested. "I feel like smooth music."

"Nope," Mimi said—for no particular reason. "Let's stay here a while longer. Let's go downstairs."

Mimi was remembering how she had spoken of this place to Jim on that dark night when they had eaten their supper with blankets tacked over the windows—so that Otto wouldn't spot the cabin. And Jim had said, "Some day I'll take you to the Ivanhoe!" That all seemed so long ago now. If only she could forget!

"All right, all right," Sally was saying. "If we're going below, let's get moving. Even if I do hate the catacombs and mummies!"

"We can run through that part and get a real drink at the bar. I'm tired of beer."

So they crowded into the boxlike elevator and went down, down, down. "This always reminds me," said Sally, "of the mine elevator out at Jamieson River. Remember, Mimi, how scared I was the first time dad took us down?"

Mimi nodded. The thought of mines again brought the thought of Jim. Everything made her think of Jim! Would it always be like this? Wouldn't she ever forget him?

"I had a mine once," she told Russell as they emerged from the elevator into a large dank, picturesque cellar. "A man gave it to me."

"Nobody ever gave me a mine," he admitted. "But women have been kind to me on doorsteps. I'm going to write the life story of me, a brush salesman, and call it Women Have Been Kind to Me on Doorsteps."

"Why don't you?" Mimi laughed, but her attention was on her own thoughts. "The man was out of his head when he did it," she went on.

"He must have been."

"I don't think he even remembered afterward. I gave it back."

"Honest woman. And beautiful. Want papa to hold your hand while we go through the torture chamber?"

HAND in hand they ran laughingly through. Sally and her escort, having run faster, were already at the diminutive bar. "We ordered for you," Sally called. And then, when the piano player began to tickle out I Let a Song Go Out of My Heart, Sally begged, "Sing, Mimi."

"Drink first." Mimi downed her Scotch neat. Then, tilting her white chin above a column of even whiter neck, she sang, "—a song go out of my heart."

There was a slight commotion at the door. A familiar voice was saying, "And this is another bar. Then there are rock gardens; but I don't think I'll attempt those—"

Mimi looked up, unbelieving. The words of the song died on her lips.

For Jim, in flawless evening clothes but on crutches, was standing in the doorway.

Has Mimi still a chance to capture Jim's heart and rescue her own from despair? Or has Laura, in the long days of his convalescence, won him at last? Read the final installment, rich in dramatic and startling disclosures! In Liberty next week.

LISTEN LADY!

Here's what you need

TO QUICKLY RELIEVE HEADACHE, UPSET STOMACH ACID INDIGESTION MUSCULAR ACHES and PAINS

That's right — there's nothing quite like a sparkling glass of Alka-Seltzer when you want quick relief from these common troubles.

Alka-Seltzer relieves so quickly, pleasantly, and safely; that is why it is used by millions of people when overeating, overwork or some other indiscretion brings on physical discomfort.

An Alka-Seltzer Tablet in a glass of water makes a sparkling analgesic-alkalizing solution. Its analgesic action relieves the pain and its alkalizing properties helps correct excess acidity which often accompanies common aches and pains. Get a package of Alka-Seltzer Tablets from your druggist and try them.

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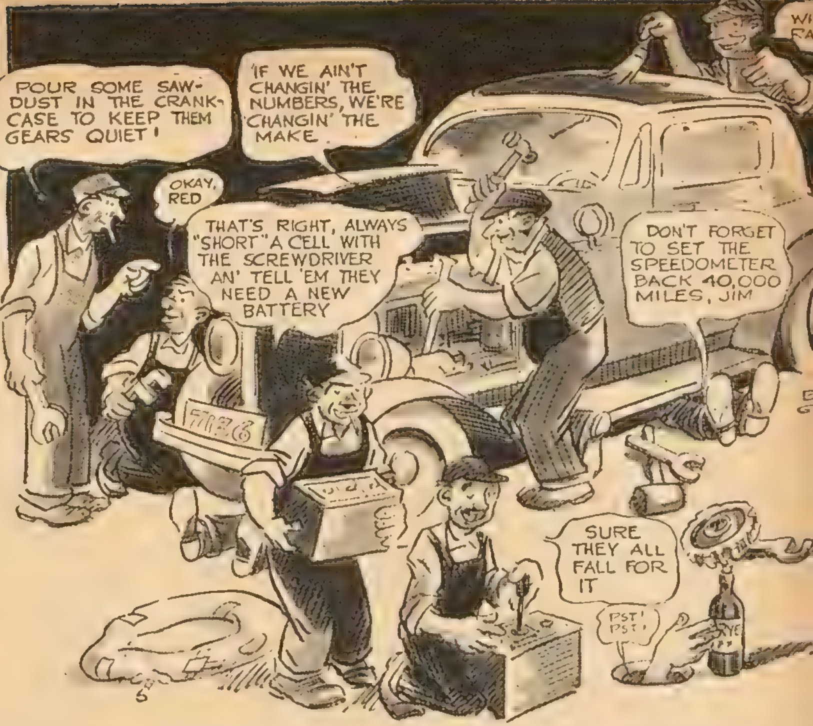
I'm Telling You

The AUTO-biography of a Used Car

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 11 SECONDS

Words and picture by

BERT GREEN


POUR SOME SAW-DUST IN THE CRANK-CASE TO KEEP THEM GEARS QUIET!
IF WE AIN'T CHANGIN' THE NUMBERS, WE'RE CHANGIN' THE MAKE
OKAY, RED
THAT'S RIGHT, ALWAYS "SHORT" A CELL WITH THE SCREWDRIVER AN' TELL 'EM THEY NEED A NEW BATTERY
DON'T FORGET TO SET THE SPEEDOMETER BACK 40,000 MILES, JIM
SURE THEY ALL FALL FOR IT
PST! PST!
RYE

LISTEN, boys and girls. I wish you could have seen me the day I rolled out of the factory in Detroit back in 1928.

"There's our 1928 show car," said the president of the company, beaming on his board of directors.

Oh boy, was I proud!

Believe me, people in all walks and runs of life came flocking to see me at the show in New York, and the way they raved! Why, even competitive salesmen came over to study me, and —if I do say so—I drew like a porous plaster.

I had only been in the show a few days when I was sold to a doctor who lived on Riverside Drive. His ball and chain went nuts about me because my "robin's-egg blue matched her eyes," as she put it. She was one of those important newly rich social climbers. Her father cut boloney in a Brooklyn delicatessen store before she went for the Lohengrin, but after she got married she hurled it around.

Of all the panicky drivers, she copped the rubber ice pick. Once she went to a bridge fight in Worstchester and hoisted so many "snake's breaths" she wrapped my radiator around an oak tree. The yell was, she told her hubby that "some dumb truck driver had backed into her."

"Forget it!" he said. "I'll buy you a *new* car. I just grabbed ten grand lifting out a millionaire's tonsils."

And that, boys and girls, ended my first year.

The following day I was taken back to the swell place where they bought me, but after seeing me they would have no part of me, so a day or two later I found myself in the rear of a used-car "gyp" joint, being reconditioned. First they removed my *good* tires and substituted some two-ply retreaded garden hose. They next copped my *good* battery—which had plenty of lead plates in it—and put in a mail-order spark box with *concrete* in the bottom to make it feel like the real McCoy. They then knocked the dents out of my fenders and touched me up with some fish paint. They set my speedometer back 12,000 miles.

My next owner was a ham actor. A synthetic four-flusher who lived in a broom closet.

I didn't stay with him long, because two gorillas closed in on him in front of a dance hall.

"We represent the Blackjack Finance Company," they growled. "You're behind in your payments, so we'll cop this can!"

And they did.

I was then driven back to the joint. As the tread on my tires was worn down, they *regrooved* them with a special electric iron. Then they coated the sides with white enamel and you'd have sworn they were brand-new. There was also a leak in my radiator. Instead of it being taken off and soldered, a blond guy poured a mixture of oatmeal and pipe tobacco in it, and that fixed that. Cute, what? A few nuts that they broke off my cylinder head were carefully *pasted* back with some trick cement.

The dealer put this ad in the paper:

> SEDAN, SPECIAL—100 miles per hour. Mechanically perfect. No reasonable offer refused.

As my motor balked when cold, the dealer ordered it filled with hot water when the first customer arrived. He was a little blue-chinned gorilla with a broken nose and a jaw like a bear trap. He took me to Long Island for a tryout. After running me up to eighty-five miles an hour on a lonely road, he pulled out a gat and told the salesman to beat it before he used him for a coffee strainer!

I was then driven to the South Shore and hidden in a combination garage and chicken coop. What that bird did to me was ample. He changed my color, my wheels, my license plates.

A week later—on a clammy dark night—he drove me to Connecticut, where he picked up a pal of his by the name of "Danny the Dope." Danny carried a golf bag filled with knickknacks like gats, sawed-off shotguns, and tear bombs. They drove me to a small town and parked me in front of the village bank. Danny put the sawed-off roscoe under his coat and went into the bank. He must have insulted the teller, because he came flying out with a lot of sugar and the customers started using my rear end for a shooting gallery.

Boy, did I travel! When I reached the outskirts of Stamford, I blew a tire, leaped into the air, and landed wheels up. The last I heard of my passengers, they were basking in a little gray bungalow called Sing Sing.

After that lovely experience I was removed to some rural garage, reconditioned, and later sold to a real-estate peddler. He took pretty good care of me for two years, but he made the big mistake of trying to knock over a trolley car.

After the collision I was towed to a garage in Harlem and once more given the works. They painted me a fire-engine red and striped me with gold. Brother, was I hot! I had hardly been on display when a great big eight-ball—black six inches down the throat—became stuck on me. His name was "Softcoal Jackson" and he was built like Stepin Fetchit. With him was a high yaller with six pounds of five-and-ten pearls wrapped around her Adam's apple.

The colored salesman told Mr. Jackson I was a "special built job." "Look at the mileage," he said, foiling a yawn. "She's only done eighteen thousand miles."

Oh, what a fibber he was! If I'd gone an inch, I'd done a hundred and thirty thousand miles. Anyhow, the two kids decided to try me out. As we drove through Harlem I couldn't have rated more attention if I was a Rolls Rough. But as we turned up San Juan Hill my rear end sounded like a secondhand concrete mixer.

"What's all dat noise in de back?" asked Softcoal.

"She needs a small adjustment in de rear end," said the salesman.

When they got me back to the garage they took the plug out of my differential and poured in a handful of small *corks*. When they got ground up I was as silent as Grant.

Well, I remained in Harlem for about three years, and was finally sold to some kid on the East Side for peanuts. He did such a good job of adding trick parts, it made me silly. In fact the only original parts that remained in me were three floor boards. Before the kid abandoned me in a vacant lot, he painted on my sides: BABY HERE'S YOUR RATTLE.

And that, boys and girls, ended my career. So long, here comes the *junkie!*

THE END

MIXING POLITICS WITH SOCIAL SERVICE

BY CAMILLE KELLEY

Judge of the Juvenile Court, Memphis, Tennessee

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

WEBSTER defines politics in these words: "The science and art of government; the science dealing with the organization, regulation, and administration of a state, in both its internal and external affairs; political science."

Stir this thought into the socially awakened consciousness of the public and you mold the mental structure of citizenship. The expression of intelligent citizenship would heal half the ills that flesh is heir to.

I believe in politics. But the present erroneous interpretation of politics tends to block the otherwise open road for intelligent public service.

Why the struggle to keep politics and social service apart? Neither can travel far without the other.

Why should we so weight down public office with calumny that worth-while men and women hesitate to step into the confusion and hate and fraud involved?

Personally, I am ready to take the ghost of his past mistakes from around this Goliath Politics' shoulders and, after looking up his credentials in Webster, designate him the streamline model of the hour.

When I was an enthusiastic young wife and mother I cared only for my tall handsome husband and my precious babies. I knew nothing of government or legislatures. The very first spark of interest I ever felt in the big outdoor housekeeping was more than twenty-five years ago when the day came for my son, my first-born, to start to school. I stood at the window and wept as I watched my boy, with his one little book under his arm and his sailor-collar suit, go out of my sight. A new picture was coming to me. I'm not a good mother, I thought. I don't know the rule of the road *that boy has to cross.* I don't even know the teacher who will be with him half of his waking hours.

I followed that boy, not to a political platform but to the schoolhouse, where, with thirty-four other mothers, I became a charter member of the first Parent-Teacher Association organized in Shelby County, Tennessee. The vital experience of living in a home extended to include the community intrigued me. I studied law, joined women's clubs. But the next big milepost along the path of citizenship was my first political speech. Born in the heart of Dixie, I was aghast when requested to speak from a truck to an open-air audience.

"No indeed!" I protested. "That's no place for a woman."

My husband called me to one side.

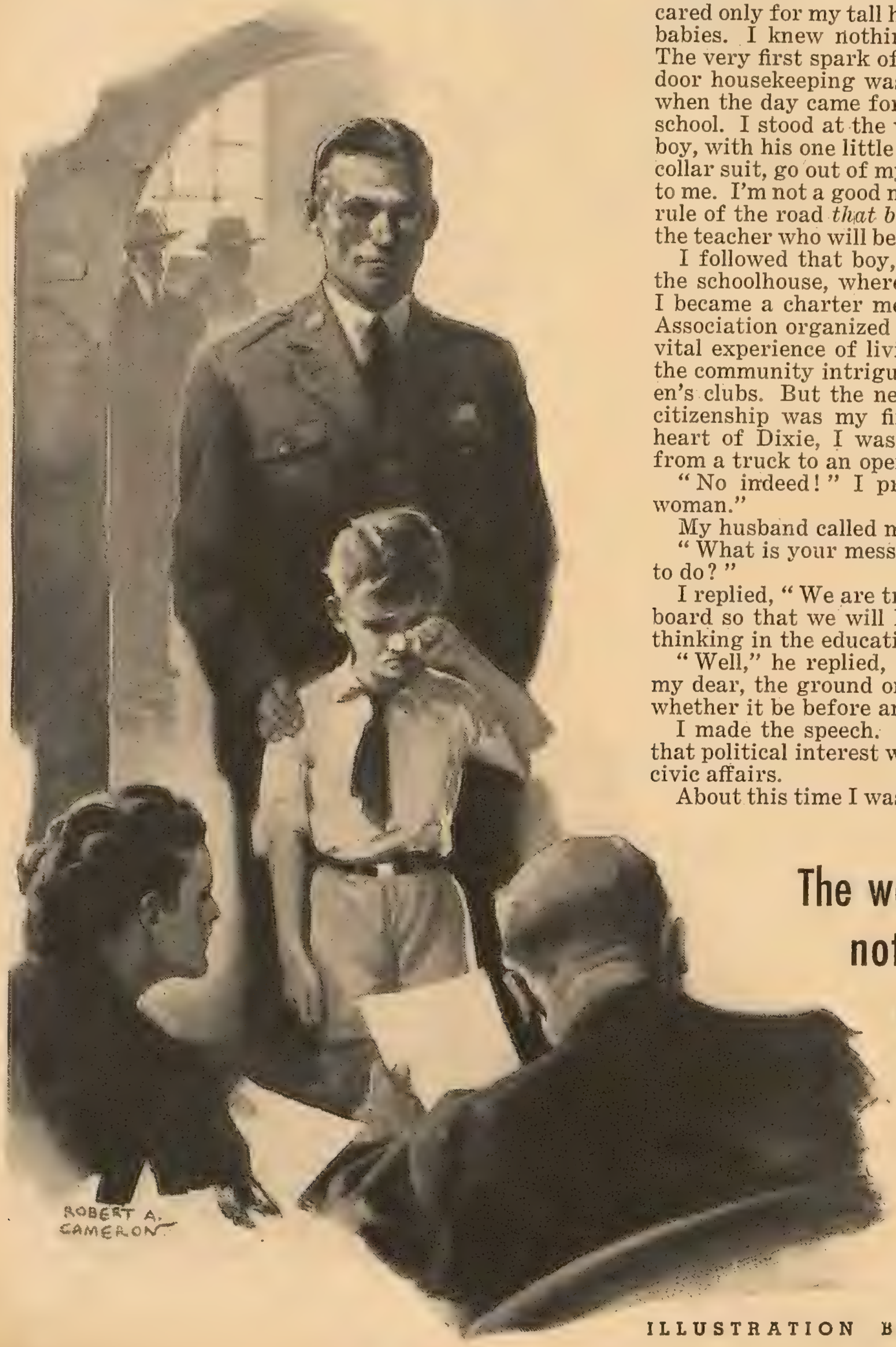
"What is your message? What are you women trying to do?"

I replied, "We are trying to put a woman on the school board so that we will have both a man's and a woman's thinking in the education of our children."

"Well," he replied, "if your message has real merit, my dear, the ground on which you stand is holy ground, whether it be before an altar or on a truck."

I made the speech. And I never again seemed to feel that political interest was so far removed from social and civic affairs.

About this time I was made judge of the Juvenile Court



The ways of government are not all dark! . . . Here's a heartening challenge to better citizenship

I visited the Juvenile Court. A big officer brought in a little boy of about eleven.

ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT A. CAMERON

in my home city—Memphis, Tennessee. This was eighteen years ago. I have handled about 40,000 cases of human behavior since that time.

My office was soon made elective by the Legislature and I realized that I was the first woman in the South to hold such office. I realized that I was a *political* officeholder. I had said on several occasions that Politics and Social Service should make friends. I realized that politics, business, finance all functioned as feeders to the home—the central point of civilization. I recognized Romance as the star player of the universe. But how must we build around romance, children, and home an added degree of security? Again universal enlightened citizenship loomed as the answer.

I decided to go to Washington, Boston, New York, and Chicago to see how juvenile courts were run elsewhere.

In the big cities I learned much about social histories, records, and procedure; much about probation work and probation officers. These things I put into practice on my return. But I still knew little or nothing of the institutions to which I was expected to send children. So next I went to Nashville. Most of the state schools and institutions were in and around there.

© Avery Stratton

Camille Kelley, second woman Juvenile Court judge in the country, first in the South, has served for eighteen years.

I will never forget my first visit to the Industrial School. This is a school for dependent children "where the state becomes the parent."

Several political friends drove me to the place. A plausible patronizing person came out, smoothing his hands together, and invited us in. It was as if Uriah Heep had stepped from the pages of David Copperfield.

We found there was not a set of springs on a bed in that institution. The officers were eating a balanced meal of six dishes while the children had dry bread, macaroni, and tin cups of water.

So this is where I am to send little children, I thought. I turned to the nice politician who escorted me: "Who has power over institutions?"

"The Governor," he answered, "and the Legislature."

"Well, from now on I am interested in governors and legislatures."

That very day the Governor and his wife had invited me to go for a ride. We drove to the penitentiary. The state official went along with us.

During our inspection, the Governor asked, "How do you like our penitentiary, judge?"

"It's very nice as penitentiaries go, I suppose, Governor, and I am glad, for I went to the Industrial School this morning, and since many of those youngsters must inevitably come out here, it is a good thing it is not so bad."

The nice state official whispered, "You had better hush, judge. You will ruin yourself politically."

"I won't hush," I said determinedly. "No woman ever has hushed. I am going to tell the Governor the truth."

The Governor was visibly startled.

"Oh, judge, you will ruin me—the primaries are just ahead of us." (So primaries are what make governors sit up and take notice, I thought to myself.)

"That's grand, Mr. Governor," I said. "I am grateful for the primaries. Go into that institution with 'healing in your wings' and cure its evils and I will meet you at the primaries with the mothers of Tennessee."

The Governor responded and I kept my word.

A new superintendent was appointed, and the next Legislature made an appropriation for more and better buildings. About seventeen have been added since.

THE way to social progress is universal citizenship, voting strength. And the next big combine for powerful progress is the tie-up of politics and social service. Universal citizenship will quickly blend these two.

If you studied the social requirement as it links with the science of government you would soon want to know the answers to the questions, "What facilities does my state offer for the protection of dependent crippled or tubercular children? What protection does it give me and mine against the feeble-minded and the criminal? What are the cultural, educational, and recreational advantages provided for youth? Is my state forward or backward in juvenile court procedure? Is law administered as a club or a wall of protection in its corrective institutions? Have we adequate child-marriage laws?

In the behavior world much depends on how the community handles or cares for the insane, the feeble-minded, the crippled, and the lawless. The taxpayer pays for this care. The officials distribute the money. The type of institutions determines to a large degree the amount of security and happiness enjoyed by the normal citizen. Therefore it is lack of citizenship that jeopardizes our safety more than does crime.

If the women of the United States could have walked through one experience with me some years ago, there would be at least one probation officer in every county in this country today.

I visited a juvenile court in another state. The sessions were held in the basement of the courthouse in a cheerless concrete room. A big officer brought in a little blond boy of about eleven.

"Judge," the officer said, "we found this boy hoboing through the city on a freight car."

The judge asked several questions, but the child sobbed so he couldn't answer. There was no case history, no probation officer. The little fellow was rumpled up and showed he had been detained in jail. The judge asked me if I would try to get him to tell me his story while the court tried another case. This was it:

He had lived in another state with his mother and father. During vacation time he visited a married sister, and while at his sister's home, his mother died. A telegram told the sad story and explained that the funeral would be in two days, but not to return this little fellow for the funeral as he would now have to live in the sister's home permanently. That night he ran away and was picked up in this town on a freight train.

Why did he sob? His night in jail had made it too late to reach home in time to see the face of his mother.

I told the story to the judge. He said, "I am sorry, but we have no money to handle such cases and we will have to send him back to jail until some one comes for him."

No woman could pass through a like experience and not determine to fight for a probation or investigating officer and a separate shelter for young offenders.

Juvenile courts and other social equipment will spring up where needed when interest in citizenship becomes general and properly stimulates the body politic. Much of the disorderly conduct of youth is curable, but when not handled properly costs society much more in money and life later. Preventive measures pay.

The goal of our dreams should be for all of our politicians to be social workers, and all of our social workers, politicians. That quality of cunning, selfishness, and greed which has so long been called politics (another definition of the word) is a sort of malady attacking members of any group who are given powers they haven't the gray matter to sustain. Let's forever banish politics in its bad sense and use its pulling power for progress and not for the destruction of our public abode.

Better and better men and women will announce for office as better and better men and women sustain public office with intelligent citizenship.

When we learn to drive the vision of social service into politics and the power of politics into social service, we will build into the human heart a love of citizenship and a spirit of patriotism that may finally bring promise of permanent peace.

THE END

Crime and Foolishment

The incredible Miss Allen makes things hard for Philo Vance in a film of hilarity and madness

BY BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 19 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT
2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR
0 STAR—VERY POOR

★ ★ ½ THE GRACIE ALLEN MURDER CASE

THE PLAYERS: Gracie Allen, Warren William, Ellen Drew, Kent Taylor, Judith Barrett, Donald MacBride, Jerome Cowan, H. B. Warner, Horace MacMahon, William Demarest, Al Shaw, Sammy Lee, Lillian Yarbo, Walter Soderling, Lee Moore, Harry Tyler, James Flavin, Helen MacKellar. Screen play by Nat Perrin based upon a novel by S. S. Van Dine. Directed by Alfred W. Green. Produced by Paramount. Running time, 75 minutes.

S. S. VAN DINE, creator of that dilettante detective, Philo Vance, died soon after dashing off this extravaganza in crime detection, The Gracie Allen Murder Case. It was a mad idea, dropping the eccentric but very real Gracie into a fanciful murder mystery as first aide to the poised and precise Mr. Vance. In the end Mr. Vance is as near collapse as the hard-pressed police officials, for Gracie gets involved in murder, poisoned cigarettes, and deadly perfume, one whiff of which is death. In fact Mr. Vance almost gets the sure-demise cigarette himself, he's that much harassed by Gracie.

In brief, Philo—Gracie calls him Fido—isn't himself by any means.

This comedy all depends upon your capacity for absorbing Gracie. On the airways, Miss Allen and her partner, George Burns, are amusing. Burns isn't present here and there well may be too much of Gracie, as in the lengthy sequence where she tumbles around a long deserted apartment crowded with white-wrapped furniture.

Ellen Drew stands out of the whole frenzied affair as pretty and promising a young actress as ever had nothing to do in a film.

VITAL STATISTICS: John Barrymore originally was scheduled to play Philo Vance—but Ariels and other items broke up the plan. . . . Warren William's full name is Warren William Krech. Hollywood calls him one of its six best dressed actors. Has sixty suits and shoes, hats, shirts, cravats in ratio. Just an Aitkin, Minnesota, boy who made good sartorially. . . . Imagine Fred MacMurray's joy when, in passing, he found the California Collegians playing on a set of The Gracie Allen Murder Case. Only a few years ago Fred was one of the Collegians. . . . Ellen Drew is the candy-store Cinderella who hit it big in Sing You Sinners and If I Were King. Found by William Demarest, then an agent but now an actor, selling sweets behind a counter. She was a Kansas City girl who had worked in a five-and-ten, won a beauty contest, gone to Hollywood, landed behind a chocolate-bar counter. . . . Artist Russell Patterson says Judith Barrett, the night-club cutie of the mystery, has the "most beautiful legs in the world." Dr. Hugo Goritz, Jena specialist on neuromuscular activity, contends she has the roundest. You can arrive at your own conclusions. Maybe you know Judith as Lucile Kelly or Nancy Dover. They shift cognomens fast out Hollywood way. . . . Director Al Green was the first assistant director in the history of films. Time: More than twenty-five years ago. Scene: The old Selig Polyscope studios in Chicago. Director Colin Campbell insisted upon having an assistant. The Selig powers thought it nonsensical, branded it as revolutionary. But Green was hired. . . . Al Shaw and Sammy Lee, who play the mystery men eternally following Gracie, were one-time variety headliners as Hebrew comics. . . . And Helen MacKellar, who plays a secretary, was a Broadway star.

A mirror pictures Gracie Allen's picture by Gracie Allen in The Gracie Allen Murder Case picture.

★ ★ BOY FRIEND

THE PLAYERS: Jane Withers, Arleen Whelan, Richard Bond, Douglas Fowley, Warren Hymer, George Ernest, Robert Kellard, Minor Watson, Robert Shaw, Ted Pearson, William H. Conselman, Jr., Myra Marsh, Harold Goodwin. Screen play by Joseph Hoffman and Barry Trivers from a story by Lester Ziffren and Louis Moore. Directed by James Tinling. Produced by Twentieth Century-Fox. Running time, 70 minutes.

TIME marches on. Jane Withers has her first crush, gets her first screen kiss!

The movie kiddies—alas!—are growing up.

Jane's mother runs a boarding-house for police rookies. The handsomest of these is in love with the police captain's pretty daughter, but in no time at all you find him quitting his uniform to join up with a sinister night-club racketeer. Seemingly he wants quick money.

There are tough gangsters who shoot on sight, but Jane helps the green police lads run them to earth, but not before they kill the rookie whose kid brother, home on a visit from military school, is her ideal.

The little hoyden of Hollywood is a trifle brash but amusing enough, while a clean-cut lad named George Ernest is the boy home from school for a holiday and deliverer of momentous epic kiss No. 1.

Adolescence, gangsters, gats, stolen truckloads of furs—and the dawn of romance in freckled Jane Withers, plus a squad of comedy rookie pavement pounders.

VITAL STATISTICS: Back in October, 1934, Jane Withers got her first chance. She played a brat who was mean to little Shirley Temple in Bright Eyes. Maybe it was the contrast to Shirley's sweetness and light. Anyway Jane landed. It was the turning point in the Withers' two-year search for a chance. Mama Withers had bought one-way tickets from Atlanta, Georgia, and, landing in Hollywood, had registered at the Central Casting Bureau where 15,000 other kiddies were registered. So you figure out the ratio of chance overcome by our Jane. . . . George Ernest, deliverer of Jane's first kiss, plays Roger in the Jones Family series. Birthplace: Pittsfield, Massachusetts. . . . Arleen Whelan's dad played baseball with Western minor leagues, and the lass herself was born in Salt Lake City. She lived awhile at Twin Falls, Idaho, shifted on to Portland, Oregon. In Portland she went to the Sacred Heart Convent and St. Francis School. When the family pushed on to Los Angeles, Arleen went to the Manual Arts High School. The movies were just around the corner from the twelfth grade. . . . Richard Bond, suh, was born in Conover, North Carolina. Parents pushed on to Indiana and Dick went to Northwestern Academy in Watertown, Wisconsin. First job: Chemist with the Pallas Brass and Copper Company in Chicago. Then, in turn, with a St. Louis corporation, research worker for the Wisconsin State Board of Health. Papa Bond is a professor of philosophy at Valparaiso University in Indiana. That song and dance done by Jane is called Doin' the Socialite. Producers think it's epic, bigger than the Big Apple, walkier than the Lambeth Walk. When that kiss was filmed at a Los Angeles depot, a crowd of 250 bystanders stood by, cheered.

★ ½ THE GIRL FROM MEXICO

THE PLAYERS: Lupe Velez, Donald Woods, Leon Errol, Linda Hayes, Donald MacBride, Edward Raquello, Elisabeth Risdon, Ward Bond. Screen play by Lionel Houser and Joseph A. Fields from a story by Mr. Houser. Directed by Leslie Goodwins. Produced by RKO-Radio. Running time, 71 minutes.

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Then You Can Take Action Shots Like This!

Think of halting a 200 mile-per-hour racing automobile! *A shutter with 1/1000th of-a-second speed gets it*—true, sharp, clear! Think of taking perfect nighttime shots—indoors or out! *The built-in photoflash synchronizer makes it easy!* Think of cutting negative costs in half! *The most economical UniveX 35mm. film makes it possible!* No longer need you envy those who own expensive, foreign-made speed cameras. See the amazing UniveX Mercury at your dealer's today!

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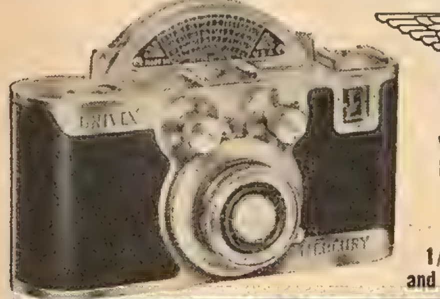
BOOKLET! Dept. M-37, Universal Camera Corp., N.Y.C.



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STOP Itching GET RELIEF This Fast Way—or Money Back

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CLOSE-TO-NATURE

CANVAS HOUSES

Quickly erected, taken down—no tools. Canvas permanently attached except Waterproof Roof. Sliding shutters regulate ventilation. Insect proof. Weather tight. For all outdoor purposes. **Free Circular.**

THE MONROE CO., 17 Bridge St., Colfax, Iowa

A HANDSOME young advertising man discovers a little Mexican singer, imports her to New York to appear on a radio program. In no time at all the Latin spitfire has upset his impending marriage with a shallow socialite, annexed him for herself.

Lupe Velez plays the overpiquant little vixen from south of the Rio Grande, alternately flies into tempers, hurls herself and vases at our hero, goes into hysterics, becomes coy, storms, in general is what is considered hot stuff. Untamed is the polite word, but the whole performance grows tiresome, since the story itself is dull, thin, far from ingenious. Donald Woods is good enough as the stalwart advertising expert, but Leon Errol of the rubber legs is best of the cast as our hero's recreant, worldly-wise uncle.

VITAL STATISTICS: The shallow mercenary socialite who almost gets our hero is done by Linda Hayes. She was Rachelle Germano, a San Francisco hat-check girl who was unearthed in the Jesse Lasky-Gateway to Hollywood contest. She had had a little experience in stock, moved into film work with unusual surety. Linda will bear watching. . . . Donald Woods' family wanted him to be a doctor. Born in Brandon, Manitoba, Canada, he was educated at Vancouver, British Columbia, Sacramento, and Berkeley, California. While at the University of California he attracted some attention in college theatricals. But the films passed him by. No film scout noticed him until he appeared in stock at Elitch's Gardens in Denver. Celluloid debuted in As the Earth Turns. . . . Lupe was recently on the New York stage in a revue, You'll Never Know. Since her last Hollywood film she has made a picture in Mexico and has toured South America in vaudeville. . . . That wedding scene was staged in front of the First Methodist Church of Hollywood. They had to call out the reserves to hold the crowds back. . . . Eduardo Cansino of the dancing Cansinos, vaudeville headliners of twenty years ago, staged Lupe's two dances, a rumba and another called Les Chapanecas. Once the Cansinos and rubber-legged Leon Errol played in the same Ziegfeld Follies. Hadn't met in all the years since.

★ ACROSS THE PLAINS

THE PLAYERS: Jack Randall, Frank Yaconelli, Joyce Bryant, Hal Price, Dennis Moore, Glenn Strange, Robert Card, Bud Osborne, Dean Spencer, Wylie Grant. Screen play by Robert Emmett. Directed by Spencer Bennett. Produced by Monogram. Running time, 60 minutes.

JACK RANDALL is one of those cowboy stars riding hard in pursuit of popular Gene Autry. He is fairly personable, but he sticks to acting rather than lapsing into frequent riding song as does the redoubtable Gene. But Randall does have a decidedly able horse, one Rusty, who can untie knots, provide all manner of shrewd and understanding aid to his master whenever he's in trouble, which is often.

This particular fable concerns two brothers, separated in early childhood when a renegade attacks their covered wagon. One, later known as Cherokee, is adopted by Indians, becomes stalwart and upright. The other, who is graduated into the Kansas Kid, is taken by the bandits, goes bad. Everything is simple, direct, heroic. The repartee is brief and limited, the picture is essentially a silent clean-shaven panorama of a West that probably never existed.

VITAL STATISTICS: Jack Randall's real name is Addison Randall. He was born in San Fernando, California, and his father was one of the best known sports writers of his time. Addison attended Kemper Military Academy, graduated into reporting on the Los Angeles Times. Drifted to the stage, came back to California to play in the films. This is his fifteenth Western. Randall and Louise Stanley, once his leading woman, are divorced and he is currently a bachelor. . . Randall has a brother, Robert Livingston, in pictures. Randall's great-great-uncle, he is proud to point out, was Robert Livingston, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. . . . Exteriors of Across the Plains were shot at Lone Pine, California, some 200 miles from Hollywood. A lot of Westerns are made thereabouts, so the bored inhabitants can take cowboys in full regalia without batting an eye. . . . Rusty, known as the Wonder Horse, was born on Jack's ranch and trained by the actor. Once he saved Randall's life by stamping on a rattler near a water hole. . . . Robert Tansey, who produces the Randall films, has been making Westerns for twenty years and the three or four regulation plots for prairie stars are like old friends to him.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Goodbye Mr. Chips, Only Angels Have Wings, Union Pacific, Juarez, Stagecoach, Idiot's Delight, That Certain Age.

★★★½—Wuthering Heights, The Story of Vernon and Irene Castle, Three Smart Girls Grow Up, Midnight, Dark Victory, The Little Princess, The Oklahoma Kid, Ice Follies of 1939, Jesse James.

★★★—Invitation to Happiness, Rose of Washington Square, It's a Wonderful World, Confessions of a Nazi Spy, For Love or Money, Back Door to Heaven, East Side of Heaven, The Hardys Ride High, The Story of Alexander Graham Bell, The Hound of the Baskervilles, Man of Conquest, Dodge City, The Flying Irishman, Let Freedom Ring, Yes My Darling Daughter, Love Affair, The Three Musketeers, The Mikado, Café Society, Made for Each Other, Huckleberry Finn, Wings of the Navy, Persons in Hiding, They Made Me a Criminal, Honolulu, You Can't Cheat an Honest Man, The Beachcomber, Pacific Liner, Zaza, Tail Spin, Kentucky, Stand Up and Fight.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 25

1—Grace Moore's.

2—Coal.

3—No. It was Commodore Vanderbilt's ferryboat.

4—Quebec, Canada.

5—Florenz Ziegfeld.

6—Cob.

7—No.

8—A black penny stamp, printed in Great Britain in 1840.

9—General Leonard Wood.

10—An alloy composed of nickel, copper, and zinc.

11—Colonel Andrew S. Rowan.

12—Wood.

13—The late André Maginot.

14—From Lloyd's Register of British and Foreign Shipping, in which A-1 is top rating.

15—Their color depends on whether the soil is acid or alkaline.

16—Henry Armstrong, in 1938.

17—Whisky.

18—D. W. Griffith.

19—"Powder River! Let 'er buck!"

20—

Ethan Allen

A NEW CONTEST FOR OLD SAYINGS

$1,000 Cash Prize

Memory Book Contest

START YOUR ENTRY!
YOU MAY WIN $500

Claim Your Cash Award!

LIBERTY'S new contest for old entries—entries in your memory, autograph, birthday, or similar personal book—offers an opportunity for every one to file a claim to a share of the prize money. Perhaps your own books are not available. If so, quotations from such books handed down in your family or seen in the home of a friend are just as acceptable. Every one has a chance to win money in this game, the only skill required being the ability to select outstanding quotations from among those in the books you have available.

If this is your first participation in the game you will need the first two coupons to complete your entry to date. Liberty has prepared reprints for your convenience and you can obtain them by writing to the address in Rule 6, enclosing five cents in stamps to cover cost of mailing and handling.

THESE ARE THE CASH PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE	$500
SECOND PRIZE	100
THIRD PRIZE	50
SEVENTY PRIZES, Each $5	350

THE RULES

1. Each week for five weeks, ending in the issue dated July 15, Liberty will publish an official entry coupon in this contest.

2. To compete, simply write on each coupon a sentence, sentiment, axiom, couplet, or similar quotation from an autograph, memory, or birthday book, either your own or that of a friend.

3. Clip each coupon and save it until the end of the contest, when your set of five will be complete. Then send them all in at the same time, as a unit.

4. Entries will be judged on the basis of humor, sagacity, and appeal.

5. The entry containing the best set of quotations judged on the above basis will be considered the best and will be awarded the $500 First Prize. In the order of their excellence on this basis, other entries will be awarded prizes as follows: Second Prize, $100; Third Prize, $50; and Seventy Prizes of $5 each—a total of $1,000. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.

6. Address all entries to Memory Book Contest, Liberty Magazine, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

7. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, July 26, the closing date of this contest.

8. No entries will be returned, nor can we enter into correspondence concerning any entry. Anyone, anywhere, may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

CLIP HERE

OFFICIAL COUPON NO. 3

MEMORY BOOK CONTEST

There is no specific limit on the wordage of the quotation you submit, but it naturally should not exceed the limit of the usual entries in memory or autograph books of average size. From three or four words to a like number of lines or sentences will be acceptable.

....

....

....

....

....

....

USE WHATEVER SPACE YOU REQUIRE.
SAVE THIS COUPON UNTIL THE END OF THE CONTEST

WATCH FOR CONTEST COUPON NO. 4 NEXT WEEK!

SENATOR NEELY'S MOVING-PICTURE BILL

BOSTON, MASS.—In reading the editorial on the Neely Bill in the May 13 issue of Liberty, I notice that no mention was made of the fact that twenty-nine national organizations publicly gave their support to this important legislation at the recent hearing in Washington. Among them were such well known organizations as:

American Association of University Women, American Baptist Publication Society, American Home Economics Association, Catholic Boys Brigade of the United States, Catholic Daughters of America, Catholic Order of Foresters, Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America, Knights of Columbus, National Congress of Parents and Teachers, National Council of Catholic Women, National Grange, National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, National Board of Young Women's Christian Associations, and Motion Picture Research Council.

We all recognize the immense importance and influence of the movies. But communities all over this country have naturally revolted against having no choice as to how they shall be educated or entertained, and the result is the Neely Bill. Tastes and interests vary with the neighborhood and region, but the "Big Eight" producers in Hollywood refuse to recognize this. By compulsory block booking—forcing local theater managers to take "all or none" of their product, the good with the bad or mediocre—the producers have secured a strangle hold on community entertainment throughout the entire country. Another oppressive trade practice is the leasing of pictures six to eighteen months in advance without a description of contents and is called blind selling.

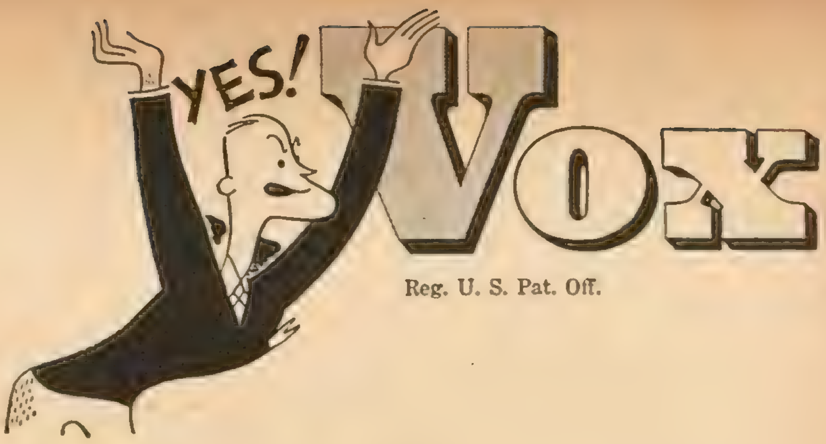
These twin practices enslave the leisure of a vast movie audience to the whims and notions of Hollywood. It is the nearest thing we have to a totalitarian regime. The Neely Bill is a simple direct bill to abolish these two trade practices in interstate commerce. It is not government control of the business. It is scarcely government regulation. It is simply outlawing two oppressive practices; it is liberation rather than regulation. It is the people's *No* to dictatorial Big Eight control of their entertainment. Liberty's misinterpretation of the measure is astounding. Unless forced by law to free local movie screens, it is clear that the industry will not do it. Their promises to the public in the past have been unreliable. (Witness the 11 Broken Promises.) They cannot fool the people all the time.

At the Washington hearing the only voice raised against the bill seemed to be that of the motion-picture industry itself. To the claim that the Neely Bill would wreck the industry we suggest they look at England (our keenest competitor in film production), where on March 4 of this year it was stated in Parliament that the abolition of block booking and blind selling (outlawed by an act of 1927) had actually increased the quantity and quality of movies. Moreover, we also reminded the producers that although they could not market movies by the undemocratic block-booking system in Europe, they had not hesitated to use such unfair and monopolistic methods on their own countrymen.

In supporting the Neely Bill we are asking that the strangle hold of the movie industry be broken and that community freedom be restored. As Walter Lippmann says:

"If the customers had freedom of choice each community would be able to endorse the moral standards it believes in. Each exhibitor would have to take the business risk of estimating correctly the tastes of his customers, and educators, dramatic critics, moral leaders in each community would be able to exert effectively whatever influence they can command. This is the system under which theaters, books, magazines, and newspapers operate, and it is not an unsatisfactory system."—*Katharine Lyford, Executive Secretary Massachusetts Civic League.*

[Mr. Macfadden's May 13 editorial, The Motion-Picture Business a Political Football? drew a lot of fire. We will try to give you more of the "sparks" in subsequent issues.—VOX POP EDITOR.]



Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

AUTHOR OF "AMERICANISM"?

BISMARCK, N. D.—Upon attending a dinner given by the Veterans of the Spanish-American War honoring the National President of Auxiliary, Mrs. Maud Coles Whitlock, I noted their repeating in unison the definition of Americanism. Mrs. Whitlock commented upon the fact that the author of the definition of Americanism is not yet known to her; that she greatly hoped to learn the name of the person who wrote it.

In conversation with the lady later in the evening she told me that the item appeared in your Vox Pop.

May I ask your Vox Pop Editor to run down the item on Americanism and let me know, if at all possible, the name of the author?—*Florence H. Davis, Librarian of State Historical Library.*

[This definition of Americanism was sent to us by numerous Spanish-American War vets. No author was ever given, but we hope the V. S. A. W. can enlighten us and Miss Davis. It is too good to remain anonymous.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

N. G. FOR WOMEN OVER 40

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—No, Teresa Arnold (May 6 Vox Pop), it is quite impossible to form a National Guard organization for women over forty here.

Where in the United States could we possibly find enough women who would admit that they are over forty years of age?—*Nat Lefkowitz.*

"LETTERS SOUND SO QUEER!"

TOPEKA, KAN.—I have so many letters on What Would Jesus Do About Anti-Semitism? (April 29 Liberty) from readers of Liberty—letters of abuse and criticism, and long arguments from both Jews and Gentiles, giving reasons for race feeling and century-old prejudice. Some of the letters sound so queer to me that I have been tempted to take a train to the place where the writers live just to see how they look!

At any rate, the multitude of letters I have received I hope discloses the interest the public has in the subject. If there is any solution of it, there is none until the human race begins to love instead of hate.—*Charles M. Sheldon.*

DOC OUTSMARTS BIG BILL

ON THE ROAD, U. S. A.—Like our friend Windy Higgins (June 3 Vox Pop), Big Bill was a smart man. Too smart, mebbe. He wasn't in the paving business himself. But his pal, Tom Rutledge, was; and it was easy enough for Tom and Bill to split two ways the profits Tom made on the city contracts Bill got for him.

Trying to buck 'em, honest contractors cut their bids below costs. Still Rutledge underbid the whole bunch. Took city business at prices no one could afford to meet. Yet he grew fat with gold.

As I've told you before, Old Doc was smart too. He saw how the city paving contracts fell kerplunk into the Rutledge bag! He sniffed the low Rutledge prices. He got busy when he got an eyeful of the new Rutledge $12,000 automobile. He took a nice walk. Like this:

Big Bill's bossed Department of Public Works had just advertised for bids for repaving Fifth Street. "Sixty

POP

"feet wide and two miles long," read the specifications. Doc paces off Fifth Street from curb to curb. It measures just fifty-five feet. "Ha-ha!" says Doc. Then he paces it off the long way from end to end. It measures just a mile and a half.

Rutledge, being Big Bill's partner, knew this. But the honest contractors didn't—until Old Doc told the world, and killed the racket!

Says Old Doc, "Never take a politician's word for anything."—*Ambrose.*

THEY THROW OUT TOES

St. Paul, Minn.—Isn't nature wonderful? Peonies and several other plants have toes. Each year they throw out a fresh crop of toes.—*Mrs. Paul Barnes.*

FINE TIME TO REPRINT IT

Hot Springs, N. M.—Your October 26, 1935, Liberty had an article entitled How I Helped Bring the United States into the Last War, by D. Thomas Curtin. Subtitled, Watch Out for Foreign Diplomats.

I think this would be a fine time to reprint it.—*Edward D. Tittmann.*

IS LENZ KIDDING US?

Leonia, N. J.—S. A. Levitan, M. D., says in May 6 Vox Pop that Sidney S. Lenz was "kidding the boys." He is wrong. Lenz is kidding the editors of Liberty. In A Fool and His Money (May 13 Liberty) he presents a case a child could handle.—*W. Ball.*

SEEING IN THE DARK

Marlin, Tex.—I feel compelled to reply to some remarks made in May 6 Vox Pop in reference to one of Mr. Leaf's articles. A ghost is not seen with ordinary physical sight, as Ex-Missourian seems to think (unless it materializes—a thing which seldom happens), but with the inner spiritual sight.

It is also a fact that one using psychic or astral sight can see quite clearly in total darkness. I trust that any sincere student of the occult will bear me out in these statements.—*Occult Student.*

"I WORK ON THE WPA"

Chicago, Ill. — Bernarr Macfadden's usual page of knocks was in April 29 Liberty. This one was about WPA political swag.

I work on the WPA, with around two thousand other women, on a power machine eight hours a day—6.30 A. M. to 3 P. M. two days a week, and 3.30 P. M. to midnight two days a week. There is no going to sleep on the job. You work, and work hard. Also there are men in our building who don't lean on their shovels, who do hard backbreaking work eight hours a day.

There is not one man or woman on the WPA who doesn't want private employment. Give them work and a chance to make a decent living and Mr. Macfadden won't have to turn up his nose at the unfortunates on the WPA.—*Juanita La Point.*

A SWIPE AT SHARKEY

Oxford, Ohio — Where in the world did you dig up Tom Sharkey and his rotten prejudice? Were it a white man instead of Joe Louis beating up "stumble-bums," there would never have been an article captioned We Need Red-Blooded Men published (May 13 Liberty). When the red-blooded men are found Joe will probably spill some of the pretty red stuff on the canvas.

A pox on all bragging has-beens and Tom Sharkey in particular!—*E. R. Cooke.*

USED SAMSON'S WEAPON

Knoxville, Tenn. — Undoubtedly W. C. McQuillen's thirty years behind a bank counter (May 13 Vox Pop) have developed truly remarkable talents in him, but it is questionable that they fit him to speak with such bold authority on the efficacy (not efficiency) of prayer. For such as he (money-changers) were driven from the Lord's house nearly two thousand years ago!

McQuillen seems to have been peculiarly unfortunate in his choice of weapons in the fight he makes on Servant of the Lord (April 1 Vox Pop), for he selected the very weapon Samson used against the Philistines.—*Phil Dare.*

TWO HISTORICAL ERRORS

Greenwich, Conn. — May 20 Liberty contains two historical errors. Emil Ludwig writes of second sons succeeding their fathers, one of whom was Charles II. It was Charles I who succeeded his brother Henry as Prince of Wales. Charles II was the eldest son of Charles I.

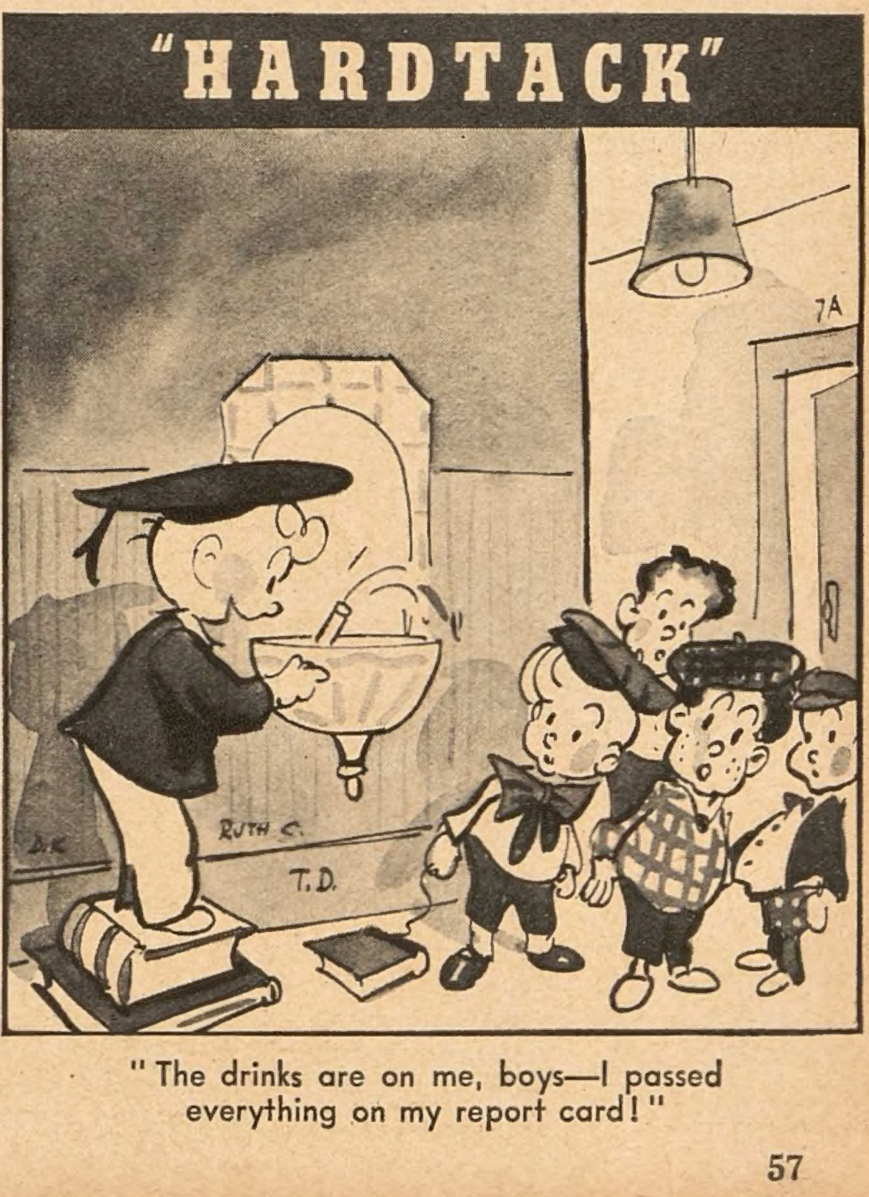
The other error is in Twenty Questions. No. 4 asks: "What did General Grant do with the sword of General Lee after the surrender of Appomattox?" Answer: "Returned it to General Robert E. Lee."

In General Grant's Personal Memoirs he says the following in his letter to General Lee:

"Appomattox C. H., Va.

"The arms, artillery, and public property to be stacked, and turned over to the officer appointed by me to receive them. This will not embrace the side arms of the officers, nor their private horses or baggage."

He writes again: "The much talked of surrendering of Lee's sword and my handing it back to him, this and much more that has been said about it is the purest romance. The word sword or side arms was not mentioned by either of us until I wrote it in the terms."—*Emily H. Rowland.*



"HARDTACK"

"The drinks are on me, boys—I passed everything on my report card!"

How Hard Do You Work For Your Butter?

FULTON OURSLER

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THE WAY to find out the difference between standards of living in various countries is to find out how much a man's wages will buy. That is the only real yardstick. No matter how loudly the Communists may tell you about the wonders of Russia and the glorious way people live there, and no matter how the Fascists may boast of the grand life they lead in Germany and Italy, that yardstick of what wages will buy gives the real answer. By that yardstick, we fortunate Americans are better off than any other people on earth. Take butter, for instance. Nearly all of us eat butter every day. For one hour's wages in the United States you can buy twice as much butter as you can in Great Britain, more than three times as much as you can in France and Germany, more than five times as much as you can buy in Italy, and more than eight times as much as you can buy in Russia. That shows which side our bread is buttered on.

The same sort of ratio obtains for beef and potatoes. As for shoes, you have to do nearly ten times as much work in Italy to get a pair of shoes as you have to do in the United States. You have to do more than twenty-seven times as much work in Italy to get a pair of overalls as you have to do in the United States. And you have to do twenty-six times more work in Russia to get a cup of coffee than you do in the United States.

Yet there are people living here today who want us to throw away the American Constitution and go Communistic or Fascistic. In words of one syllable we say, "To hell with them!"

BUT SUPPOSE YOU CAN'T get work? Well, there are still jobs to be had in this country. In spite of all, one can get a job today. With all the millions of Americans on relief, enterprising young men and young women can still find work. Even today, old virtues produce results. What virtues? I have no wish to seem mysterious, but space is a little cramped on the back page this week, and so I suggest that you get next week's Liberty and read Frederick L. Collins' article, How to Get a Job in Spite of All. No doubt you have a job—but you also, no doubt, know some young man or young woman completely discouraged. Fred Collins' article will be a tonic for them. The table of contents of next week's issue will have a tonic effect on millions of Americans; there is a bracing effect just in calling the roll: Second Youth, the latest in reactivation reactions, by Gertrude Atherton; Is the National Youth Administration Communistic? by Farwell Carson; If England Went to War, by Vera Brittain; A Reporter Meets Himself, by Edward Doherty; I Am Deaf—and Glad of It, by Everett Robbins; The Coming Battle in Television, by Ruth Waterbury; two fine short stories—American Family, by Ethel Doherty and Louise Long; and Don Quixote on Ninth Avenue, by Carl Clausen; as well as generous installments of the current serials.

SOME TIME AGO we told how Lowell Thomas had sought to bring honor to Matt Henson, the Negro who was the first man to reach the North Pole, but who has never been accorded any recognition for his heroic behavior on that occasion. As you probably recall, Lowell dressed Henson up as an Arab and had him to dinner at a great party in the Waldorf-Astoria, where his identity was subsequently revealed. Several Negro newspapers commented on this story with great enthusiasm. Meanwhile, we have received the following letter from a Persian rug importer in Shreveport, Louisiana:

Dear Mr. Oursler:

Knowing you as one of America's famous editors, I feel at ease in writing you in regard to our friend Lowell Thomas' party, which you so splendidly describe in your Liberty issue of April 29, 1939.

It is very nice to recognize and pay tribute to a hero, but why in the name of justice should Mr. Thomas go indirectly to capitalize on the Arab's name to accomplish his purpose? No one knows better than our friend Lowell Thomas that the Arab race is a white race, and I do not feel uncomfortable in saying that Mr. Thomas made an unforgivable blunder to the Arabs, and I feel sure that his friends and my friends of the Arabian race did not approve of his method in dressing Matt Henson as a "sheik." I wonder what Mr. Thomas would say if the Arabs should ridicule Mr. Thomas as he did them? I think Mr. Thomas owes the Arabian public apology, as well as you and the Liberty magazine.

I know that you are big enough to publish this letter on your front cover, if necessary, or in the most conspicuous place in your Liberty magazine.

Please convey my compliments to the Honorable Sir Ronald Storrs, who was the first Civil Governor of Palestine, friend of the Arabs, and whom they respect and acknowledge as a typical Englishman, fair and square.

Sincerely yours,
(signed) George A. Haddad.

☆

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty

for Liberals with Common Sense

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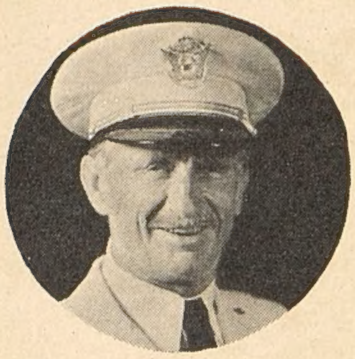
The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER BY
R. WILSON McCOY

Castle Heights Prepares Your Boy For Life



BERNARR MACFADDEN

Creator of the $5,000,000 Bernarr Macfadden Foundation which enables boys of modest means to enjoy the great advantage of Castle Heights without hardship to their parents. Mr. Macfadden's patriotism and interest in education have won him the commission of Colonel on the staff of the Governor of Tennessee.

THERE'S a battle ahead for your son. No longer can he "coast along" through school, through college, and still find a place in the world which befits his background and native intelligence. Competition is keener, opportunities fewer, demands greater, and only those young men who have been properly guided, whose potentialities have been brought out during their *formative* years, will ever rise above the rank and file.

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Lieut. General Robert Lee Bullard, U.S.A. (retired) Chairman of the Advisory Board.

Here at Castle Heights in the hills of Tennessee—away from cities and their distractions—boys learn to develop the inherent qualities which make them leaders in after life. Not alone do they acquire knowledge from books and laboratory. They learn the meaning of responsibility, of self-control, of initiative and orderliness. They learn to respect the rights of others as well as their own. They achieve a high regard for their bodies as well as their minds. They learn that to command, one must first learn to obey.

Your boy deserves this chance and now it is well within the realm of possibility that he *can* have it. Thanks to the Bernarr Macfadden Foundation, the great advantages of Castle Heights can be enjoyed at rates which are surprisingly low as compared with schools of like instruction and equipment.

The board and tuition charge in the Junior School is only $575.00 for the year and $675.00 is the similar charge in the Senior Academy. The extra expense for uniforms and incidentals is small.

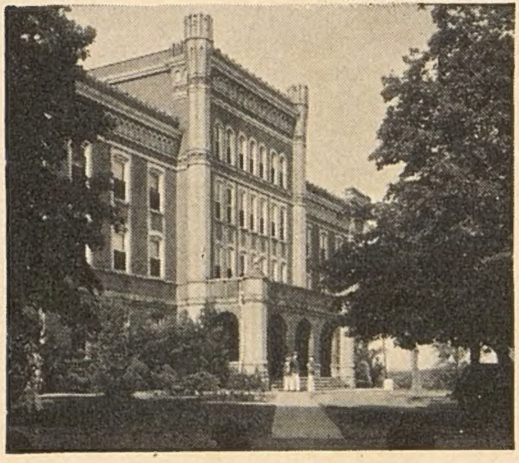
Two Academies *(Junior And Senior)*

So extensive and complete are the facilities at Castle Heights that we can start your boy in the third grade and take him through his entire school life, thereby preparing him for college or business. The Junior Academy, which includes the third to eighth grade years, occupies its own 50-acre campus where, in addition to their class-work, boys receive a modified program of military training, long periods of play in the open air and meticulous care by competent, kindly house mothers.

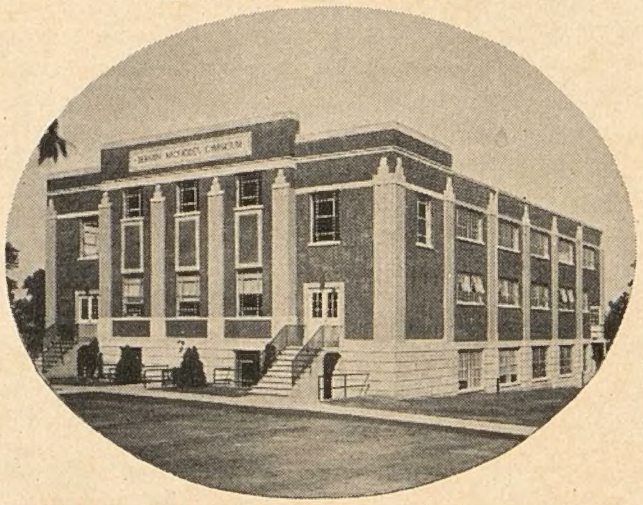
In the Senior Academy—with its 150-acre campus—you will find a highly modern school plant of brick and stone . . . modern in its physical characteristics; and most modern in its methods.

Here the honor system, administered by the cadets themselves, maintains the highest standard of personal conduct. Military training, too, under the direction of regular Army officers, has a very definite bearing upon the inculcation of high ideals and good citizenship, and aids materially the daily schedule of athletics which keeps the cadets in such fine physical condition. It is an Honor School by the designation of the War Department. Scholastically, the standing of Castle Heights is such as to rate it one of the fully-accredited schools in the country.

MAIN BARRACKS



BERNARR MACFADDEN GYMNASIUM



New Buildings

During the past year, two new buildings have been erected—the Hospital and the Bernarr Macfadden Gymnasium—further assurance of the thought that is given to the physical welfare of your son. A new running track and golf course have also been added. Castle Heights today offers more than at any time in its long history. Enrollment in the Senior Academy is limited to 300; in the Junior Academy to 100. Get full particulars *now*.

For Further Information, Use This Coupon

CASTLE HEIGHTS

MILITARY ACADEMIES

BANON TENNESSEE

Col. H. L. Armstrong, President Dept. L 7-1
Castle Heights Military Academy,
Lebanon, Tenn.

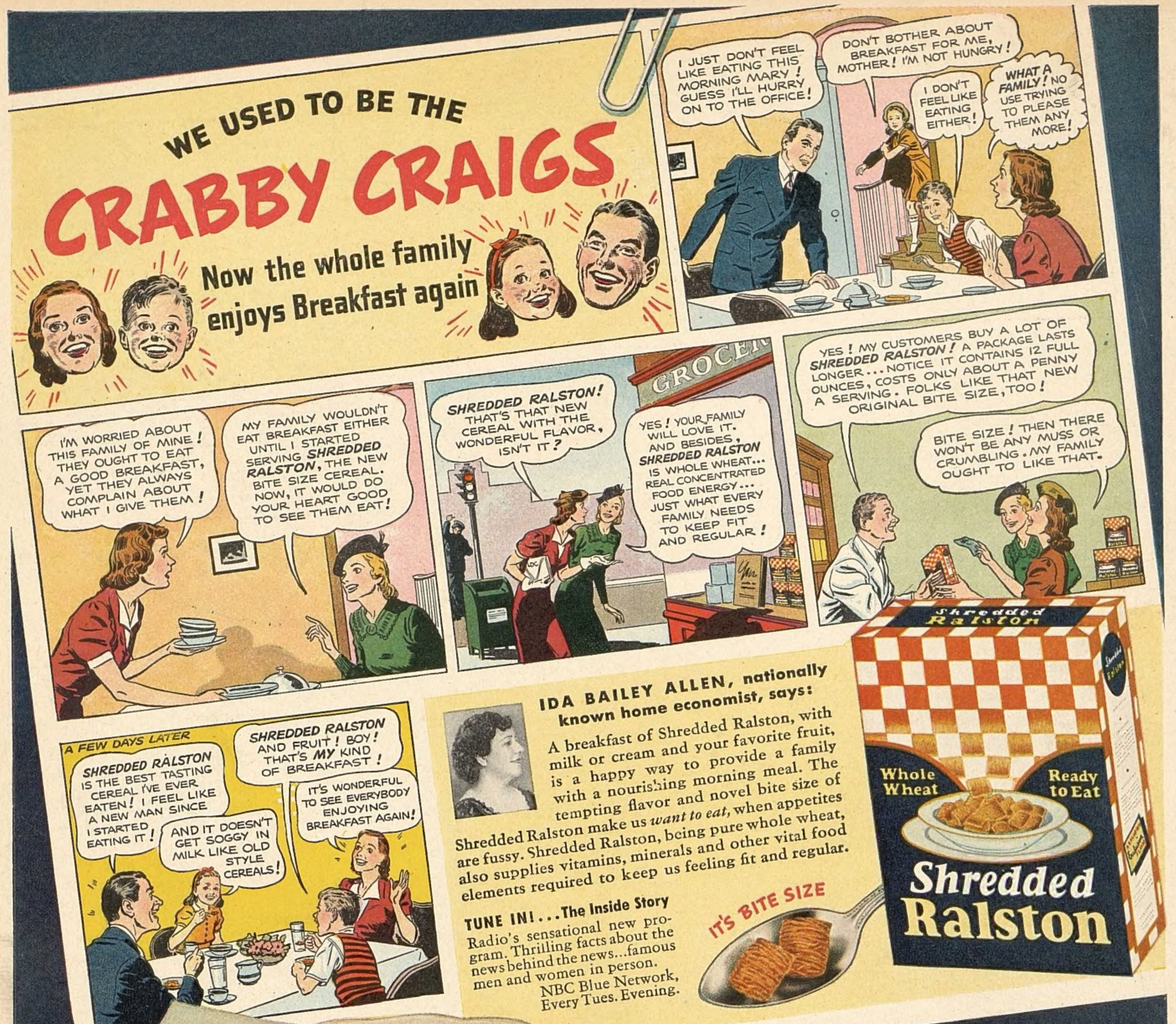
Please send me detailed information regarding Castle Heights Military Academy.

My boy is..........years of age.

Name..

Address..

City..........................*State*..............


WE USED TO BE THE
CRABBY CRAIGS
Now the whole family enjoys Breakfast again
I JUST DON'T FEEL LIKE EATING THIS MORNING MARY! GUESS I'LL HURRY ON TO THE OFFICE!
DON'T BOTHER ABOUT BREAKFAST FOR ME, MOTHER! I'M NOT HUNGRY!
I DON'T FEEL LIKE EATING EITHER!
WHAT A FAMILY! NO USE TRYING TO PLEASE THEM ANY MORE!
I'M WORRIED ABOUT THIS FAMILY OF MINE! THEY OUGHT TO EAT A GOOD BREAKFAST, YET THEY ALWAYS COMPLAIN ABOUT WHAT I GIVE THEM!
MY FAMILY WOULDN'T EAT BREAKFAST EITHER UNTIL I STARTED SERVING SHREDDED RALSTON, THE NEW BITE SIZE CEREAL. NOW, IT WOULD DO YOUR HEART GOOD TO SEE THEM EAT!
GROCER
SHREDDED RALSTON! THAT'S THAT NEW CEREAL WITH THE WONDERFUL FLAVOR, ISN'T IT?
YES! YOUR FAMILY WILL LOVE IT. AND BESIDES, SHREDDED RALSTON IS WHOLE WHEAT... REAL CONCENTRATED FOOD ENERGY... JUST WHAT EVERY FAMILY NEEDS TO KEEP FIT AND REGULAR!
YES! MY CUSTOMERS BUY A LOT OF SHREDDED RALSTON! A PACKAGE LASTS LONGER... NOTICE IT CONTAINS 12 FULL OUNCES, COSTS ONLY ABOUT A PENNY A SERVING. FOLKS LIKE THAT NEW ORIGINAL BITE SIZE, TOO!
BITE SIZE! THEN THERE WON'T BE ANY MUSS OR CRUMBLING. MY FAMILY OUGHT TO LIKE THAT.
A FEW DAYS LATER
SHREDDED RALSTON IS THE BEST TASTING CEREAL I'VE EVER EATEN! I FEEL LIKE A NEW MAN SINCE I STARTED EATING IT!
SHREDDED RALSTON AND FRUIT! BOY! THAT'S MY KIND OF BREAKFAST!
AND IT DOESN'T GET SOGGY IN MILK LIKE OLD STYLE CEREALS!
IT'S WONDERFUL TO SEE EVERYBODY ENJOYING BREAKFAST AGAIN!
Shredded Ralston
Whole Wheat
Ready to Eat
Shredded Ralston
IT'S BITE SIZE

IDA BAILEY ALLEN, nationally known home economist, says:

A breakfast of Shredded Ralston, with milk or cream and your favorite fruit, is a happy way to provide a family with a nourishing morning meal. The tempting flavor and novel bite size of Shredded Ralston make us *want to eat*, when appetites are fussy. Shredded Ralston, being pure whole wheat, also supplies vitamins, minerals and other vital food elements required to keep us feeling fit and regular.

TUNE IN! . . . The Inside Story

Radio's sensational new program. Thrilling facts about the news behind the news...famous men and women in person.
NBC Blue Network,
Every Tues. Evening.

SUMMER'S BEST BREAKFAST TREAT—SHREDDED RALSTON AND FRUIT. TRY IT TOMORROW MORNIN